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71

PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

JUNE

25 CENTS

30 Cents in Canada



Blondes

CAROLE
LOMBARD

Plus Curves Mean War



THE honeymoon that should have been HERS

Helen turned away from the happy note with a feeling of deep regret.

It didn't seem right that Martha and Jim should be so happy. She half begrudged Martha that happiness. After all, it shouldn't have been Martha's honeymoon but her own.

Hadn't she and Jim been engaged for two years? And hadn't she had every right to expect a long and pleasant marriage?

She couldn't blame Martha, of course, but Jim had acted rather shoddily. The thought of the night that he had broken the engagement still flooded her with humiliation. She hadn't understood it then . . . could find no reason for it.

And now with the honeymoon letter in her hand, she sought again for some explanation for Jim's actions. Poor thing! She is still a long way from the truth.

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

How is your breath today? Nothing scares others away like a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Unfortunately, everyone has it at one time or another—without knowing it. Ninety per cent of the cases, says a leading dental authority, are caused by small particles of fermenting food skipped by the tooth brush.

Don't risk offending others. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine every night, every morning, and between times before meeting others. It immediately renders the breath sweet, wholesome and agreeable.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Don't gamble . . . play safe . . . use

LISTERINE

The quick Deodorant



Mae West in "IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band...Directed by Leo McCarey
if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE...it's the best show in town!



YOU ARE INVITED TO THE
HOLLYWOOD PARTY

R.S.V.P.- Revues, Songs, Variety, Pandemonium



JIMMY DURANTE



LAUREL & HARDY



LUPE VELEZ



JACK PEARL



POLLY MORAN



CHARLES BUTTERWORTH



FRANCES WILLIAMS



TED HEALY



MICKEY



IS IT MARCO POLO?
 OR DURANTE'S INFERNO?
 -WELL ANYWAY IT'S A
 CLASSIC



A LAUREL TO LUPE-
 AND OLIVER'S
 ALL OF A TWIST!



THE "BARON" SAID MEET
 PING PONG - THE SON OF
 KING KONG. MICKEY SAID
 OH, A CHIMPANZEE AND
 THE FIGHT WAS ON!



NO MAN IS A
 HERO TO HIS VALEZ -
 AND JIMMY IS
 KNOCKED FOR
 A LUPE



SCHNARZAN AND
 HIS MATE - SHE
 PROVES TO BE A
 BUST.



HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON
 IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND
 BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING.



WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO
 POLLY - WHEN POLLY WANTS A
 CRACKER? - A WISE CRACKER.



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLV No. 7

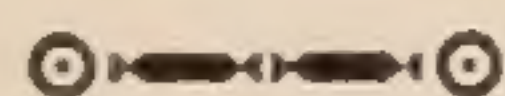
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

June, 1934



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"



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On the Cover—Carole Lombard—Painted by Earl Christy

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The Audience Talks Back



Greta Garbo, stately ruler of her movie kingdom—the queen of countless faithful hearts

THE \$25 LETTER

Thank you, PHOTOPLAY, for the article "Ladies as Mr. Menjou Likes Them." I got a lot of helpful advice from it. Now it is our turn, girls:

If I were a man I would try to realize that there is little romance in holding hands with someone whose nails are in mourning, or in being caressed by a cheek so rough it hurts, or in having a greasy, slick head ruin your dress.

I would not think it was my privilege (being a man) to imbibe too freely. I would not try to persuade a girl to drink if she had no taste for liquor. If I thought she looked nice I would tell her so—occasionally. I would try to realize that it is not sissified to be courteous.

But then if I were a man I would probably do all of these things, and still wonder why girls do not "give me a tumble."

GENE GARNER, Allandale, Ont., Canada

THE \$10 LETTER

Calling all producers! Calling all scenarists! Rush to center of public opinion! Three actresses seen leaping on thin, overworked plots! If distress signal is not heeded, adored darlings will fall into fatal rut of monotony! Carry out following first aid relief:

Present Ann Harding with a wedding ring in the first scene of her next picture. This would be a fresh treatment of Miss Harding's cinema romances. It might bring forth shocked protest from a few conservatives, but the revolution must go on!

Let Miriam Hopkins portray a normal girl of just average intelligence. In the past, she has spouted one or two lines from the classics, thereby indicating to an unimpressed audience the generosity of her cerebral proportions.

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

IN the screen ring Garbo and Hepburn carry on quite oblivious of the hubbub they have created.

With the odds three to one on Garbo, her opponent fights gallantly on.

Each blow is measured, and the audience tensely awaits the gong, ever mindful that the next round may hold another unexpected thrill.

You are the referees. The decision is in your hands!

* * * *

The installation of motion pictures in all our schools would be a definite step to the fore. Amazing results teachers have obtained in testing on travelogues and historical films would seem proof enough.

If subjects are more easily grasped through screen lessons than by spending tedious hours in classrooms, surely no one will debate the fact that this new method far surpasses the old.

Rescue domestic-appearing Irene Dunne from the back streets of her hero's life. Allow her to abandon attempts to appear as an alluring siren. Give her instead, the rôle of a sturdy homemaker who fairly beams with civic pride and is all agog over the "Better Babies League."

FERN RICHMAN, Hollywood, Calif.

THE \$5 LETTER

Has anyone ever written you concerning the wonderful study one can make of psychology and human nature through the movies? Have you ever been placed in a position where you would have been a total loss were it not for the fact that you could master the situation by using facts from your motion picture experience?

I dare say half of my practical knowledge and at least one quarter my understanding of people I can credit to the screen plays I have attended.

After all, a moving picture, like a book, is only a pictorial example of diverse personalities and circumstances.

BURTON T. WILSON, Binghamton, N. Y.



Katharine Hepburn, the challenger whom many have named "the greatest actress in films"

GARBO VS. HEPBURN

Since your readers seem to be taking sides on the question, "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" I want to stand up for my favorite actress.

Katharine Hepburn can never hope to take Garbo's place.

Hepburn hasn't Garbo's genius, personality or acting ability, and will never have her appeal.

I cast my vote for Garbo now and forever!
INEZ MARNE, Louisville, Ky.

I read in your March issue, "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" Very evidently Kirtley Baskette is prejudiced against Katharine Hepburn.

Mr. Baskette seems to think Hepburn has no personality of her own. Why, it's her personality that has made her do the things she has—not a desire for publicity.

The one thing that has kept Garbo on her "throne" is her mysterious manner.

In her films, Hepburn puts heart and soul into the act and as a result we have acting which is so real that one can feel the part. But Garbo cannot throw herself into any rôle and make it seem natural. When I see Garbo play, I find myself tense, trying to help her finish her dramatic gestures.

MACON CROWDER, Raleigh, N. C.

I think "Queen Christina" is the best answer to Kirtley Baskette's question, "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?"

No one will ever remove Garbo's crown. When Garbo steps down from her throne and removes it with her own hands, then you may hail a new Queen. Until then, Garbo reigns supreme!

ORA ELLER, St. Louis, Mo.
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]

*Let Warner Bros. musical stars bring you
the laugh-crammed lowdown on radio!*



★ 4 MILLS BROS



★ DICK POWELL ★ GINGER ROGERS ★

Funniest and fastest of all the great Warner Bros. musicals! Produced with all the smartness and variety of "Wonder Bar" and "Gold Diggers"—but entirely and sensationally different! Your chance to see a host of famous radio acts in action, in an uproarious inside story of the ether studios! Don't miss

20 MILLION SWEETHEARTS

With all the great personalities pictured here, plus
Three Radio Rogues, Muzzy Marcellino, The Three
Debutantes, Joseph Cawthorn, Grant Mitchell.

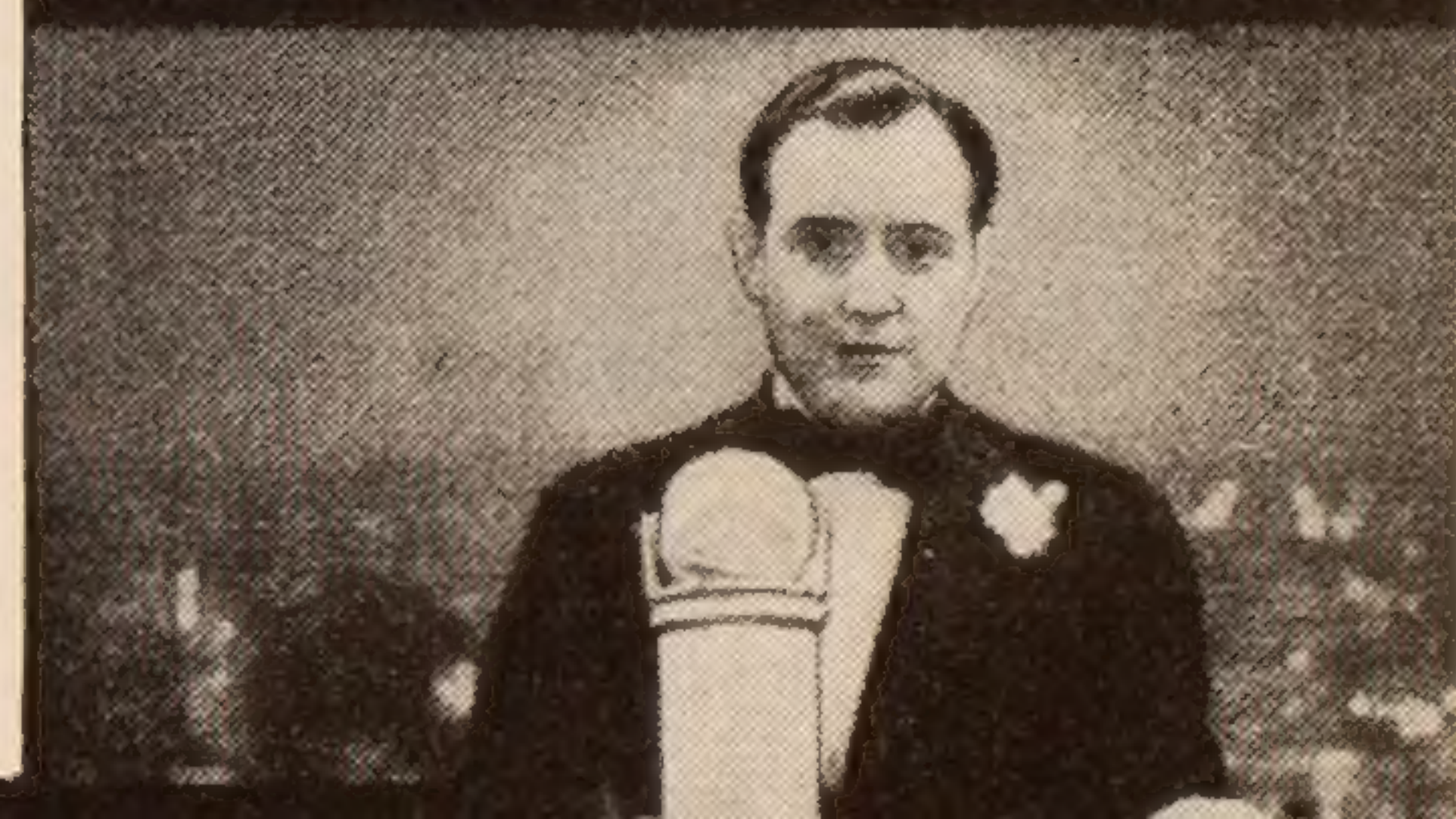
A First National Picture directed by Ray Enright.



★ PAT O'BRIEN



★ ALLEN JENKINS



Reports from the Highways and Byways of the World

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]



Although "Nana" is Anna Sten's first American film, our audiences are lavish in their praise of the charming Russian lass who did her dramatic best with Phillips Holmes in the famous Zola classic

"Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" asks your writer. Two years ago all of us were asking: "Is It Garbo or Dietrich?" Six months from now, we shall no doubt ask: "Is It Garbo or Sten?" Garbo remains the high standard of comparison.

Stars come and stars go, but Garbo brings us illusion and we can't give her up.

BERTRAM COLLINS, New York, N. Y.

WILL=REALITY PLUS

Come on, Will Rogers, you are easily the star of versatility in being natural. The world is dying for more wit and humor with reality as it exists.

It was a pleasure to view "David Harum." Such films make us want to go home and say what we mean and act as we feel, casting aside all pretense.

MARGUERITE REED, Osawatomie, Kansas

THAT "HOMELY" FEELING

Well, I found my Master Bedroom in "David Harum." It was not *Aunt Polly's* comfortable one, but the leaky, forlorn room to which the new bank clerk was ushered in the town's leading hotel.

I have occupied literally hundreds of just such rooms and I know other traveling men got as much kick out of it as I did! The broken window, the wall paper, the lumpy mattress, the cheap furniture—all that's real, as real as Will Rogers' acting.

E. H. LOCKE, Harrisburg, Penna.

PROVING A POINT

A school teacher speaking.

Recently I saw a "short" on an expedition climbing a peak in the Tibet. It gave many graphic pictures of the countryside, villages, people in remote spots, some religious dances and the queer customs of the natives.

The next day I took count of the number of my pupils that had seen this picture (the main feature was a popular children's story). Later in a geography examination I asked questions about the Tibet region. And not a question was missed by children who had seen the film!

M. JACKSON, Portland, Ore.

AN AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING

I wish to compliment Anna Sten on her "Nana." She is gloriously beautiful and a "natural." She has more in common with the American actresses than have her distinguished foreign sisters—more pep, more fresh charm. Here's to your added success, Anna Sten!

IDA FOSSICK, Collierville, Tenn.

THANKS FOR SAYING SO

Having the responsibility of caring for an invalid mother, I don't get to go places as much as I used to. But I do have plenty of time to read.

Through PHOTOPLAY, I learn what the stars are wearing, how they live, and what they do at work and play.

The "Shadow Stage" keeps me posted on all the new films. When I do get away to go to the movies, I know what pictures to see. If PHOTOPLAY says it is good—it is good.

ADLENE HAMILTON, Los Angeles, Calif.

GOOD FOR YOU

I'm a grandmother who remembers the days when about the only entertainment was a medicine show or a barnstormer's performance of "Black Crook" (how that shocked my mother!) or "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Heigh ho! A far cry from those days," I thought last night as I sat in one of our movie palaces.

Perhaps at sixty-two I should be at home evenings, knitting, instead of driving thither and yon (in my own car) to see various screen productions that intrigue me.

Perhaps—but so long as Hollywood continues to release such delightful films, I'll not companion with the fireside kitty.

LELIA HAYES, Kansas City, Mo.

HAIL LITTLE CATHERINE!

You won't need a telescope to discover a new star in "Catherine the Great." Right there before your eyes a brilliant new star, Elizabeth Bergner, performs in a manner that is a kind of surprise, the likes of which few audiences have experienced. Those eyes, how penetrating. And her voice is a marvel. It will haunt you long after you have witnessed this elegant film.

L. KOBER, Pittsburgh, Penna.

LET'S PLAY "GIVE AND TAKE"

The public is spoiled by the old theory, "The audience is always right." The pains-taking artist is conscious of this unfairness.

We speak of "the gentle art of criticism," and yet I know of no group who are more cruelly criticized—yes, torn to shred and tatters—than these hard-working and conscientious people of the screen. They take this criticism gracefully. Maybe, for a change, the audience should take a little criticism, too.

EDITH M. GILBERT, Portland, Ore.

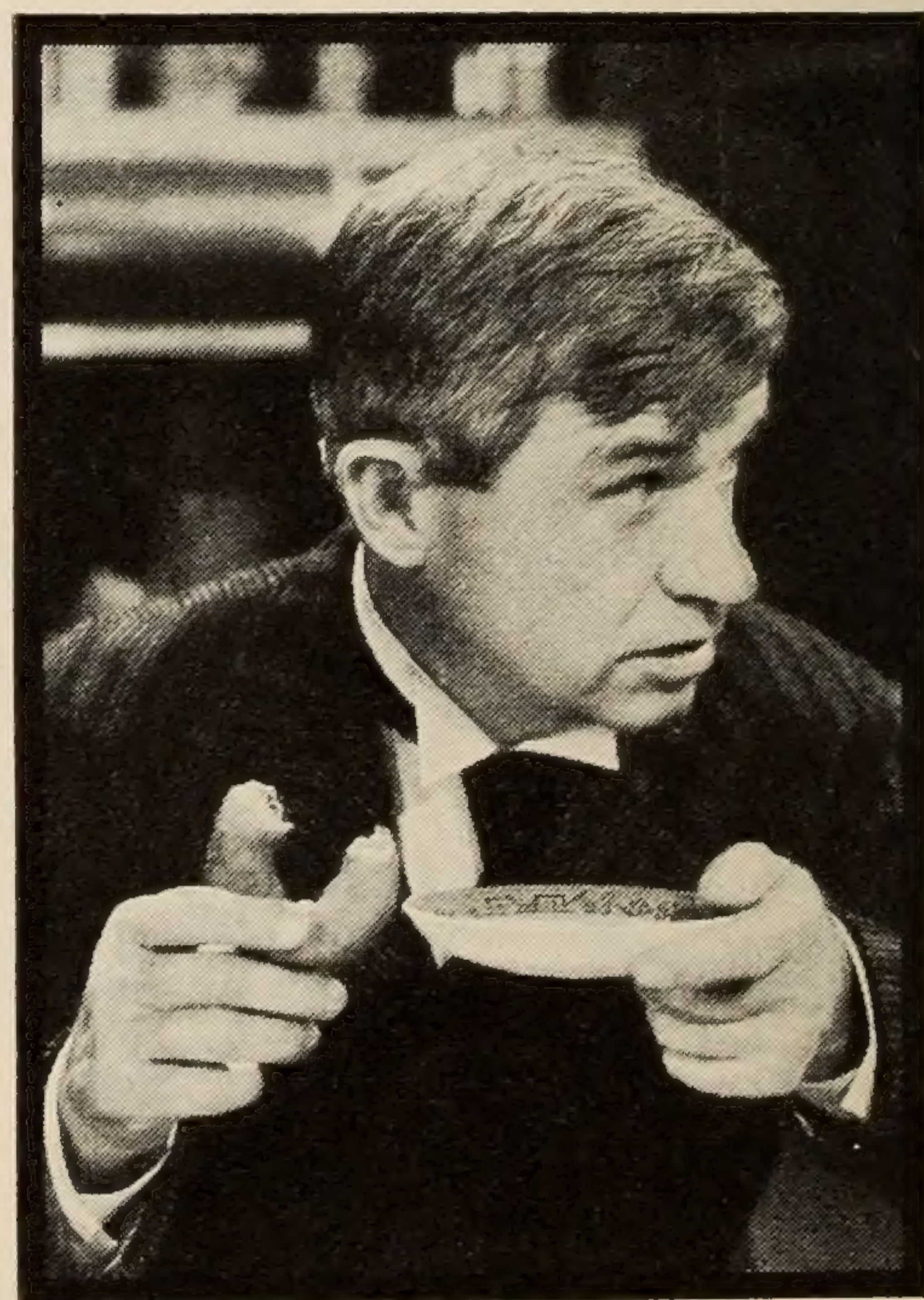
ACTOR, GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR

I like Leslie Howard best of all the movie players because, in a wide variety of rôles, he brings to each a freshness of characterization and a delicacy of shading that is a joy to watch. His diction is flawless. In him we have an actor of substance, not a mere shadow compounded of sex-appeal and good tailoring.

The movies would strike a new high if more actors had his ability to grasp and project the subtle nuance of each character study.

CONSTANCE HANLEY, Boston, Mass.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Genuine and natural are the words folks use to describe Will Rogers. Of "David Harum" they say, "Such pictures make us want to say what we mean and act as we feel, casting aside all pretense"

Around the trying time of the month



AND IT *is* a trying time for many women. You feel weak, dizzy. Your head throbs with dull pain. Then you take a Bromo-Seltzer . . . drink it as it effervesces in the glass of water. Welcome relief comes quickly!

As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one reason why it so promptly brings relief from gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache is quickly relieved. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed . . . you are gently steadied. And all the while, needed alkali is being supplied to the blood.

Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced remedy

No wonder your head clears . . . pain goes . . . you feel like another person before you know it! Relief is quick!

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* compound of five medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose, each of which brings a needed

benefit. No mere pain-killer gives the same effective results. Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and dependable. It contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach. Indeed, it has been a standby in many homes for over forty years.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical, family-size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. Full directions are given on the bottle.

But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.



EMERSON'S

BROMO-SELTZER



Quick

Pleasant

Reliable

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]



Henceforth, the top stars of Hollywood have a rival in Otto Kruger. That is, judging from tender phrases his devotees are writing about him. In a scene from "Crime Doctor" he is shown with Karen Morley

WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE "MAY"

Once we rated motion picture magazines on a par with the wood-pulps, at least among the taboo list of periodicals. Let me congratulate you for being the first to put out a publication that parents and teachers cannot afford to miss.

Your March and April numbers have been exceptionally fine. I have used both in my class in children's literature, and have suggested that the students watch each issue for material they can use.

C. T. RYAN, Kearney, Nebr.

SO VERY DOWN-TO-EARTH

Here she comes. Ah! There is Alice Brady. I breathe a sigh of contentment. Isn't she beautiful? No? Well, I'm speaking of deep, genuine beauty—the kind that's in the soul. Listen to her voice.

Even absolutely meaningless things sound like words of a sage.

She's human and refreshing. And the sense of humor that woman has!

ALBERTA DANIELS, Indianapolis, Ind.

MOVIE TIME TABLE

Not only is it disconcerting to others, but it is most difficult to pick up the trend of a story when we have missed the opening chapters. We would not think of opening a book somewhere in the middle, of finishing it and then returning to read the beginning. Yet that is the manner in which most of us see pictures.

If every theater would inaugurate a "Movie Time Table," we could arrange accordingly.

ALICE SUTTER, Passaic, N. J.

THREE CHEERS FOR MOVIES!

Yea, bo! It's about time we schoolchildren had a word. Even though we are but high school students, we certainly know motion pictures. Perhaps you would, too, if you were forced each day to ponder over a lot of books containing facts. Shucks, it's all Greek to us.

But an entirely new decision confronts us when we see the lessons before us in pictures. Science, history, civics and geography are no longer a burden.

Gee, it is great to see and hear your favorite characters in action. Even though we have read "Tom Sawyer" and "Little Women" over and over again, we certainly were thrilled to truly meet them face to face.

PHYLLIS M. KAMPFF, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE PRINCELY NILS

Why doesn't Nils Asther get a break—the stardom to which his excellent acting and charm of voice and manner entitle him?

He'll enhance the glamour of any star a thousand times. The finest actress with the finest part needs a leading man of equal attraction and ability.

Let Asther immortalize some character of history. There must have been a man *some-where* besides Henry the VIII, who had personality. Royalty revivals, bristling with romance, call for princely lovers.

OLIVE K. NESBITT, Erie, Penna.

HERE'S HOPING

I've seen a lot of "star" material ruined by poor stories and direction and I sincerely hope the "higher powers" know what a fine actor they have in Otto Kruger. Not only is he a good actor, but also one of the handsomest men on the screen.

Here's hoping he'll get the break he deserves.

HOPE LEONARD, North Hollywood, Calif.

VOICE OF THE PUBLIC

When will producers learn to listen to the pulse of their audiences, and not to a director who feels he must do "the something different"?

BETTY C. FARIS, Pittsburgh, Penna.

AMERICAN IDEAL IN JAVA

Last winter while making a trip around the world I met a Dutch girl in Sarabaya, Java.

She spoke practically no English, and had never been away from Java. But her greatest ambition was to meet an American man in person. She had derived her impressions from the movies. And she wanted to know if *all* American men were big, handsome, generous and brave as those she had seen on the screen.

Here's hoping the movies keep right on depicting such fine types of manhood! For isn't that just the way we want foreigners to think of American men?

MABEL ALLEN, Minneapolis, Minn.



Messages have come from far and near begging that producers recognize the princely mannered Nils Asther as star material of first order

A GLORIOUS NEW WORLD

"Did you ever see a dream walking?" is a song title, but "did you ever see a dream come true?" Well, I did.

Last summer I took a trip to England and visited two dear maiden old ladies. One had been ill in bed for five years. The other is her constant companion and nurse. Neither had ever seen a "talkie."

I had the pleasure of taking the nurse to see her first.

She was spellbound, and when the feature came, her dear face was a picture. She, who had lived her life in a small village untouched by the world, saw a new world unfold before her eyes. It was a dream come true.

BETTY HILL, Chicago, Ill.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

The average middle-aged, middle class family prefer to take their amusement "settin' down."

And there are very few families where a vote for bridge would be unanimous. A motor trip means more exertion for father.

We must do something to take our minds off the prosaic. What is left? The movies. So after a scramble we pick the best of the lot and hope fervently that it will meet the needs of Junior as well as Grandma.

I believe radio serials are becoming more and more popular because the producers are giving us so much "Singapore Sal" stuff and, figuratively speaking, tell us to "Take it and like it."

Watch out, Mr. Movie Producer! You'd better read the handwriting on the wall!

JEANNE DALZELL, Pasadena, Calif.

FACE VALUE

"IT" is in people's faces! It is, for a fact.

You are not lastingly attracted by a star's hair, or clothes, or curves, or sex! No-o! You are attracted by her facial expressions!

Hundreds of seemingly star-destined men and women have been able to go only so far in pictures, even with the aid of A-1 publicity. The reason was—their faces didn't click.

Look through any "physical" magazine. You cannot help but notice the marvelous physiques of both the men and the women. Compare them with the physiques of your favorite movie stars. M-m-m!

Then study their faces. Compare them with the faces of Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, Shearer—and the three Barrymores—and Chevalier, Gable, Beery, Baxter, March.

I bet you'll laugh out loud! I did.

And say, I'm wondering if you'll agree, when I say a successful actress' greatest asset cannot be hair, clothes, curves or sex, because such points can be sold only so long, and that, without facial assistance, isn't half long enough to make a successful actress!

EDWIN C. PORTER, Royal Center, Ind.

LOOKING BACKWARD

These are strenuous days, and even producers must feel the need of economy, so why not get out a few of these very fine reels of "yesteryear."

For instance, "Humoresque." Has there been anything finer?

Or Charlie Chaplin's "Gold Rush." How the scene at the table touched one's heart, as Charlie realized he was only being made fun of.

I have questioned friends and many agree they would like to see these films again.

JULIETTE OLSEN, Seattle, Wash.

I'M GLAD SHE'S COMING TONIGHT, SUE. SHE'S LEFT OUT OF SO MANY THINGS SUCH A PRETTY GIRL, TOO I FEEL SORRY FOR HER

SO DO I, MOTHER. SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW SHE SOMETIMES OFFENDS. I WANT TO HELP HER



TWO HOURS BEFORE THE PARTY

SO SWEET OF YOU, SUE, TO LET ME COME STRAIGHT FROM THE OFFICE AND DRESS HERE FOR THE PARTY!

DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU DEAR. THE BATHROOM'S RIGHT NEXT DOOR WHEN YOU WANT YOUR BATH



IV'VE JUST HAD MINE AND IT'S MARVELOUS HOW A LIFEBOUY BATH FRESHENS ONE UP. NO "B.O." WORRIES EITHER

"B.O."—SURELY THERE'S NO DANGER OF THAT?



YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHEN THERE'S A CROWD AND DANCINGAND THE ROOM GETS HOT....WELL I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES

I NEVER REALIZED ABOUT "B.O." BEFORE BUT I'LL BE MORE CAREFUL NOW — BATHE OFTEN WITH LIFEBOUY. WHAT MARVELOUS LATHER!



NO "B.O." TO SPOIL THIS PARTY!

SUE, IV'VE HAD A MARVELOUS TIME! BILL'S WAITING TO TAKE ME HOME. HE'S MADE A DATE FOR TOMORROW. THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING — EVERYTHING!



BLONDE AND BRUNETTE—AND I DON'T KNOW WHO HAS THE PRETTIER COMPLEXION!

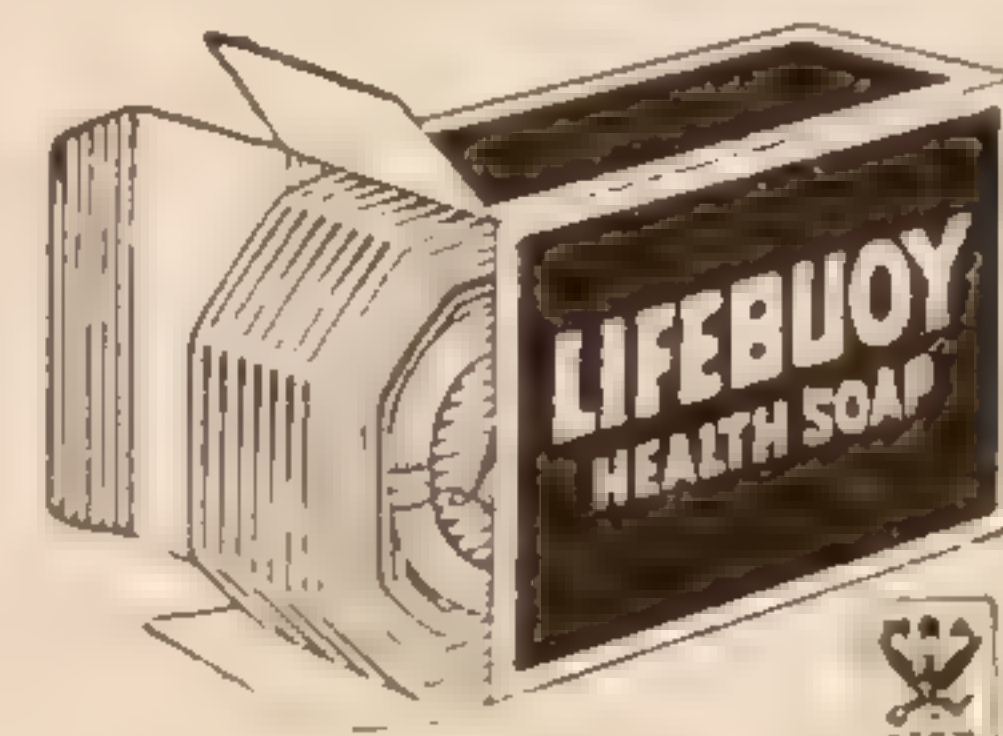
NO DIFFERENCE! WE BOTH HAVE THE SAME BEAUTY SECRET — LIFEBOUY



HAVE you discovered yet what a wonderful complexion soap Lifebuoy is—how mild its lather—how kind to the skin? Yet it cleanses thoroughly—deeply—washes away clogged impurities—freshens dull skins to radiant health.

Summer warning

Warmer weather means more perspiration—more danger of "B.O." (body odor). Lifebuoy's abundant lather—its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tell you Lifebuoy gives extra protection against this unforgivable fault. Play safe—use Lifebuoy.



Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

ABOVE THE CLOUDS—Columbia.—Thrilling, with lots of air action. Several shots of actual news topics. Richard Cromwell, a newsreel cameraman; Robert Armstrong, his superior; and Dorothy Wilson. (March)

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix in a not-so-hot wartime aviation story. (Dec.)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN—20th Century-United Artists.—As punishment for neglect of his job as reporter, Lee Tracy is made "Miss Lonelyhearts" editor of the newspaper. Sally Blane, Isabel Jewell, Sterling Holloway, C. Henry Gordon lend able support. Fair. (Feb.)

AFTER TONIGHT—RKO-Radio.—Connie Bennett's a Russian spy in love with Austrian officer Gilbert Roland; fast, exciting. (Dec.)

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—RKO-Radio.—Country-boy Charles Farrell is made into a tough mug by bad-lady Wynne Gibson. Bill Gargan. You'll laugh and like it. (Dec.)

★ **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**—Paramount.—Lewis Carroll's fairy tale filmed for the amusement of both young and old. Charlotte Henry is charming as Alice. A technical achievement. (Feb.)

ALL OF ME—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is fearful that marriage might kill her love for Fredric March. But ex-convict George Raft and Helen Mack, about to become a mother, make Miriam realize that life cannot be all joy. Good drama. (March)

★ **ANN VICKERS**—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne in a finely acted tale of a social worker who loves but doesn't marry. Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot. Strictly for sophisticates. (Dec.)

AS HUSBANDS GO—Fox.—When wife Helen Vinson is followed home from Europe by admiral G. P. Huntley, Jr., husband Warner Baxter takes him out fishing, and straightens things out. Mediocre. (Feb.)

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Warners.—Gladys Hasty Carroll's story of farm life, beautifully portrayed by Jean Muir, David Landau, Donald Woods and a fine supporting cast of young players. (April)

AVENGER, THE—Monogram.—Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes wasted on this one. (Dec.)

BEDSIDE—First National.—This tale about Warren William attaining success as an M.D. by the use of another's name and diploma is a jumbled affair, indeed. Jean Muir. (May)

BEFORE DAWN—RKO-Radio.—Dorothy Wilson, a spiritualist, tries to help detective Stuart Erwin solve a murder mystery—in a haunted house! Not for the kiddies. (Jan.)

BEFORE MIDNIGHT—Columbia.—A flashback of a famous murder case with Ralph Bellamy as the ace detective who solves the mystery. June Collyer supplies the feminine allure. Passable. (April)

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—Monogram.—Unusual plot idea and good direction make this splendid dramatic entertainment. Lionel Atwill superb as maimed and beggared steel magnet. Betty Furness, James Bush, H. B. Walthall. (May)

★ **BELOVED**—Universal.—The story of a composer's life. His poverty, his disappointment in a worthless son, his scorn of grandson's modern musical triumphs, his great love for his wife, and his belated success. John Boles, Gloria Stuart. (Feb.)

BIG SHAKEDOWN, THE—First National.—Ricardo Cortez forces Charles Farrell into cut-rate drug racket but when a fake drug kills Charlie's and Bette Davis' baby, then Charlie retaliates. A poor film. (Feb.)

BIG TIME OR BUST—Tower Prod.—Regis Toomey and Walter Byron try hard, but to no avail. However, the good singing voice in the film may make you forget the old plot. (Feb.)

★ **BLONDE BOMBSHELL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Bombshell.") Jean Harlow superb in an uproarious comedy of Hollywood life. Press-agent Lee Tracy makes her the hot "Bombshell"; she wants to lead the simple life. (Dec.)

BLOOD MONEY—20th Century-United Artists.—Underworld bail bondsman George Bancroft falls in love with pretty Frances Dee and deserts his gangster friends who made him. Good suspense. (Jan.)

★ **BOLERO**—Paramount.—You will find George Raft and Carole Lombard an engaging team as they dance to Ravel's haunting "Bolero." And Sally Rand's fan dance is exquisite. (April)

BOMBAY MAIL—Universal.—Murder aboard the Bombay Mail train. Inspector Edmund Lowe solves the mystery. The large cast includes Shirley Grey and Onslow Stevens. Good suspense. (Feb.)

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★ **BOTTOMS UP**—Fox.—A grand musical, boasting two song hits, clever lines, direction, story, Hollywood locale. Spencer Tracy, Pat Paterson, Herbert Mundin, fine support. (May)

★ **BOWERY, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Grand fun while Wally Beery as Chuck Connors and George Raft as Steve Brodie battle for leadership of the Bowery in old days. Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Walter Winchell's melodrama of Gay White Way night life. Entertaining. (Dec.)

BROKEN DREAMS—Monogram.—Buster Phelps shows how a little child can lead them; it's slightly hokey. (Dec.)

BY CANDLELIGHT—Universal.—A well-directed piece about butler Paul Lukas and ladies' maid Elissa Landi who aspire to have an affair with royalty. They meet, each masquerading, only to learn the truth later. Nils Asther. (Feb.)

★ **CAROLINA**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor's devotees will be charmed by her performance in this story of the traditions and aristocracy of the South. Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman, Robert Young and good support. (April)

CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE—M-G-M.—Pleasant entertainment is this film with Jeanette MacDonald vocalizing gloriously and Ramon Novarro as her lover. Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth. (April)

CATHERINE THE GREAT—London Films-United Artists.—Title rôle is expertly portrayed by Elizabeth Bergner. Effective, too, is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the mad *Grand Duke Peter*. An impressive production. (April)

CHANCE AT HEAVEN—RKO-Radio.—"Poor but noble" Ginger Rogers and rich Marian Nixon want Joel McCrea. Excellent playing makes this old plot highly appealing. (Dec.)

CHARMING DECEIVER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—One of those mistaken identity films, with Constance Cummings as a London mannequin impersonating a movie star. Frank Lawton is her lover. Acceptable. (March)

CHIEF, THE—M-G-M.—Ed Wynn in a filmful of his nonsense that's good at times and at others not so good. (Dec.)

CHRISTOPHER BEAN (Also released as "Her Sweetheart")—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler, Doc Lionel Barrymore's maid, gives you plenty of laughs when she helps daughter Helen Mack elope with Russell Hardie, much to the annoyance of Beulah Bondi, doctor's wife. See it. (Jan.)

COLLEGE COACH—Warners.—Football as it is played and won by coach Pat O'Brien who buys talent to win at all costs, while Ann Dvorak, his neglected wife, finds romance with Lyle Talbot, football hero. Fast moving. (Jan.)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns. Grace Bradley's dance is a wow. Ida Lupino. (May)

COMING OUT PARTY—Fox.—So poor Gene Raymond may go on European concert tour, Frances Dee keeps from him news of coming blessed event and goes through with her society debut. Old plot, but fine cast. (April)

★ **CONVENTION CITY**—First National.—The scene is Atlantic City; the incident, another sales convention. Gay and eventful as always. Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh and Patricia Ellis. (Feb.)

★ **COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW**—Universal.—John Barrymore, in a splendid portrayal of the lawyer who rose from the Ghetto to position of New York's foremost legal adviser. Bebe Daniels, as his secretary, is excellent. Each member of the large cast does fine work. Never a dull moment. (Feb.)

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO—Universal.—Novel tale of extra Fay Wray driving off in studio car, registering at hotel as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (May)

CRADLE SONG—Paramount.—Just as charming is Dorothea Wieck in this her first American picture as she was in "Maedchen in Uniform." The beautiful story of a nun who showers mother-love on a foundling. (Jan.)

★ **CRIME DOCTOR, THE**—RKO-Radio.—As a detective who plans the perfect crime, incriminating his wife's lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther score, too. Holds interest every minute. (May)

CRIMINAL AT LARGE—Helber Pictures.—Edgar Wallace's exciting mystery. All about strange happenings at the old castle of the *Lebanon* family. (March)

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—Universal.—Another transcontinental bus trip, the passengers this time being Lew Ayres, June Knight, Arthur Vinton, Alan Dinehart, Minna Gombell and Alice White. Good comedy. (March)

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—Invincible.—Dancer Evalyn Knapp can't get along with vaudeville partner-husband Edward Nugent. But when she clicks in a night club, they make up. Entertaining. (Jan.)

★ **DANCING LADY**—M-G-M.—A backstage musical with gorgeous settings, lovely girls, novel dance routines, some good song numbers, a real plot and a cast of winners, including Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Fred Astaire. (Feb.)

DARK HAZARD—First National.—Fascinated by a greyhound named *Dark Hazard* and by the racing fever, Eddie Robinson loses wife Genevieve Tobin through neglect. Grand night scenes at the dog track. (Feb.)

★ **DAVID HARUM** — Fox. — Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

DAWN TO DAWN—Cameron Macpherson Prod.—With little dialogue, this film of the plains depends entirely upon the dramatic interpretation of its characters—Julie Haydon, Frank Eklof, Ole M. Ness—for its success. (March)

DAY OF RECKONING, THE—M-G-M.—Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Conway Tearle, below par in an ancient tale of an embezzling cashier and a double-crossing friend. (Dec.)

★ **DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Paramount.—As *Death*, who mingles with guests at a house party, and finds love with Evelyn Venable, Fredric March is superb. Grand supporting cast. (April)

DER SOHN DER WEISSEN BERGE (THE SON OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS)—Itala Film.—Luis Trenker, skiing hero, and cast do good work. But the gorgeous Alpine views run away with this German-made film. (Jan.)

★ **DESIGN FOR LIVING**—Paramount.—Noel Coward's unconventional stage play of a triangle, involving two men (Fredric March and Gary Cooper) and a woman (Miriam Hopkins). Excellent. Sophisticated. (Jan.)

DEVIL TIGER—Fox.—Thrilling experiences of Harry Woods, Kane Richmond and Marion Burns in the Malay jungle, as they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (April)

★ **DUCK SOUP**—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers get mixed up in a revolution in a mythical country—and boy, how they get mixed up! A riot of fun. (Jan.)

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE—Columbia.—Melodrama centering around the lives of ten people who live in a cheap New York rooming house. Dorothy Tree, Mary Carlisle, Walter Connolly and Wallace Ford. Just fair. (Feb.)

EASY MILLIONS—Freuler Film.—A fine mix-up when "Skeets" Gallagher finds himself engaged to three girls at the same time. Johnny Arthur is his professorish roommate. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

EASY TO LOVE—Warners.—Light entertainment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing marital mix-up. (April)

EAT 'EM ALIVE—Real Life Pictures.—A nature drama about snakes and gila monsters. Perhaps a bit too gruesome for women and children. (Feb.)

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Paramount.—Dorothy Wilson, as the academy student facing motherhood, and Douglass Montgomery, as the boy, do nice work in this rather odd tale. Walter Connolly, Kay Johnson. (March)

EMPEROR JONES, THE—United Artists.—The great Negro actor Paul Robeson, in a filming of his phenomenal stage success about a Pullman porter who won rulership of a Negro republic. (Dec.)

ESKIMO—M-G-M.—A gorgeous picture of life in the Arctic, and Eskimos tangling with white man's law. Eskimo actors; a treat for all who like the unusual. (Dec.)

EVER IN MY HEART—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck in a too-horrible tale about persecution of herself and hubby Otto Kruger as German-Americans during the World War. (Dec.)

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox.—Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owners George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of laughs. (April)

FAREWELL TO LOVE—Associated Sound Film.—Especially for those who enjoy Italian opera airs. Jan Kiepura, tenor, and Heather Angel do the best possible with their rôles. (Feb.)



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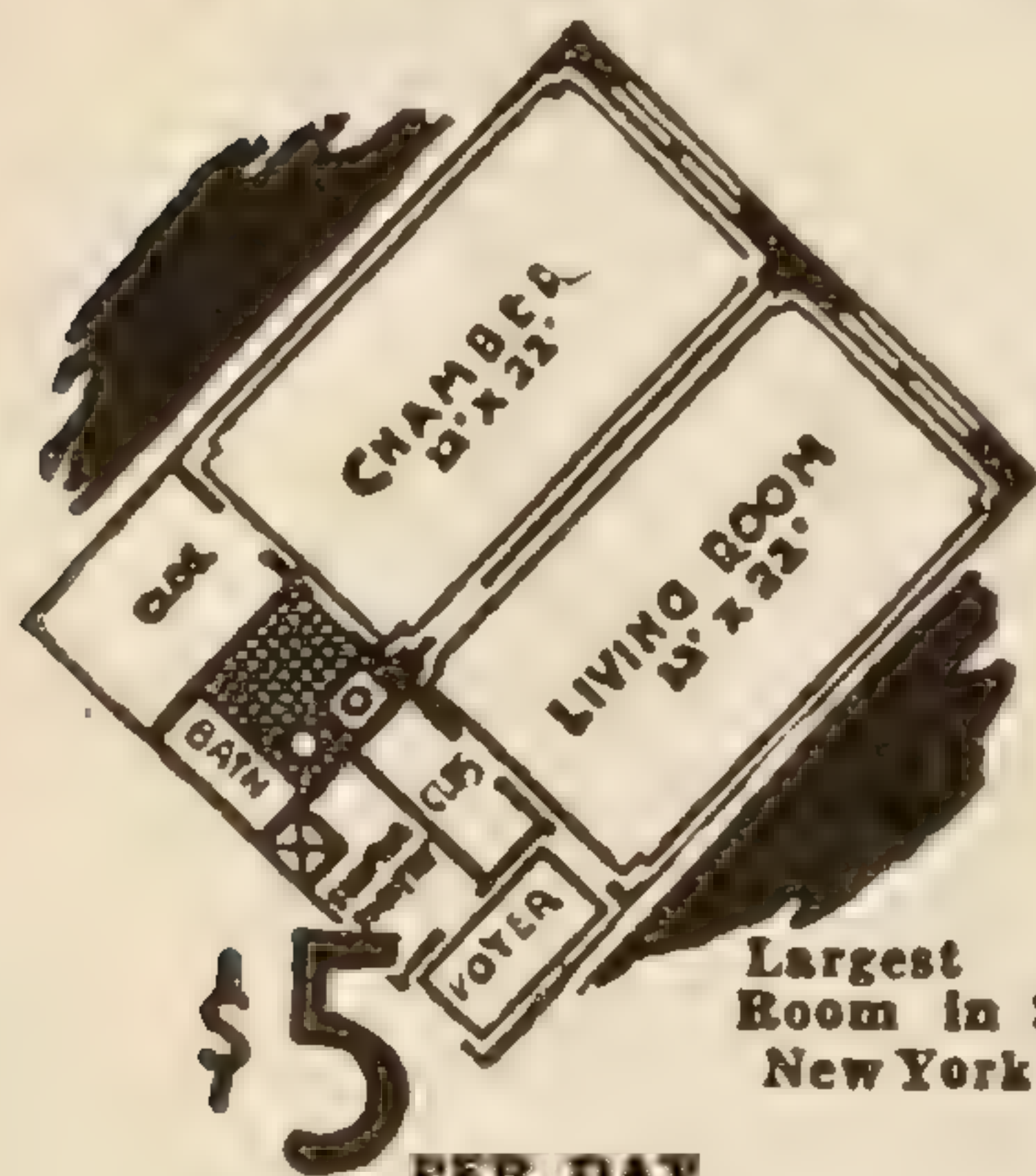
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★ **FASHIONS OF 1934**—First National.—Scheming the foremost designers out of exclusive models, William Powell, with the aid of Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh, comes through with as clever a presentation as you have yet seen. (March)

FEMALE—First National.—Ruth Chatterton, who toys with men in her own motor company, melts before George Brent. Chatterton fine. (Jan.)

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kazan, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

★ **FLYING DOWN TO RIO**—RKO-Radio.—A decided change is this musical in which Gene Raymond pursues Dolores Del Rio to Rio de Janeiro by plane. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some grand comedy and dancing. (March)

FOG—Columbia.—Three murders take place on a fog-enveloped ocean liner. Donald Cook is the detective in love with Mary Brian. Reginald Denny, also in love with her, is the chief suspect. Just so-so. (March)

★ **FOOTLIGHT PARADE**—Warners.—Not as much heart appeal as the earlier Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell "backstage" romances, but it has Jimmy Cagney. He's grand, and the specialty numbers are among the finest ever done. (Dec.)

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Paramount.—The experiences of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland, lost in the Malay jungle. Leo Carrillo is their guide. Unusual. (March)

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Warners.—A gripping murder mystery, showing real police methods for a change. (Dec.)

FRONTIER MARSHAL—Fox.—George O'Brien as a "dude" marshal in a Western town. Ruth Gillette does a Mae West impersonation. Well worth your time. (Feb.)

FUGITIVE LOVERS—M-G-M.—Escaped convict Robert Montgomery falls in love with Madge Evans when he boards a transcontinental bus and accompanies her on the trip. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Ted Healy. Fair. (March)

★ **GALLANT LADY**—20th Century-United Artists.—As the gallant lady in distress, Ann Harding does such fine work that even Clive Brook's exceptional characterization as a social outcast cannot overshadow her performance. Tullio Carminati, Otto Kruger, Dickie Moore, Betty Lawford. (Feb.)

GAMBLING LADY—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gambles her way into the heart of Society, Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (May)

★ **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Fox.—A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

GHOUL, THE—Gaumont British.—Not nearly up to the standard of former Boris Karloff chillers. Audiences are apt to be amused when action is intended to be most terrifying. (April)

GIRL IN THE CASE, THE—Screen Art Prod.—Dr. Eugen Frenke's (husband of Anna Sten) initial American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. (April)

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM—Paramount.—Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill and Charlie Ruggles in a picture that kids the pseudo-art racket in Paris. Light entertainment. (Feb.)

★ **GOING HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—In which Bing Crosby displays real acting ability, and sings some grand songs. Marion Davies was never better. Stuart Erwin, Fifi Dorsay. Colorful ensembles, gorgeous clothes. Well done. (March)

GOLDEN HARVEST—Paramount.—Farmer Dick Arlen grows wheat; brother Chester Morris is a Board of Trade broker; a farmers' strike brings the climax. A strong film. (Dec.)

GOOD COMPANIONS, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A mildly pleasing English tale of trouping in the provinces. (Dec.)

GOODBYE LOVE—RKO-Radio.—Charlie Ruggles in a would-be comedy that's really a messy mixture of unsavory material. (Dec.)

GOOD DAME—Paramount.—The romance of good little Sylvia Sidney and carnival wise-guy Fredric March is a hectic affair. Photography, dialogue and cast fine. (April)

GUN JUSTICE—Universal. (Reviewed under the title "Rider of Justice.")—Ken Maynard shows up in the nick of time to save the pretty girl's ranch in Arizona. The same old hokum. (Jan.)

HAROLD TEEN—Warners.—Screen translation of Carl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Hal LeRoy as Harold, and Rochelle Hudson as Lillums are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May)

★ **HAVANA WIDOWS**—First National.—Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Guy Kibbee in a rollicking comedy. A climax that will tickle your risibilities. Good fun. (Jan.)

HEAT LIGHTNING—Warners.—Comedy-drama—comedy supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly; drama by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. (May)

HE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Monogram.—Pals Ray Walker and George E. Stone get mixed up with gangsters in a highly amusing comedy concoction. Virginia Cherrill. (Feb.)

HELL AND HIGH WATER—Paramount.—Dick Arlen, owner of a garbage scow, falls heir to a baby and a girl (Judith Allen) at the same time. Dick fine; story poor. (Jan.)

HER SPLENDID FOLLY—Hollywood Pictures.—Generally speaking, this is pretty poor. Lilian Bond plays the rôle of double for a movie star. Alexander Carr is a producer. (Feb.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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HI, NELLIE!—Warners.—Paul Muni splendid as Managing Editor demoted to Heart Throb Department for mugging story. Fast action, suspense, humor make this a movie headliner. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks. (April)

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY—RKO-Radio.—Money disappears and two fakers, Wheeler and Woolsey, in partnership with Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee, leave town by way of a cross country auto race. Good music and dancing. (March)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Paramount.—Through a mistake in identity it is believed that artist Roland Young died when his valet passes away. Whereupon Young marries the valet's mail-order fiancée, Lillian Gish. An amusing satire. (March)

HOLD THE PRESS—Columbia.—This time Tim McCoy is a newspaper man. He has exciting times trying to expose a group of racketeers, and in the end he does. Good suspense. (Feb.)

HONOR OF THE WEST—Universal.—A novel Western, with Ken Maynard in a dual rôle, and thrilling us as he rides after Fred Kohler, on his horse Tarzan. Cecilia Parker. (May)

HOOPLA—Fox.—Clara Bow as a carnival dancer. Love interest, Richard Cromwell, whom Clara is paid to vamp—and does she like it? Story so-so. (Jan.)

HORSE PLAY—Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Andy Devine go to England with a million dollars, just in time to save pretty Leila Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (Feb.)

★ **HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, THE** — 20th Century-United Artists.—The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become money powers of Europe. George Arliss at his best as leader. Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. (May)

★ **HOUSE ON 56TH STREET, THE**—Warners.—After twenty years' unjust imprisonment, Kay Francis' life means little to her. Then it is her lot to save daughter Margaret Lindsay from a similar fate. Ricardo Cortez and Gene Raymond. (Jan.)

★ **I AM SUZANNE!**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey at her best opposite Gene Raymond, a puppeteer, in a brand-new type of entertainment. You'll enjoy watching the performance of the marionettes in this charming romance. (March)

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Fox.—Rosemary Ames' film début in story of girl who learns what fakers artist friends Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are, through John Boles. (May)

IF I WERE FREE—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne and Clive Brook, both unhappily married, turn to each other for a bit of happiness. Familiar plot, but sophisticated, clever dialogue. Nils Asther, Laura Hope Crews. (Feb.)

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Universal.—Forever on the lookout for young sister Marian Marsh, Roger Pryor is quite surprised when she unmasks his good girl fiancée Gloria Stuart as a gambling club entertainer. Fair. (March)

★ **I'M NO ANGEL**—Paramount.—It's Mae West, and how! Sizzling, wise-cracking. This one simply wows audiences. There's Cary Grant, but Mae's all you'll see. (Dec.)

INTRUDER, THE—Allied.—Murder at sea, and suspects shipwrecked on desert island inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe. Monte Blue, Lila Lee, Arthur Housman try hard. (May)

INVISIBLE MAN, THE—Universal.—Shivery, this H. G. Wells tale, in which newcomer Claude Rains makes himself invisible—and then loses his reason. A creepy, but compelling picture. (Jan.)

★ **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who strike up acquaintance on bus from Miami to New York, have an adventurous trip, indeed. A gay, well directed film. (April)

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Warners.—Telephone repair men Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, hello girl Joan Blondell keep things moving along. Glenda Farrell, Eugene Palette. (April)

I WAS A SPY—Fox-Gaumont British.—Allies Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll, as nurse and doctor in enemy hospital, do nice work in good spy story. Conrad Veidt. (April)

JIMMY AND SALLY—Fox.—With the aid of secretary Claire Trevor, publicity director Jimmy Dunn manages to find his way out of all sorts of scrapes that result from his fantastic schemes. Lya Lys, Harvey Stephens. (Feb.)

JIMMY THE GENT—(Reviewed under title "Always a Gent")—Warners.—His followers will like Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharpshooter engaged in the "lost heir racket." Bette Davis, Allen Jenkins, Alice White. (May)

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3. On back of each snapshot, print full name and address of person photographed (the entrant); also name and address of dealer from whom films are purchased.
4. Include with each entry: Two Agfa roll film cartons or one Agfa 16mm. carton or approximate hand-drawn facsimiles. An entry consists of one or more snapshots of the same person sent in at the same time.
5. No entries will be returned. All pictures are mailed at owner's risk. Do not send negatives.
6. Semi-final selection of twenty-five entrants for regional screen tests will be made by Agfa Casting Director, who will notify each by telegram.
7. Committee of Hollywood Directors and Stars will select five from the regional winners. These five will be given a free round-trip to Hollywood for final sound and screen tests.
8. From these five the Judges will select the winner who will receive guaranteed movie contract.
9. Twenty-five Ansco Movie Cameras will be awarded for snapshots of outstanding photographic excellence—all subjects.
10. Decisions of Judges are final.
11. Winners agree to give Agfa Ansco Corporation permission for the use of their pictures for publication purposes, if so requested.
12. Any resident of the United States or Canada is eligible, except individuals in the employ of the Agfa Ansco Corporation, or members of their families.

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GRAY FADED HAIR

Men, women, girls with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "Shampo-Kolor," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 43, 254 W. 31st. St., N.Y.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—Warners.—A splendid psychological study of a woman who has killed her rival, Claire Dodd, in order to hold husband, Adolphe Menjou. Drama with strong feminine appeal. (May)

KADETTEN (Cadets)—Reichsliga-film Prod.—An unwilling student at military school (Franz Fiedler) dedicates many musical compositions to his young stepmother, Trude von Molo. German, with English titles. (March)

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—RKO-Radio.—A man, his horse and the bond existant between them. Walter Huston's devotion to Rodney through war and peace. Frances Dee, Minna Gombell. (April)

KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE—Warners.—William Powell in another Philo Vance murder mystery; smoothly done and entertaining. (Dec.)

KING FOR A NIGHT—Universal.—Chester Morris, a swell-headed, though likable prize-fighter, stands the consequences for something sister Helen Twelvetrees has done. Exciting. (Jan.)

LADY KILLER—Warners.—When ex-girl friend Mae Clarke becomes a nuisance, Jimmy Cagney tries the new stunt of dragging her about by the hair. Margaret Lindsay, Leslie Fenton. Fast comedy, but unconvincing story. (Feb.)

LAST ROUND-UP, THE—Paramount.—Monte Blue, Fred Kohler and Fuzzy Knight in a Western that boasts plenty of action and good suspense. Randolph Scott and Barbara Fritchie provide the romance. (March)

LAZY RIVER—M-G-M.—Old-fashioned melodrama, but pleasing just the same. Robert Young plans to rob Jean Parker, but falls in love with her instead. Locale, Louisiana bayous. (May)

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marquis de la Falaise. Odd rituals of native cast provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (April)

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal.—After a marital fuss, love conquers for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Robert McWade's characterization highlights the film. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell. Fair. (May)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia.—Director Edmund Lowe's fake Swedish film find (Ann Sothorn) goes over with Producer Gregory Ratoff until Lowe's fiancée Miriam Jordan tips him off. One good tune. See this. (March)

★ **LITTLE WOMEN**—RKO-Radio.—This classic is exquisitely transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn, as Jo is sky-rocketed to greater film heights. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker, as Jo's sisters, give splendid performances. (Jan.)

LONE COWBOY—Paramount.—Without Jackie Cooper there wouldn't be much of a picture. Jackie's sent West to comfort his dead father's pal embittered by his wife's (Lila Lee) faithlessness. (Jan.)

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO-Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (May)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephone trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, earthquakes and fires. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (April)

★ **LOST PATROL, THE**—RKO-Radio.—When relief arrives, all but one man (Victor McLaglen) of this desert patrol have been shot down by Arabs. Excellent dramatic performances by Boris Karloff and supporting players. (April)

LOVE BIRDS—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for Slim Summerville-ZaSu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (April)

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram.—A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (April)

MADAME SPY—Universal.—Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther, who also becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skilfully handled. (March)

★ **MAD GAME, THE**—Fox.—Spencer Tracy, imprisoned beer baron, is released to catch a kidnaper. He loves the assignment—after what the kidnaper did to him. Love interest, Claire Trevor. Well acted. Not for children. (Jan.)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It's the story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Elissa Landi. (March)

MANDALAY—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, miscast as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (April)

MAN'S CASTLE—Columbia.—A deeply moving tale of vagabond Spencer Tracy and his redemption by Loretta Young's love. (Dec.)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Freuler Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't know about it, though she lives with him, because they were on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (March)

MASSACRE—First National.—Educated Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World's Fair, and returns to the reservation when his father becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in squaring matters with crooked government agent. (March)

MASTER OF MEN—Columbia.—Both the plot and the dialogue are old. But there's a good cast, including Jack Holt, as the mill hand who rises to financial power; Fay Wray, his wife; Walter Connolly, Theodore Von Eltz, Berton Churchill. (Feb.)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including El Brendel, ZaSu Pitts, "Skeets" Gallagher, Jimmy Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worth-while entertainment. (March)

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M.—Jack Pearl's film version of his radio nonsense about Baron Munchausen. Grand support; often hilarious. (Dec.)

★ **MEN IN WHITE**—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice with love of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does a remarkable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio.—A colorful story of Annapolis and a careless midshipman who makes good. Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Frank Albertson, others. (Dec.)

★ **MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN**—Paramount.—A powerful, thrilling presentation of the kidnaping menace, with Dorothea Wieck as Baby LeRoy's mother. Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (March)

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (April)

★ **MOULIN ROUGE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-cha dances, smart dialogue, and splendid performances by Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone put this film in the A-1 class. Tullio Carminati, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (March)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattler of Mr. and Mrs. Skitch (Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts) provides laughs galore. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (Feb.)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police reporter Charles Starrett, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (April)

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox.—A musical comedy kingdom in which cabaret singer Lilian Harvey falls in love with king John Boles, and is loved by him. El Brendel. Fair. (Jan.)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Beery's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (April)

★ **MYSTERY OF MR. X**—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, Mr. X. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

★ **MY WEAKNESS**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey as a Cinderella coached by Lew Ayres to catch his rich uncle's son, Charles Butterworth. Charles is a riot. (Dec.)

MY WOMAN—Columbia.—Wally Ford gets a radio break when his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, vamps Victor Jory into the idea. But success goes to Wally's head; he loses his job—and his wife. (Jan.)

★ **NANA**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Anna Sten, exotic Russian beauty, makes an impressive debut on the American screen as Nana in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (March)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Columbia.—Eight persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Your chance for HOLLYWOOD

You?

Here is your chance to get into the movies. Hollywood Directors want new Stars. Studio "scouts" are hunting new faces, new types. Snapshots of men, women, boys, girls, children are wanted. Directors will study them for movie possibilities! YOUR picture is wanted! If you are "different," if you are "unusual," if you are "REAL," Hollywood is anxious to study your type.

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"We have to have LOVELY TEETH or we lose our jobs"

Lustrous white teeth may not be essential to your livelihood—yet surely you want your teeth to be as attractive as possible.

So—take a hint from those who make a business of beauty. Scores of lovely models have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste. They find that this modern dentifrice gives a higher

lustre, more sparkle and brilliance to tooth enamel!

Due to its effective polishing agent, Listerine Tooth Paste not only makes teeth shine, but less brushing is required. Film and discoloring stains disappear with surprising speed. Yet the polishing agent is soft. It cannot possibly scratch or harm the enamel in any way.

No matter how dull your teeth, see how Listerine Tooth Paste helps them. Learn how pleasantly refreshing this dentifrice tastes—how much better your gums look and feel following its use.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ for the regular-size tube—a fact which has led millions of persons to use it instead of more expensive brands. Now the new 40¢ size, containing twice as much, permits an even greater saving. We are confident that if you try one tube—either size—you will remain a steady user. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

(top) MARTY ANDERSON you can often meet just by turning the pages of any leading magazine. She is a Dallas girl whose charm has won New York photographers. Her teeth have the necessary sparkle and brilliance.

(left) JANICE JARRETT of San Antonio (that's two from Texas!) is one of New York's most popular models. You can see what an important part her white teeth play in enabling her to photograph attractively.



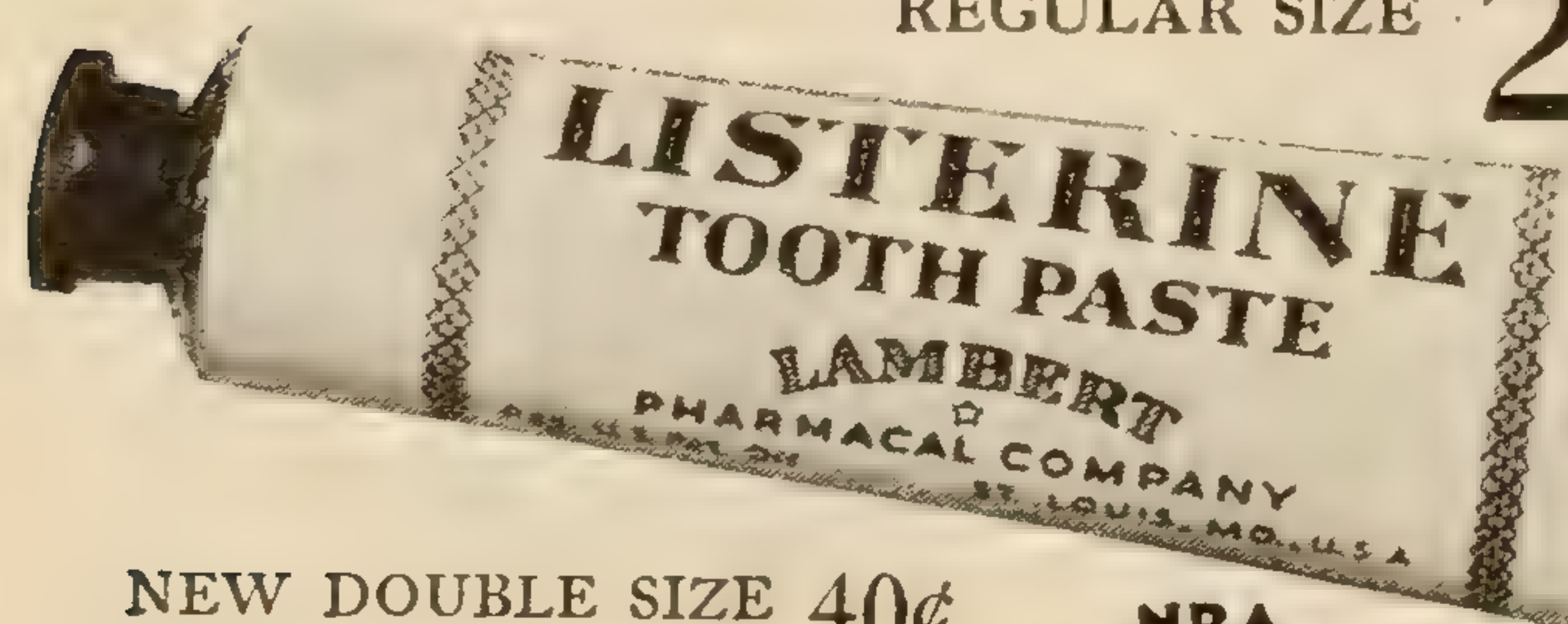
FRANCES JOYCE has displayed thousands of dollars' worth of gowns. She has also had experience with dentifrices:—"I have tried nearly every kind," she reports, "but there's nothing like the delightful fresh, clean feeling that Listerine Tooth Paste gives the mouth."



The chance remark of an utter stranger, to the effect that she was pretty as a picture, led LENORE PETTIT of New York City, to forsake the business world and take up the career of modeling.

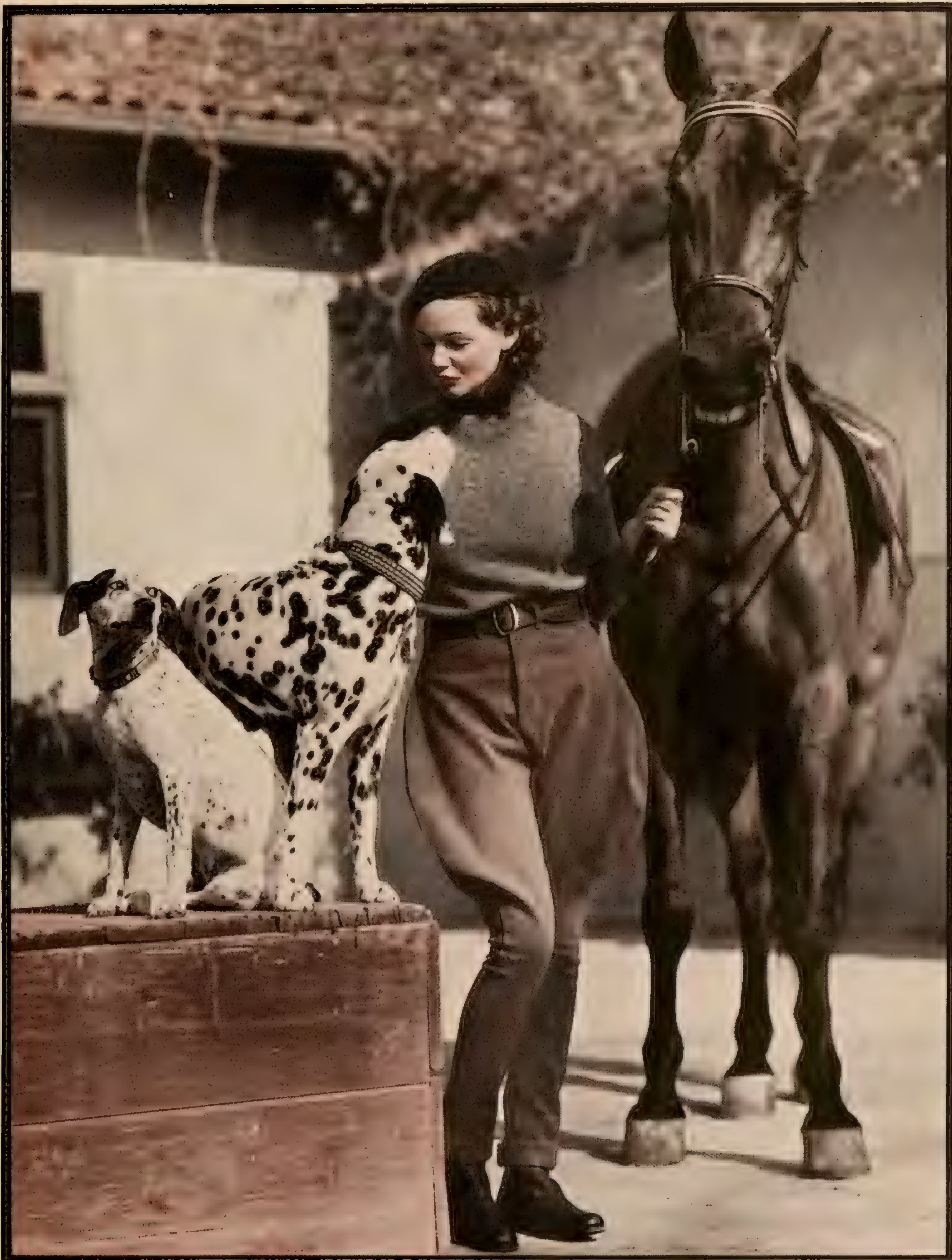
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REGULAR SIZE 25¢



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Grimes

ELIZABETH ALLAN has a hard time keeping all three of them happy. She stops to pet the one, and what happens? Why Sandy, the horse, shows his teeth in 'a jealous rage, and the little dog, feeling sadly neglected, takes on a woebegone air. An excellent horsewoman, Miss Allan is fond of animals, and all of these get plenty of attention



Eugene Robert Richee

THE princess looks unhappy! Even with Mae West's ex-boy friend trying to get her in a good humor. Maybe the thirty days are almost up! Or maybe an air of dejected disinterest is a brunette's way of vamping. Anyhow, Cary Grant is falling. Bet in another minute Sylvia Sidney will smile. They're teamed in "Thirty Day Princess"



Irving Lippman

AFTER a bang-up successful season on Broadway in "The Curtain Rises," Jean Arthur is back in Hollywood. While most screen stars get their dramatic training on the stage first, Jean did just the opposite. She began in movies, then left Hollywood for New York stage. Jean has the lead in Columbia's, "The Most Precious Thing in Life"



Elmer Fryer

PORTRAIT of a movie actress who comes home, tired after a long day's work, and settles down with a good book, only to look up into the lens of another camera! But that's success. And Genevieve Tobin's latest is "Success at Any Price." So she accommodates the photographer. Warners loaned Miss Tobin to RKO-Radio for this film

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty



KATHARINE HEPBURN'S professional and private orbit is as erratic as that of a runaway meteor. Her trip to Europe has been called a "flight." Her unexpected return is diagnosed an "impulse." Intimations are not lacking that her mediocre characterization in the stage play "The Lake" and her none too great success in her latest film "Spitfire" may have shunted her into another erratic course.

She is alleged to be disgruntled because her contract company would not let her make personal appearances in the theaters of another producing organization. She seems to feel the sting of these several reverses. If so, Hepburn is extremely sensitive. Her public of the silver screen is so vast and so adoring that any one or all of these minor skirmishes would be forgotten in a day.

AT the present moment the script for a new screen play, "Joan of Arc," is being written for her. The part should prove a pat one for her remarkable talents. Yet she looks longingly toward success on Broadway—a success that even if achieved could never measure up to what the screen has already given her and what it still holds for her. But Hepburn's fragile figure houses a boundless ambition that will be neither brooked nor checked. Perhaps if she were otherwise she would not be the Great Katharine we know.

YOU can't down a "bad man" actor if he has made good at the rôle. George Raft, after a turn in "Bolero" and "The Trumpet Blows," will, as his next—if present plans are kept—play the part of a great gunman. Lucky the actor who finds a rôle that types him with the approval of the public.

Raft did the trick with "Scarface" and his producing company is wise in contemplating returning him to the underworld. Yes, he proved his versatility in "Bolero" and "The Trumpet Blows," but why should any actor be obliged to stake his hard-earned fame in a succession of varied characterizations?

IT isn't often that part of an actor's private life becomes part of a picture—especially that of such an artist as George Arliss—but here's a true story about just such a thing. In 20th Century's epic, "The House of Rothschild," the lapel-flower incident which runs through the story has its counterpart in the life of Mr. and Mrs. Arliss.

In fact, Arliss himself is responsible for injecting the touch in the picture.

Director Alfred Werker wanted something to symbolize the enduring romance between *Nathan Rothschild* and his wife.

"Why not something like this," Arliss suggested, and then went on to tell how


~~~~~

Mrs. Arliss, throughout their married life, has always symbolized their affection by a flower. Every morning she puts a flower in his lapel, and on the only day that she forgot to pin it, everything went dead wrong!

A CERTAIN lady tourist who managed to get inside Columbia Studios and chat with John Barrymore, even more, to walk away with his autographed picture, still doesn't believe that it was all on the level.

John, in make-up with a beard and flowing moustache for his part in "Twentieth Century," looked at least sixty in the sequence in which he appears disguised as a Kentucky colonel. He suddenly decided to act the part off screen.

"Ah shuah am mighty pleased to meet you-all," said John with all the gravity of the Mason-Dixon line.

And the lady from Iowa, expecting a dashing young blade quoting "Hamlet" all over the set, whispered to her companion, "You don't suppose it's really Vince Barnett and he's ribbing me, do you?"

WHEN the Richard Arlens sailed for Europe, they took with them trunkloads of milk and vegetables for baby Richard Ralston. The milk was pasteurized, evaporated. The vegetables cooked and sealed in jars.

Mama and papa Arlen could enjoy French *cuisine*—but it was plain American food for Richard Ralston on his first trip abroad.

WILL ROGERS has never been known to pull his punches.

At the recent Academy Award dinner, the prophet of Fox Movietone City tossed big executives, stars, artists and what not on his griddle and roasted them to a turn.

He even took a crack at the industry itself.

"It's a racket," said Will; "if it wasn't, we all wouldn't be here in dress clothes."

And commenting on the fearsome sound of the Academy's full title, "Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences," Will said:

"If the movies are an art, I kinda think it'll leak out somehow without bein' told; and if they're a science—then it's a miracle."

Will's wit changed the big affair from a customary ceremony of long-winded speeches into a joyous riot.

DO you know how that little braid business all the girls are wearing was started? Joan Crawford was rehearsing a dance number. Her hair kept getting in her eyes, so she grabbed a bunch and wove it into a braid. The dancing girls on the set followed suit. Pretty soon, half the girls in Hollywood were in braids, and now the fad has spread.

ANOTHER DeMille yarn has come along which fades all the others into the background. It seems that now, after his dinner parties, C. B. has two silver bowls passed around his table, filled with jewelry of all kinds, for his guests to choose a present. One bowl is for the men and one for the women. And invariably Cecil slips in one or two priceless unset diamonds or rubies and always, he says, the ladies choose jade beads, wrist watches and similar trifles and allow the unset gems to remain in the bowl.

The custom, he says, originated at the banquets of Antony and Cleopatra. Like the famous Egyptian queen, he feels it is a gracious gesture to his guests.



★★ Two  
*lovable*  
 whose  
 future is  
 rosy if  
 washed  
 with pure  
 IVORY  
 FLAKES!



*Lord & Taylor*

In New York, you'll find these two frocks at Lord & Taylor's, the famous Fifth Avenue store that's a godmother to American fashions. And these were designed by Elizabeth Hawes, one of America's finest!

They are made of Suavelle\* a sleek silk with a satiny stripe. This lush fabric has been washed six times in the lukewarm suds of Ivory Flakes—and after the sixth washing looks as lovely as new! That's the beauty of using Ivory Flakes—they're quick melting curls of pure Ivory Soap—

so safe, that goodness knows why you'd ever risk using any other soap flakes!

LEFT FROCK: as comfortable to wear as an easy conscience...the collar buttons high or unbuttons low...Elizabeth Hawes touch supplied by the stitched corded belt that is fastened by silvery hardware. Washes like a charm with pure Ivory Flakes!

RIGHT FROCK: no sense in calling this a tennis frock when it can play all-around all day! Smart girls will love the exciting shoulder chevrons...the crisper one is made of colored duck. Tubs like a handkerchief in lukewarm Ivory suds!

\*REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

the famous New York store, says: "Wash these silk frocks with **IVORY FLAKES**"



# Elizabeth Bergner— *Puppet or Genius?*

Is the star of "Catherine the Great" a timid but inspired artist, a *poseur*, or a *Trilby* to her husband?

IS Elizabeth Bergner a *Trilby* in the flesh? Or is this woman, whose stardom blazed into international brilliance when America acclaimed her portrayal of *Catherine* in the motion picture "Catherine the Great," a genius in her own right?

You remember *Trilby* in "Svengali." She was the young creature who was nothing without her master. With him, she was supreme. It was his power, his magnetic power, with which he infused her and made her a great artiste by sheer influence of his mind over hers.

You also know of the case of Garbo and her beloved Stiller, her first director. When Stiller died, Garbo cried out in her anguish that she could never act again. She said her power was gone, and her power was Stiller. But recently, Garbo has risen to greater heights than ever before. The reason? Some say she has found another Stiller in Rouben Mamoulian, her present director.

Is it a similar power, an even greater power, which Dr. Paul Czinner, director and husband of Elizabeth Bergner, has over her?

Also like Garbo, Elizabeth Bergner holds herself in seclusion, but a seclusion far more remote than Garbo's. Not even film company executives, not even her manager, may break it!

Why this protective screen? Is it the command of a wilful genius which some critics see in Miss Bergner? In some quarters it is said Miss Bergner likes to have her own way, and manages to have it.

*By Kathlyn Hayden*

Or, is this seclusion a protective screen behind which Dr. Czinner hides his puppet? Because, in public, Eliza-

beth Bergner is abnormally self-conscious, temperamentally nervous, and mute.

Which brings us right back to *Trilby*.

I will tell my experiences with her and let you judge whether she is a genius or a mere marionette.

When "Catherine the Great" was put into production at the



The star of "Catherine the Great" is kept in complete seclusion by her husband. All scenes are rehearsed privately with him until perfected. Then Elizabeth Bergner comes shyly on the set. The sequence is shot, and she goes back into hiding



Elstree studio, I desired to interview Miss Bergner. Four times I tried, and met with flat rebuffs. Then I went to Charles B. Cochran, the noted British theatrical producer, who is also Miss Bergner's manager.

He, I thought, would be the one man in all England who could break down the Bergner barriers. For, tremendous as the star's personal success was in "Catherine the Great," her standing as an artist is not so firmly established as is the preeminence of C. B. Cochran as a producer. "C. B." at that time was about to present Miss Bergner in a stage play called "Escape Me Never," which, at this writing, is London's outstanding theatrical attraction.

I told Mr. Cochran I wanted the interview, that I was going to tell the American public all about this new star, about whom so little is known. No one in all England appreciates more keenly than Cochran the value of winning the approval of American amusement-lovers. He assured me he would move heaven and earth to persuade his star to make an exception and grant me an interview.

**D**ESPITE his earnest exhortations, Miss Bergner remained adamant!

Eventually, however, a compromise was agreed to. I was to be permitted to watch—from a shadowy corner of the great stage—Miss Bergner and her co-star, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., go through one of the big emotional scenes of "Catherine the Great."

The set was extraordinarily large—a replica



Before the cameras, Elizabeth Bergner comes to life. In "Catherine the Great," she is Catherine—a vibrant, magnificent woman of royal birth

Off screen Elizabeth is not beautiful. She is shy and afraid to meet people. Yet, she has been a star of first magnitude for a long period



In this picture, taken on the set, Miss Bergner's husband, Dr. Czinner, stands protectingly at her side. On her right is Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and beside him, his father. Alexander Korda, producer, is at Dr. Czinner's left

of the great hall in one of the hunting lodges of Czar Peter the Third, young Fairbanks' rôle, you know. There were fully a hundred extra people, in colorful costumes, lounging on chairs and on the floor before a mammoth fireplace. The cameras and the microphones were in position. Dr. Czinner was in the midst of rehearsing the scene when I arrived. Over and over he put the players through their paces until every last detail was played to his satisfaction.

Fairbanks was on stage. But there was no Miss Bergner. When Fairbanks spoke [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97 ]



# "A WHALE of a MAN"



Huge of stature, large in spirit, McLaglen did almost everything but act before he broke into motion pictures

*By Jim Tully*

Pugilist, prospector, soldier, actor—McLaglen caps a life of adventure with fame in the movies

**H**E is one of eight brothers, as large as himself. Their mother was Irish, and their father Scotch and a bishop in the Church of England. When Victor was fourteen, following the example of an older brother, he ran away from home to join the army.

Destitute, he arrived in London, and was amazed to learn that a policeman would not allow him to sleep in Hyde Park. He wandered about the streets until morning. As it was before the period in which England and America were making the world safe for democracy and depression, as usual the fever of war was in the air.

Before dawn, he met a drunken Scotch soldier on leave. The soldier had lost a belt containing forty pounds, or two hundred dollars. Forgotten was King and country, while the Scotchman searched everywhere for the money. Victor helped him search, found the money, and returned it to the Scot. He was given three pounds for having been honest in returning it to the owner. The man from Scotland also bought the fourteen-year-old boy his first drink of liquor. When they separated, the Scotchman again forgot the belt. Victor searched everywhere for him, but could not find him. The money in the belt solaced Victor for the loss of his comrade. That night



A man who roamed the world, McLaglen never cares to wander far from home today. Even vacations he spends with his wife, Enid, on their twelve-acre estate in the California mountains



he slept in a warm bed, and dreamed of fighting for a nation that would allow him to sleep in a park.

The next day, the young boy lied about his age and joined the King's own guardsmen, for service in the Boer War. All of these soldiers were about six feet tall. His enlistment was for twelve years.

After serving four years, Victor became bored with the army. He persuaded his father to help release him. When this was done, he embarked for Canada. He had learned something of pugilism and the rougher tactics of life while a soldier. Thus prepared, he was alert for new adventure.

In the steerage of the boat he met a husky young fellow named Jack Crow, who had just left the English navy. He was going to Canada to become a farmer. They became comrades.



McLaglen as he appears in "The Lost Patrol." In his more than fifty Hollywood films, no rôle was more romantic than his own life

McLaglen's first big chance was in "What Price Glory?" with Del Rio and Eddie Lowe. As *Captain Flagg*, a rôle every actor wanted, Victor became famous

When the boat docked, they learned of a "silver rush" near Cobalt. This town was many miles away, and they had but little money. But Victor could box, and Jack Crow, despite his name, could sing. They gave exhibitions along the way to keep from starving. When they reached Cobalt they met a gentleman called Silverman, who promised them work as soon as the ice thawed, and put them up in a cabin with twenty other men.

**JACK CROW** was a stranger character than any that Victor McLaglen was later to impersonate on the screen. His body was covered with scars, which he explained had been received in the Boxer Rebellion in China. Later, Crow told Victor that his mother had been burned to death and that he had received the scars in an effort to save her. Crow died, a raving maniac, and all of Victor's strength as a pugilist was needed to protect himself against him in his dying hour.

Saddened by the loss of his friend, McLaglen gave up all ideas of discovering a silver mine, and joined the railway police at Owen Sound. During this winter, as a diversion, he had a half-dozen fights in the prize-ring, and learned that hardest of human techniques, to receive a beating while an audience looks on.

He learned, too, of the deceit and fakery which, common in all walks of life, were [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]





CIVIL WAR atmosphere and the spirit of the old South are created in Hollywood on a modern sound stage. This elaborate setting was constructed at M-G-M for Marion Davies' picture, "Operator 13."

At first glance you will think it is out-of-doors. But look carefully and you will see

there is a roof overhead. And what seems to be sunlight sifting through the trees is really light from powerful arc lamps. The trees "grow" only as high as the roof. The entire "estate"—picket fences, darkies' cabins, landscaped lawns and the *Dandridge* mansion—was constructed within sound stage walls.

The star of the picture, Marion Davies, in the guise of a mulatto girl, leans on the porch railing talking to Katherine Alexander, whose rôle is that of *Pauline Cushman*, noted Union spy. Gary Cooper, as *Captain Gailliard*, is seated on the railing, on the far left.

On Marion's right are Ted Healy, disguised





Manatt

as a medicine man, and Russell Hardie, also Union spies.

Beside the camera, on the far left, stands cameraman George Folsey. The script clerk, Billy Ryan, is kneeling, carefully checking every move with the script. Behind the swing is seated the director, Richard Boleslavsky.

The modern movie equipment looks strangely out of place in the Civil War setting; for instance, the microphone boom, stretching overhead across the porch and pointing toward the horse-drawn medicine wagon in the background.

The picture, "Operator 13," is adapted from

the novel of the same name, written by the late Robert W. Chambers. Its setting is near Martinsburg, West Virginia, at the Dandridge mansion, occupied by General J.E.B. Stuart as military headquarters in the early stages of the Civil War. The story is one of the most romantic ever written about the old South.



# Blondes Plus *Curves* Mean War

**W**AR, beautiful war! Behind the passionate make-believe and the tissue paper gaiety of Hollywood lurks dat ol' devil war!

Not a stuffy old war with muddy trenches and unladylike bullets, but a war of flesh and sex-appeal, of styles of making love and tricks of personality—a war of lovely women! A war which, incidentally, has its counterpart in every town and village and big city neighborhood. There is no lane so winding but it boasts its Marlene Dietrich, its Mae West, its Anna Sten, and even its Garbo and Hepburn and Connie Bennett, and it's about these that this crimson tale of beautiful war revolves.

The first clash in the celluloid hills was, as we all know, between Garbo and Dietrich. The whole world, from Kong to Hongkong, sat in arm-chairs and watched the struggle.

But it's over.

Dietrich is the victor.



To Mae West goes the credit for starting the new war. She convinced the world that the curve is more powerful than the sword, and invited the armies to come up some time. Mae's out to win—and she's an old trooper

Oh, it's a lovely battle! With sex-appeal for ammunition, sharp words, flashing eyes—movie queens are the warriors

*By George  
Kent*

But she did not win by defeating the slim Greta. No, the former Swedish dress model swallowed a magic pill or something and became someone totally different.

In "Grand Hotel," she was already changing. In "Queen Christina," the change had taken place. She has become a powerful, nervously tense creature, so utterly different and remote from Marlene that there was nothing left to fight about. At least there was no common ground on which to conduct the battle. Elissa Landi, Miriam Hopkins, and all the other kopykats of the slinking, boyish-formed blonde have also changed. Marlene, who came to imitate, developed a cut and jib all her sweet, delicious own.

But shed a tear for the Scarlet Empress! When she quit that old scrap with Garbo, she walked smack dab into a worse one—a real war, a three-cornered war, with opponents able to match her curve for curve, *it* for *it*, and what have you.

The war in Hollywood today, ladies and gentlemen, is Dietrich versus West versus Sten!

This triumvirate is a three-wheeled vehicle of fire, flesh and the devil.

All three of them round and feminine, the stuff that masculine dreams are made of, they



curl across the screens of the world drooping luxuriant appeal on the enchanted audiences. And it does not matter what the climate or the language, the effect is always the same. Out of the square of silver, there emanates from these three a subtle, invisible fragrance which acts as a delicious anesthesia and leaves the overcome audiences gasping happily.

It is one beautiful war, loved by the customers, young and old, for a customer is often smarter than he looks. He knows that war is just another name for competition, and competition makes the West, Sten and Dietrich warriors work as they never worked before.

Mae West has already loosed her biggest guns, and the theater aisles of the world are knee deep in ticket-stubs and hearty laughs. She came with that bright, big-hearted, enameled sophistication which the world calls "Broadway." She came, a spark from the burlesque



wheels, shining with the confidence of a girl who was able to teach New York a new pleasure.

To Mae goes the credit for starting the new war! She laid out the battle-field and invited the armies. It was Mae who reminded us that the curve is more powerful than the sword. She cut the corners of the world, planed down the angles, made *frou-frou* and feathers exciting. She taught the young bloods that the figure eight is the nicest number from one to ten.

For a time it looked like a minor back-stage skirmish between Mae and Marlene. And then along came Anna Sten! The lady with the lips! The lady with a strange carnal power, which overflows the screen and slips fire into your arteries.

Now, it is a real war! The struggle for supremacy is on, and heaven help the innocent bystander!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

The newest entry to battle: Anna Sten. Hers was a surprise attack. She's advancing rapidly. Anna has something the others lack



Her struggle with Garbo over, Dietrich now finds new competition on the field of battle! She's in the fray, like a veteran! Off came the masculine attire! For this war is fought in uniforms of chiffon ruffles and fine feathers



# CAL YOR*K* Announcing *The Monthly Broadcast of*



Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland were attending the races at Agua Caliente when this picture was taken. Gilbert has his eye on the cameraman, but who does Connie see?

**W**HAT is going to happen to the Herbert Marshall-Edna Best matrimonial ship is problematical at this time. Edna is in England, but she is expected back in the fall, in a play in New York. Rarely has the Marshall-Best team been separated in a play. Edna has maintained a silence about her marital situation. Herbert, however, has made one statement which has Hollywood wondering.

He said, "Divorce is farthest from my mind now. If I should be indiscreet later, well, that's a different story."

He is staying on in Hollywood, to appear opposite Connie Bennett in "The Green Hat."

**I**RVING LIPPMAN, Columbia still man, was right on the job with John Barrymore during the making of "Twentieth Century" having John posing for still pictures every idle minute.

At last Irving went to John with one of his pictures and asked for his autograph. John looked at him a long minute and then wrote: "To Irving Lippman. The less said about him the better."

**I**T was a gracious gesture that Norma Shearer made toward Edna Best just before Edna sailed for England. It was at a press party after a preview of "Riptide," in which Marshall appears opposite Norma. Herbert and Edna were at the party, presumably together, but Edna seemed ill at ease. Norma quietly went over to her and spent practically the

remainder of the evening with her. Everyone was grateful to Norma for her thoughtfulness.

**J**OH*N* GILBERT has taken his squabble with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to court for settlement after airing it in full-page advertisements in the public prints. John, in his advertisements, stated M-G-M would "neither offer me work nor release me from my contract." The quarrel had been going on several months.



Welcome home! Mae Murray returns from a trip abroad. Once a favorite of motion pictures, Mae has retired, except for infrequent appearances in vaudeville

You seldom see a picture of this young man! It is Peter Bennett and his mother. Peter is Connie's adopted son. She rarely permits his photograph to be printed





# Hollywood Goings-On!

THE betting is even in Hollywood that not another month will pass without seeing the Franchot Tone-Joan Crawford nuptial knot spliced. Joan's divorce from Doug, Jr., is final in May.

Her latest adornment received from the prospective groom is an exquisite set of earrings made of platinum. They are lined with a row of diamonds and Joan's favorite stones, star sapphires.

IT isn't often that Hollywood takes sides against Lee Tracy.

In fact, all through his Mexican scrape the old town as a whole has been pretty much behind dynamic Lee.

But there are some people who think it was a raw deal he worked on Junior Laemmle.

Junior, known as a progressive and forward looking producer, gave Lee his comeback chance when something kept all the other major producers from giving one. The agreement, not signed, but understood, was that Lee was to enter into a term contract and make several pictures at Universal.

After making his first, however, "I'll Tell the World," Lee suddenly announced a contract



John Barrymore came on the set of "Twentieth Century" one day and found a dummy dressed as he dresses in his Kentucky colonel rôle. So John gave the dummy the script, then ordered them both a mint julep

had been signed with Paramount, leaving Junior with stories bought for him, writers signed to adapt them and what not.

Some people can't believe Lee could pull one like that.

SEEMS as if this was going a bit far, but the man evidently thought the end merited the means. Anyway, Mae Clarke had an ardent admirer who failed in his efforts to meet her, even after many a long vigil in front of her house. One recent night, a loud crash was heard out front, which sent Mae and the whole family rushing outside. The determined gent had crashed his car into a lamp-post, and there he was, out like a light. He was carried into the house, and regained consciousness shortly. He looked up and saw Mae—and his first words were, "Miss Clarke, may I please take you out to dinner?"



When the Arlen family sailed for Europe, Baby Richard Arlen looked as pleased as the grown-ups about the trip abroad



THE last vacation Queen Greta went on, when she took along a partner in the person of Rouben Mamoulian, proved too public for comfort.

Lately she began spending one alone—high up in the San Bernardino mountains at Lake Arrowhead.

Garbo spends the greater part of her time rowing and riding. There's a boat in the front yard of her mountain place and a horse staked out in back. In between, she looks over the script of Somerset Maugham's "The Painted Veil"—her next.

Richard Boleslavsky will direct it.

"IN this scene you look half-surprised," said the director to Will Rogers.

"Can't do it," replied Will. "Either all-surprised or not surprised at all. If I was good enough to look half-surprised, I'd ask for a raise!"

IF you would like to witness Connie Bennett lose every last vestige of her dignity, buy a seat near her at the prize-fights—where she is a devoted fan.

Recently, after an especially exciting round in Los Angeles, our Peeping Tom caught Connie with her feet parked in Gilbert Roland's lap (right out in public, too). But the climax of the evening occurred when, in an especially fast and furious set-to, the rubber teeth-protector of one of the leather pushers popped out and lit right in Connie's lap! It almost stopped the bout.

OVERHEARD on a studio lot:

Two "stooges" conversing as to the correct manner of saying "Brown Derby." One said it was "Derby" and the other, "Darby." To prove his point, he singled out Herbert Marshall.

"Look at him—his name's not 'Bert'—it's pronounced 'Bart.' Look at that picture, 'Berkeley Square'—it's 'Barkeley Square.' 'Derby' is 'Darby.'

"Okay," said the other, "but I still won't say 'Nartz!'"

RIGIDLY guarded Garbo sets are practically nothing to Josef Von Sternberg's secrecy complex when engaged in directing Dietrich.

While making "Scarlet Empress," Der Stern-



Even gay Hollywood gasped and missed a step at this surprising combination! The joker is Johnny Weissmuller, and it tickles Adrienne Ames, Lupe Velez, Sandra Shaw Cooper, Gary Cooper, and Bruce Cabot

Their very first picture ever taken together: Leo Carrillo and the Mrs., caught by an early-bird cameraman at the Little Club, in Los Angeles

berg even shot some scenes where all the camera crew and set workers had to vamoose. He had everything lined up, set and adjusted, but before the scene was taken, the "scram" order arrived, and Director Von acted as sound man, cameraman, director and gaffer combined. Even in ordinary garden variety scenes, Von resorted to strategy to keep out intruders. One door of the sound stage was barred from the inside and the other, used by the crew, boasted a huge sign announcing "Wet Paint." Of course it wasn't wet at all, but it scared off all those who weren't in on the secret.

THE return from Europe of Gene Raymond nicely spiked the acrid talk of a split between Charlie Farrell and his wife, Virginia





roles to his credit. Perhaps because of his proud Prussian features and dueling scars, von Brincken is perennially a "heavy." Last fall in "Shanghai Madness" he portrayed a renegade officer, and in Lee Tracy's comeback picture, "I'll Tell the World," he keeps up the dark work.

**G**EORGE BURNS persuaded Gracie Allen to see a hypnotist about her condition. After working on her for an hour, the hypnotist turned to George and remarked, "She doesn't need hypnosis. What she needs is somebody to wake her out of this trance she's already in." All right! Skip it!

**F**OR the first time in fifteen years, Richard Barthelmess is without a job. Dick was one of the more fortunate when the films began talking for themselves. He had a good speaking voice.

He hasn't definitely settled his future plans, desiring to take a long vacation before he does, but at the present, it looks as though he may produce pictures on his own.

**R**IGHT now no one in Hollywood seems to know whether Clara Bow plans to continue her screen career or whether, as she remarked while making "Hoopla," she is tired of it all and wants to step out of the whole business.

Clara isn't under contract to Fox any more.

She was under contract to Sam Rork, a producer who died recently, leaving Clara a free agent. No pictures have been planned for her at Fox, and Hollywood rather starts when it hears her name, although, like everyone else, it hopes Clara has not forsaken the screen entirely. She looked too good in "Hoopla," despite the well worn story.

They say Clara is fairly hefty. Plump, I think, is the word. She admits it, but says when a picture comes along she'll go right into training and work off the poundage.

**J**EAN HARLOW went out and bought a big new car, and now she's trying to find it! A flock of "loving fans" have carried away odds and ends such as tires, fenders, tubes, headlights and cigarette lighters, to place among their souvenirs. Isn't it just dandy to be a picture star, and find your chassis dismantled every time you go to look for it?

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80 ]

Valli, now that the screen romance team of Farrell and Gaynor are together again. Gene sends orchids daily to Janet and he's very much the devoted swain. And Charlie and Virginia are around and about everywhere—together.

**T**HE talents of Baron William von Brincken, Prussian born diplomat, who became a successful actor when the war shattered his career, are apparently endless. Now he has turned writer, completing a novel recently. The book, which was held up when the publishing firm failed, is being considered by major studios as possible screen material.

Baron von Brincken first gained fame as the foremost technical advisor on Continental pictures in Hollywood, then tried his hand at acting. He has more than fifty principal screen

Once, you remember, Gary and Lupe were romancing together, and gossips said it meant wedding bells. But here they are: she with her husband, he with his wife, and everybody certainly looks happy

Barbara Barondess and Charles Beahan have been going places and seeing things together since Charlie and little Sidney Fox broke up their romance





# A Broken Heart

## *in Hollywood*



The true story of a girl who did her utmost to get ahead of the crowd in movies

*By Sara Hamilton*

She took the knocks and came up smiling! Julia Graham (left), small town girl, won her Hollywood battle and Burns and Allen show her how to read a rôle

THE newspapers once again told the story. An old, old story in Hollywood. The story of another disillusioned girl who found the going too difficult in the magic land of motion pictures; who reached the end of the trail—ashamed of her failure and ill with heart-breaking disillusionment and chose, as the easiest way out—death.

Little heart-broken girls of Hollywood. What stories lie in their eyes. What despair fills their lonely hearts as, day after day, they go tramping about the streets. Lonely, forsaken people of Hollywood who have come seeking fame in pictures. What stories they could tell.

They are the type of stories that led nineteen-year-old Julia Graham, only a few weeks ago, to the end of the road, pitifully frightened, to lie down in despair to die. Alone.

Julia was like hundreds of other girls bitten by the "movie bug." She could think of nothing else. Back in Sisterville, West Virginia, Julia lived the life of an average small town girl in an average small town.



Failure, disillusion — Julia bucked 'em, and death was just around the corner when along came Earl Carroll and a new deal

Graduating from high school at eighteen, Julia went to work in the library of her home town, went to parties and dances, had dates with the boys she'd gone to school with, and life flowed on evenly about her.

But that wasn't enough for Julia.

She wanted to be a movie star more than anything else in the world.

Oh yes, she'd read time and time again of countless other girls who had gone to Hollywood with heart-breaking results. She'd read all the warnings sent out to young girls *not* to go to Hollywood. But, after all, she was different, she told herself. Hadn't her friends told her many times how well she photographed and how splendidly she sang? And hadn't she been in every school play since she was six? Well, what more could Hollywood want? It would be easy for her. The other girls had been foolish, but not she.

So, with the little money she had saved, she stole from her home with two bags filled with her belongings, and boarded a bus for California.

She was off on her great adventure. Julia was on her way to Hollywood to be a great movie star.

Two days later she wired her mother where she was going.

She made friends on the bus and her heart sang constantly within her. That other world, the little town, the people in it, all seemed very far away now. Already she felt a part of the new, magic world she'd chosen to enter.

It was only when the desert gave way to green and golden orange groves, when an occasional palm tree waved lazily [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111 ]

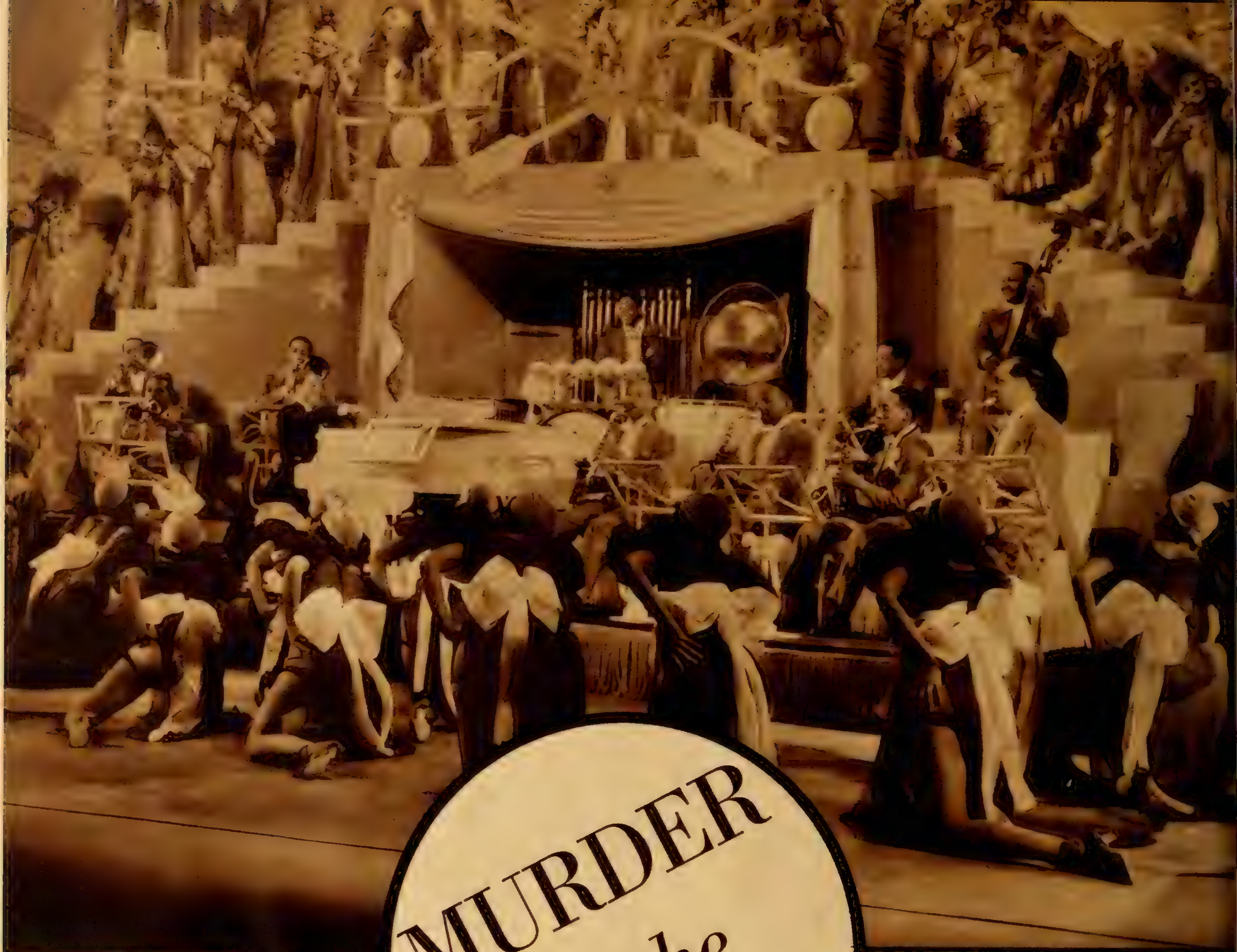




Irving Lippman

**T**EMPERAMENT and temper run riot in this scene between Carole Lombard and John Barrymore—one of many high-spirited moments in Columbia's "Twentieth Century." In this adaptation from a stage comedy of last season, Barrymore is the eccentric producer who snares Carole, a Broadway star and his ex-flame, into signing a new contract





**MURDER**  
*at the*  
*Vanities*







IT might be murder, but it  
looks like fun. Carl Brisson  
is having a good time with that  
girl in ruffles. And Jack Oakie,  
twixt a blonde and brunette,  
isn't thinking about clues! If  
nifty underpinnings help a girl  
climb, that Vanities beauty  
ought to reach the top of the  
ladder! You want Harlem  
murder or Mexican murder?  
Or both? We'll take ours with  
gardenias and high hats, all in  
a row, if anybody should ask







WHILE her maid puts the last curls in place, Director John Ford keeps the cameras waiting and goes over a sequence with Madeleine Carroll, English star, making her Hollywood début in "The World Moves On." The world does move on, but Madeleine's gown, trimmed with pearls and nosegays, makes any lady want to turn back the clock



Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe proved to the world that love and marriage *can* survive success



# Cinderella of Broadway

*By Margaret E. Sangster*

**A** BLOCK or two, in New York, often measures more than a quarter of a mile. It is sometimes the distance between happiness and heartbreak, between sunshine and sorrow, between life and death.

And so it is not strange that, while Lilyan Tashman lay quietly at rest in a white chapel on an upper East Side street, the lights of Broadway were making magic with her name.

I fancy she would have wished it so. To know that, even as her friends knelt at her bier and sobbed their last farewell—even as curious crowds stormed the very doors of the funeral church—she was still moving and laughing and talking on the

street that she had loved. For Lilyan Tashman did not typify quiet and repose—she was quicksilver and the flash of sequins and the perfume of gardenias and the gaiety of dance music. Her very life was a sky-rocket; she rose suddenly in brilliance, shone against the clouds—and disappeared when the brilliance was at its height.

**I** DON'T have to tell you the story of Lilyan Tashman—who was the Cinderella of Broadway. She was the type of person to whom incredible things happen in a logical manner. Her entrance to the stage world was as dramatic as any play, for the



great Ziegfeld, himself, glimpsed her in a restaurant and sent for her and gave her a part in his famous "Follies." Lilyan was seventeen, then—but it was a seventeen *plus*. Plus beauty and that quality which stands for more than beauty—personality. I can give no better illustration of Lilyan's personality and her ability to keep friends than the following fact: Eddie Cantor—who was the star of that original "Follies" in which Lilyan Tashman appeared as a show girl—was the one who delivered the eulogy at her funeral.

THE "Follies." Then the legitimate drama, supporting Ina Claire in "The Gold Diggers." Then two years of stock company in Washington, and then—Hollywood. So went Lilyan Tashman—with her career held carefully in leash. She was never too sure of herself—and was always sure enough. Success and flattery did not go to her head—laughter and friendly handclasps were always more important than applause. I think that is why she never suffered the spiritual stubbed toes and the mental black-and-blue spots that other stars have known.

WHEN love came, it happened in the same logically incredible way. Lilyan and her husband, Edmund Lowe, met first on Broadway. She had been playing, supreme in her beauty, in a successful production. He had been the one bright spot in a certain failure. But he had, notwithstanding a good deal of competition, recognized her beauty. And she, in a drab drama, had sensed his genius. He dropped in at the successful production to watch her—not once, a score of times. She went to see his faltering play whenever it was possible. Finally they met, and that was the beginning of the beginning! Lilyan, just about to fare forth and conquer Hollywood, said to Eddie: "Go West, young man!" And he did.

Their successes—their screen successes—were achieved together. Almost simultaneously they became public idols. And then, as their intimate friends had long hoped, they were married.

That was in 1925—and now it is 1934. Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe had nine years of happiness—complete, thrilling happiness. That's a long-time marriage for Hollywood—and it's more joy than most mortals are privileged to crowd into an entire lifetime. When the reporters besieged Edmund Lowe, the day of his wife's death, he hadn't much to say. We like him because he hadn't. He faltered: "I can't believe it. . . ."

Which is, in a way, the perfect tribute.

I AM glad that they buried Lilyan Tashman in a blue gown. As the newspapers recorded, it was "of a cut and style for which she was famous." I am glad that it was smart and pretty, but above all I am glad that it was blue. Blue was very becoming to Lilyan.

"Of a cut and style for which she was famous!" Ah, the world knew Lilyan Tashman as the best dressed woman of the screen—and that title was not lightly achieved. The Gloria Swansons and the Joan Crawford and the Constance Bennetts have been no mean aspirants to the honor—to say nothing of half a hundred others. But Lilyan Tashman won the position and held it against every comer by sheer clothes instinct rather

than by intent. She didn't try to be the screen's best dressed woman—she couldn't help being the screen's best dressed woman! Every hat she chose was perfect; every coat and suit was innately right.

Lilyan Tashman wasn't the sort to let down in the privacy of her own boudoir, for the simple reason that she didn't approve of, or enjoy, letting down. If she had been careless about clothes, I have no doubt that she might have been careless in other matters—but carelessness was a word that had been left out of Lilyan Tashman's vocabulary. If she had let down in the matter of grooming she might even have murmured, at the end, "I'm tired. I can't work any longer. Give me rest." But she didn't.

She practically died on the set, finishing her last picture. The physician who operated on her said, "It was her indomitable will—and her courage—that kept her going."

LILYAN TASHMAN'S home reflected her personal taste—and the taste of her husband. She it was who started the vogue for white—draperies, upholsteries, carpets. One would imagine that a home with a plethora of white upholstery might be a hard place in which to live—but it was not so with the

Tashman-Lowe domicile. Lilyan never told Eddie, I'll warrant, to be careful of the ashes and to beware of muddy feet. And her guests didn't feel, ever, that they were posed against the background of a modern museum. Despite elegance of fabric, and the delicacy of design, and utter good taste, they felt at home—and they acted at home. That's the best recommendation that any hostess can have!

LILYAN TASHMAN will be remembered as the best dressed woman of the screen. That's inevitable—for she was! But there are many who will remember her differently. As a good trouser, as a good sport, as a philanthropist, and as a patron of the arts. As a firm friend, and the life of the party.

The pity of it is that Lilyan Tashman died in her

early thirties. She should have lived to be very old—so that we might have learned, from her, the lesson of growing old gracefully and graciously. She should have given birth to the children for which she longed—"I want babies," she used to say, "and I'm going to have them."

It gives a sad sense of satisfaction to those who loved her—the knowledge that she will never be dimmed.

She belongs to the past—and to the present—and to the future. Because, for her, the past and the present and the future have ceased to be.

A block or two, in New York, often measures more than a quarter of a mile. It sometimes spells the distance between mirth and tears, between today and eternity.

And so I try to tell myself that Lilyan Tashman—dressed in the color she loved—surrounded by flowers and friends—was only taking a needed rest.

I tell myself that—in some bright dream—she was conscious of her shadow self, appearing upon the screen of a Broadway theater.

I like to think that the murmur of the curious crowds storming the door of the little chapel that housed her, came to her not as an intrusion, but as the echo of a nation's applause!

## To Lilyan Tashman—

*The gracious gowns you wore were just a token  
Of the rare beauty that your soul possessed,  
Of the fine courage that remained unbroken;  
So, when folks say, "She was superbly dressed!"  
They pay a tribute to triumphant glory,  
To charm that could be neither bought nor sold.  
"Superbly dressed!" It tells a gallant story,  
A story that was broken off, half told . . .*

*I like to picture you as someone living,  
(For perfect beauty never, never dies!)  
I like to think of you as smiling, giving,  
With gleaming hair, and shining, friendly eyes—  
I like to think you will be very near  
Whenever people long for lights and cheer!*

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER





## “Baby Mae West” —That’s Toby!

YOU know her as Toby Wing. Members of her family know her as Toby, although she was born Martha Virginia Wing. Because, you see, down in Virginia, where Martha Virginia was born on her grandfather’s plantation near historic Richmond, a skittish colt is termed “toby-struck.” Martha Virginia, according to a doting aunt, was a touch skittish, or, rather, “toby-struck.” Toby she has been since.

Lately though, in Hollywood, Toby has been getting another name. It’s “Baby Mae West.” As you may have noticed, Toby has curves, and what goes with them—plenty of personality.

Maurice Chevalier, no less, thinks Toby is about the loveliest creature in Hollywood. Incidentally, Toby isn’t backward about giving her opinion of Chevalier. “The most fascinating man I ever met,” says she.

Blonde—naturally—she and her sister, Pat, are a striking contrast. Pat is decidedly brunette.

This eighteen-year-old daughter of a retired army major and granddaughter of a Confederate army captain has a lot of sense under her golden hair. She does not gad around week nights. No sir! She is early to bed and early to rise. Social activities are limited to Friday and Saturday nights, and then not too much. She likes fun and enjoys frolicking as much as the next youngster, but she is very serious about her screen work.

Toby started in acting when she was a child, with the Gamut Club in Los Angeles, and Columbia Pictures.

Her more recent screen work began with a part in Eddie Cantor’s “The Kid from Spain.” Then you saw her in “42nd Street,” “College Humor,” “Search for Beauty,” “Come On Marines.” “Murder at the Vanities” is her latest.



## A Raft of Work Is His Reward

ROGER PRYOR, who took over George Raft’s rôle in Mae West’s latest picture, “It Ain’t No Sin,” doesn’t look much like an actor. This native of New York City looks more like an all-American halfback, six feet tall, straight, athletic, and younger appearing than his thirty years..

Yet, there isn’t much Roger can’t do in the way of entertainment—singing, dancing, acting. He also can get melody out of a piano, trombone, saxophone, trumpet and several other types of musical instruments. His musical bent is natural. His father is Arthur Pryor, the noted bandmaster and composer.

Hollywood calls Roger “another Lee Tracy.” His fast-talking, taut-nerve parts in “Moonlight and Pretzels” and “I Like It That Way” started the comparison.

Oddly enough, Roger has a definite connection with Tracy.

When Lee was starring on the stage in “The Front Page” in Chicago and broke his ankle, it was Roger Pryor who assumed the rôle. Then, in 1931, Roger starred in “Blessed Event” on the New York stage. And Lee did right well by the same part in the movie version. Finally, Roger and Lee are together on the screen in “I’ll Tell the World.”

Although considered a fairly new screen “find,” Roger is a veteran troupier, having been on the stage since 1919. He has a reputation for the fast-action type of rôles. It was this that got him his screen opportunity in “Moonlight and Pretzels.”

The elder Pryor had intended his big boy should become a physician. But the call of the stage was too much for Roger.

However, the father’s desire finally was fulfilled. Roger recently played the part of a young doctor in a West Coast stage company’s version of “Men in White.”



# Cleopatra

"BAH, these Hollywood actors make me ill," Cecil B. DeMille stormed (with hail and everything) on the "Cleopatra" set. "They have no feeling for the true beauty, the insight into those who lived when Rome was in her full bloom. I wish I might have Cleopatra herself to play in this picture," he mused, and even as he spoke there appeared before him a strange and odd little creature looking not unlike Ernst Lubitsch, even to the cigar, and clad in a toga.

"Thou hast spoken, master," the little toga-clad image resembling Ernst bowed, "and as thou spokest rubbed thrice the emerald ring that



As Cleo stepped from the barge, DeMille saluted her saying, "Oh, Lady of the Nile, I'd prostrate myself if I could get down in these pants." Camera-men yelled, "Hold it for a still, Mrs. Cleopatra"



# Comes To Hollywood

matcheth the emerald in the garters beneath those riding breeches. Hence thy wish shall come true. Tomorrow, as the sun ariseth, Cleopatra's barge shall appear over yon horizon. Get thee there to greet her." And then he was gone.

Well, Cecil practically expired on the spot while the news flashed, wires hummed and cables sang. After all, some pretty important people had trod the old boulevard of Hollywood, but Cleo, the most famous vamp of them all, capped all the climaxes.

Promptly at sunrise the next morning, Cecil, accompanied by three huge floats, one depicting the "Spirit of the Nile," one the "Spirit of the Mississippi," and one the "Spirit of the Los Angeles River If It Had Any Water in It," followed by the Four Mills Brothers, marched directly ahead of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce to the harbor. The American Legion boys, cards that they are, carried a huge banner saying, "Hello, Cleo—Where's Elmer?" in large letters. Huge, gigantic, terrific, colossal banners hung from all the corners screaming, "Welcome Cleo! Hollywood Greets the Queen of Them All."

Which, of course, made M-G-M simply furious and they promptly went all over Culver City hanging banners which read, "Garbo—the Antony-Snatcher of All Time."

Men flocked; women wept; directors told her to diet. But her answer to Hollywood clamor was, "Phooie"

*By Sara Hamilton*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

Oh, it was all very confusing, what with the noise of the motors accompanying the floats, and Cecil yelling and screeching instructions to the Central Avenue slaves dressed in prop bracelets and loin cloths. And through it all, W. C. Fields, for some reason, wanted to play card tricks all the way to the harbor. It was awful.

Then off in the distance, o'er the horizon, the gleam of a golden barge was sighted, its orange sails at full mast. Soon the elaborate barge drew near and out stepped a dusky-

skinned creature in a soft robe of clinging white. Not exactly a strikingly beautiful woman, but about her radiated a something so strong, so dynamic that the entire waiting mob, including the trucks, fell over backwards. Only Cecil remained calm and serenish and, raising his right arm in salute, he said:

"OH, Lady of the Nile, I'd prostrate myself if I could get down in these pants. But we, nevertheless, welcome you, oh gracious queen, to our city of Hollywood. You're overwhelming, glamorous, seductive, alluring—"

And, just then, from behind Cleopatra stepped her four children in a neat little row. The twins, Cleo and Tony, aged nine, both with a front tooth missing and both ready to pop out with measles at the drop of a hat.

"Hold it for a still, Mrs. Cleopatra," the photographers screamed. "Could you pull up the nightgown for a little leg art? And how about one of you and Mr. DeMille shaking hands! You just smile and say, 'Yes, Mr. DeMille.'"

Cleopatra looked around, puzzled.

"Where is my litter!" she spoke for the first time.

A dumb mechanic pointed to the four awe-struck children behind her.

"Where is my litter!" she again demanded.

"Well, lady," spoke up one of the photographers, "if I'd have known, our Scottie had a litter this morning—"

But Cecil, who catches on like anything, waved them aside and conducted the fair lady up the wharf, just as the Four Mills Brothers broke out into a hot version of the "Tiger Rag," which promptly threw the oldest boy Caesar (or at least he should have been called Caesar, he looked that much like him) into as neat a fit of leaping hysterics as has been seen on these shores for some time.

Getting things calmed down a bit, Cecil led Cleopatra to the waiting limousine.

"What manner of litter is this?" she asked.

"The new V model with the free knee action," Cecil explained. With a skeptical glance, Cleo climbed in and reclined, naturally enough, on the back seat, leaving Cecil and the children to arrange themselves as best they could on the floor of the car.

Unnoticed by Cecil, Cleo had placed a small basket on the floor, and leaning over to Cecil she said, "Pardon, my friend, but would you mind arising? You are sitting on my asp." [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107 ]





# Would YOU GIRLS



Here's a saddening fact for Powell's many feminine admirers. If anyone has the inside track in the handicap race for Dick's heart, it certainly seems to be the charming and beautiful Mary Brian

**T**HE pen hung poised over the fateful words in Dick Powell's contract. "Thou shalt not marry for one whole year," they read—or however Papa Warner had worded the clause.

The girls of Hollywood stood, looking at the clock, with wide, staring eyes in white, stricken faces. And the ticking that was heard wasn't the clock's; it was knees knocking. All in all, the girls looked like those things that stand in shop windows with \$14.95 marked on them.

Promptly at eleven A. M. Pacific Coast Time, Dick was to sign or refuse to sign that paper. And that, as good old Hamlet did not say, was the question. Would he sign?

At exactly one minute to eleven, Dick, calmer than last year's straw hat, with the usual grin on his face, picked up a pen,

winked a roving eye at a willowy blonde passing the window, tugged at his tie, and said:

"Here goes."

On the stroke of eleven, Dick Powell's name was sprawled half way across the "no marry" page.

The weeping and wailing, to say nothing of the gnashing of teeth that went up over the land, was something!

Powell admirers from all over the world wrote in by the hundreds. Hundreds nothing! Thousands of letters poured in! "Why, oh why, Mr. Powell, could you do that, just when mama was making me a new red foulard to have my picture taken in to send to you?" Evidently the red foulard was to do its stuff—knock Mr. Powell headlong into Toluca Lake and matrimony.

**A**S for the girls of Hollywood! Well, they went around for days as if there could be just no use going around any more. For here was Hollywood's greatest catch since Gary Cooper, signing away all their chances at him for one whole year.

Dick only grinned at the hullabaloo. He didn't give a hoot-ananny one way or the other. The fact that anyone would care particularly never dawned on him.

And come to think of it, knowing him as I do, I wonder if you'd really want to marry Dick Powell if he could marry?

Now, wait! Don't all scream into my shell-like ear at once! Take it easy! Maybe if you knew what Dick Powell's life is like, you wouldn't—. It's an idea. Let me tell you what life, as Mrs. Dick Powell, would really be.



Mrs. Powell would have to be approved by Ellis, who reads fan mail aloud to Dick

Just relax. There! Now gaze steadily into the crystal ball. Hah! An image! It grows clearer! Why, it's Ellis! Or haven't you heard about Ellis? Well, Ellis it is who looks after Dick and handles his abundant mail. It's Ellis who says what Dick shall eat, what he shall wear, to whom he shall telephone (if



# MARRY Dick Powell?

Yea? Well, read this and perhaps you won't be so anxious. Anyway, he can't be wed for many months

*By Sylvia Harper*

Ellis doesn't approve, Dick will never know you phoned), what he shall—. Well, Ellis is there, and you could no more get rid of Ellis than Jimmy Durante his nose. He's just there. Like the Rock of Gibraltar, and try shoving that out of the way.

Promptly every morning at seven-thirty, after breakfast, Dick goes into the living-room, picks up his clarinet, and he's off on "Honeymoon Hotel" with variations and fire-escapes. Next comes the banjo, and out over Toluca Lake pours the message that "He's going back to his little grass shack in wherever-it-is in Hawaii." And everyone hopes he is, and will start soon. Then comes the saxophone. Good old saxy. This time Dick rips out "Puddin' Head Jones," till it's a wonder "Puddin's" head doesn't fly off with all the heads of the neighbors for miles around.

Quietly picture yourself in the same house with that!

But, get a good grip on yourself. We haven't played all the instruments in the band, yet.

Comes the piano. Dick isn't so hot on the piano, so he usually contents himself with blithely skipping up and down the scales some twenty or thirty times. Do, re, mi, fa,

Dick might boop the roof off with his saxophone, but the Mrs. could only smile



With all his winning ways, Dick Powell has many odd traits to worry any girl who might marry him

sol, la, ti, do. And back again. At this point Ellis may or may not bring you an aspirin. It probably won't have occurred to him you need one. For Ellis, good old gem of the ocean, thrives on Dick's one-man-band.

By this time, the inevitable insurance agent will be ringing the front doorbell, and a boy, at the side door, will be delivering a message from somebody in Little Rock, Arkansas (Dick's home town), asking Dick to cut the cake at the festival on the church lawn next week. A man selling home-made neckties for actors will be pounding on the back door. The insurance agent, for a time, will give up, and a man selling stock in the Pacific Ocean will take his place at the front doorbell. The messenger boy has hammered so hard on the side door that the key to Little Rock, neatly crossed on the wall with the key to Pittsburgh, has fallen from its place, nearly splitting Ellis' skull from stem to stern.

But wait. We forgot the solo in the shower. It usually consists of a lot of "do dum dee diddles" and the like.

And by the way, do [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109 ]





# Napoleon's Ghost

## *Walks Out On Warners*



The main difficulty is getting someone to be Napoleon, but filling the rôle of Joséphine is not a simple matter by any means. Kay Francis might qualify, by comparison with the famous portrait of the Empress by F. Gérard. But Kay's not willing to wear the crown



**H**OLLYWOOD is suffering from a Napoleonic complex. A mocking echo of the Corsican's tempestuous, violent life has come down through the years and set the film capital topsy-turvy.

Whereas Waterloo was Napoleon's breaking point, Hollywood is wondering if Napoleon is going to be its breaking point.

Anyhow, it certainly looks as though his ghost is in town and having a mad fling.

The state of chaos came about through Warner Brothers deciding to make an extra-stupendous picture of the life of Napoleon. And as Napoleon threw all Europe into a scramble, so has the plan to film his life thrown this Hollywood studio into a seething situation, and the repercussions of dissatisfaction are heard throughout the town.

Five of the most important stars in Hollywood are engaged in open, active warfare over Napoleon; one world-famous author is in a super-huff; one excellent make-up man is in a super-collapse; the

Certainly here's imperial form and bearing, the Warners said of Gloria Swanson. She looked this way in "Tonight or Never" just a few years back. She'd be as gorgeous today, perhaps, as Empress Joséphine. But the ghost of Napoleon snickered—Gloria said no!



public libraries have been razed by frantic contestants, and Warner Brothers' studio is giving a first class imitation of a battle-field.

Ever since someone first thought of the idea of filming the life of Napoleon, trouble has turned the script into a scrap, and the whole undertaking has a glazed look around the eyes. Hollywood is suffering from a reign of error.

Edward G. Robinson, of course, was the star the studio had in mind at the beginning of the Napoleonic campaign, and Robinson was quite willing — nay, anxious—to play the part. In fact, he was so anxious to be Napoleon that he read thirty-eight biographies; steeped himself in the sayings and philosophies of the Little Corporal, and wandered around Hollywood with one hand stuck in his vest, mut-



The Warners decided that Ernst Lubitsch could be Napoleon if he'd come out from behind his cigar. But who'd direct *him*?



# The elusive spirit of the Little Corsican has left actors and producers in a Waterloo of confusion

By Winifred Aydelotte



The celebrated portrait of Napoleon by E. J. H. Vernet, hanging in the National Gallery, London. Actors, it seems, just don't grow this way, and make-up helps little



Richard Barthelmess has a something about him not unlike the Vernet portrait of the Emperor—even to the dimple in his chin. And look at their noses

beautiful, and his nose was long and thin and pointed. Robinson's mouth is second only to Joe E. Brown's in scope, and his nose is scared into a pug by his mouth.

Well, Westmore dragged out his make-up box and got to work. He tried putty, wigs, shadows, false eyebrows. He tried make-up from Number One to a Thousand and Two. He enlisted the aid of adhesive tape, wax, false hair, and stopped just short of black-

face and plastic surgery. Test after test was made. Still Robinson failed to resemble Napoleon. The spirit was willing, but the face remained *Little Caesar's*.

Warner Brothers drooped with discouragement, and Westmore collapsed. Robinson went right on reading the books, although he was heard to exclaim, in unhappy surprise, "Waterloo know about that!"

Score one for Napoleon. His ghost won the first battle.

But Warners were [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]



Charlie Chaplin has had the ambition to play Napoleon in a serious picture for years, and shows us how he'd appear in the rôle if the Warners paid his price

One thing make-up can't do, apparently, is to convert Edward G. Robinson into a Napoleonic type. Minus that "Silver Dollar" mustache, Robinson was scheduled to play the rôle. He studied up on the Emperor and got himself into a Napoleonic frame of mind, but he met his Waterloo in the make-up department.



# Sylvia Tells Loretta Young How To Put On Weight



Sylvia

This charming, talented, spunky actress needs more flesh and physical strength, Sylvia says



In "The House of Rothschild," with Arliss, Loretta is underweight, Sylvia finds. She seems to lack vitality, despite her well-known determination

**D**EAR LORETTA: As I sat in the theater on the opening night of "The House of Rothschild"—completely surrounded by mink coats—I got a yen to write to you. It struck me that they couldn't have chosen a better girl to play the part of *Rothschild's* determined daughter. For all through your life you have shown determination! You are a gallant little trouper.

You have the will to go ahead on your chosen course and if you think you have made a mistake you have the courage to alter your plans.

When things don't turn out as you expect, you don't hesitate to turn about face. That's just what I admire—a girl who will admit a mistake and set about positively to rectify it. All your life you've shown that you had spunk.

I remember years ago, one Sunday at Malibu, hearing Herbert Brenon rave about you. He was one of the first to have a tennis court at the beach, and the elite of Hollywood used to drop in to play tennis, to stay to luncheon—and that meant staying to supper. Some folks stayed on over the week-end, too.

Well, on this particular Sunday, Ronnie Colman, Bill Powell, Neil Hamilton, Anna Q. Nilsson, Alice Joyce, Eddie Lowe and the late Lilyan Tashman were all there. H. B.

Warner, who had just made a wonderful success in "The King of Kings," breezed in and we started to talk about pictures, acting and picture people. I don't need to tell you, Loretta, that that's Hollywood's favorite subject. And why not? That's their business. And that's where you come in.

I was selecting my luncheon from the buffet table—and, as usual, squawking about the richness of the food and begging the stars not to eat too much of it for fear they would put on those dangerous extra pounds when I heard Brenon praising a new actress he had just discovered.

"She has everything," the director said, "youth and beauty and talent."

I stopped to listen.



Lovely to look upon, yes. But Loretta could be even more beautiful if she would follow Sylvia's exercises and diet to fill out her throat and do away with those little cords on the side



"I tell you," he went on, "all of you are going to hear from this Loretta Young girl."

It seems you were playing with Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," and you were only fifteen at the time. Brenon had a tough time getting you to do emotional scenes that would have been difficult for a woman of twenty-five to interpret correctly. One day on the set you were supposed to cry. Brenon was desperate because you couldn't dig up a single tear. Then he said to you, "You're terrible. If I had had any sense at all I would have let your sister, Polly Ann, play this part. It isn't too late to change, even now."

And right then you burst into real tears, which was just what Brenon wanted you to do. He told us all about that—all about what he had put you through. "But the kid takes it," he finished. "She's got spunk."

AND, believe me, Loretta, spunk is the greatest asset in the world for anybody to have—from actress to file clerk.

So I kept thinking about all those things as I watched you in "The House of Rothschild"—and that's credit to you, because when one sees that picture, it's hard to think about anything else but the story.

But I became concerned about you, because your walk shows me that you're terribly tired. Did you know that a person's walk is the key to his or her personality? I can read character by a walk. Just let five women come into a room, and by the way they enter I can tell what they're like. From your little chin up you're all energy and fire and determination. But your body lacks strength—and that's what your walk shows me. You slump. You put your thighs and knees forward and seem to be leaning on a backbone that isn't vital enough to hold you up.

You should have learned a lesson from George Arliss. Look at his walk. He slumps, that's true. He is slight



Miss Young, Sylvia says, does not stand and walk to the best advantage, even when not supported. Her knees and her backbone need strengthening



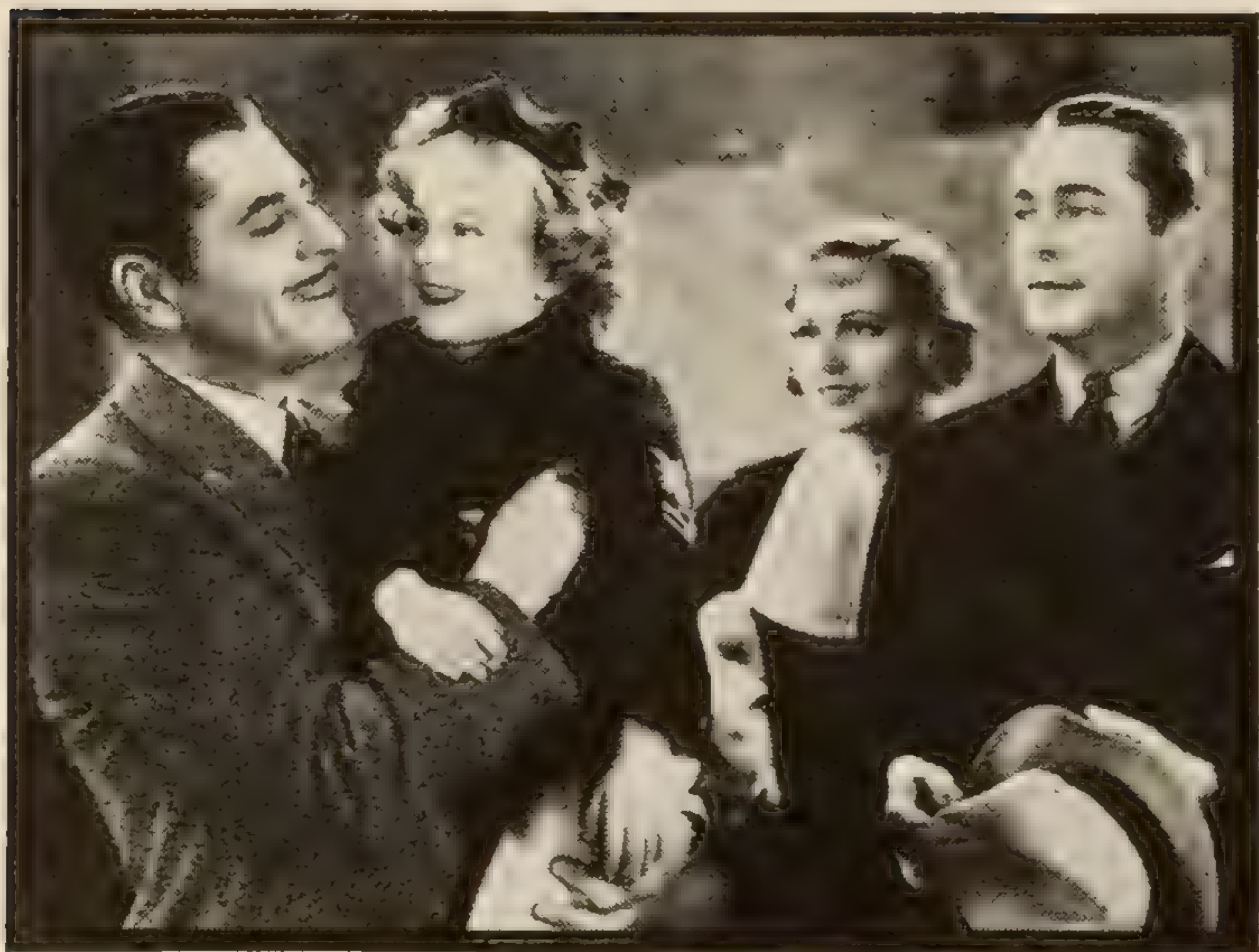
Now get the point, Loretta. This is friendly advice, and the point is, cover your hips with a little more flesh! Build yourself up!

and small, but when he walks in front of the camera you know instantly that he is somebody. He has character and determination and strength in his walk—and that's what I'm aiming at for you. Your carriage is just a bad habit you've gotten into, and you're too beautiful to do anything to detract from that beauty. Now I'm going to give you an exercise to strengthen your spine and improve your carriage and posture. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88 ]

Too thin? This article will aid you. And see page 88 for Sylvia's answers



# Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *STAND UP AND CHEER*—Fox

THERE'S a sure way to solve the nation's problems—and Fox's Movietone revue, '34 edition, tells all about it in this lavish pot-pourri of music and mirth.

The remedy is a "Secretary of Amusement" in Washington. Warner Baxter, selected for the job, proceeds to round up the talent in the land. Madge Evans helps by making the kiddies happy, and by providing romantic inspiration.

The idea paves the way for impressively staged musical numbers and comedy skits, in which James Dunn surprises as a top notch song-hooper. That amazing tot, Shirley Temple, is sensational with her talent and loveliness.

John Boles, Stepin Fetchit, Mitchell and Durant highlight the remaining galaxy. An inspiring finale number, "Out of the Red," tops the tunes.



★ *WILD CARGO*—RKO-Radio

IF animal pictures appeal to you at all, be sure to see this interesting account of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the dense Malay Jungle.

You who thrilled to "Bring 'Em Back Alive," no doubt anticipate this new adventure into the land of struggles and death, and you will not be disappointed.

As the film unreeals, Mr. Buck explains in detail how each conquest is made. His methods of capturing these wild beasts are exceedingly clever. But, as he says, half the job of catching rare specimens is to keep them after you've got them.

A bit of comedy is supplied from time to time by a wrestling honey bear and a playful monkey, nicknamed Londos and Strangler Lewis. Photography is splendid.

## The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

### *A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *MELODY IN SPRING*—Paramount

IT'S just as light and engaging and inconsequential as its title, with charming music, unusually beautiful sets, and an amusing plot.

Marking the screen debut of Lanny Ross, radio's popular tenor. Master of the tuneful moments, his admirers will be quite pleased. For, though he has a lot to learn about motion picture technique, his charming personality, his good looks and his voice, which is undeniably one of the best on the air today, compensate in full.

Charles Ruggles, as Warren Blodgett, dog biscuit manufacturer and "collector" of knick-knacks, who won't stop at stealing to get what he wants, and Mary Boland as his chattering wife who is resigned to his thievery, supply fun and laughter in abundance.

In spite of the fact that Ruggles never ceases fighting him off as a prospective son-in-law, Lanny finally wins Ann Sothorn by showing her father some new wrinkles in the art of snitching. This, after trailing the family from Paris to a lovely, picturesque Swiss village.

His reasons for following them are romantic and business—business of securing a place on Blodgett Radio Hour.

The musical sequence with the dairy maids and the cows is grand. And Ruggles' mountain climbing is a howl.

George Meeker, Herman Bing, Norma Mitchell, Helen Lynd and the three Gale Sisters lend their talents.



# Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

## The Best Pictures of the Month

MELODY IN SPRING  
STAND UP AND CHEER  
HOLLYWOOD PARTY  
THE TRUMPET BLOWS

GLAMOUR  
WILD CARGO  
ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES  
TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS

## The Best Performances of the Month

Mary Boland in "Melody in Spring"  
Charles Ruggles in "Melody in Spring"  
Constance Cummings in "Glamour"  
Warner Baxter in "Stand Up and Cheer"  
George Raft in "The Trumpet Blows"  
Adolphe Menjou in "The Trumpet Blows"  
Lee Tracy in "I'll Tell the World"  
Frances Dee in "Finishing School"  
Ginger Rogers in "Finishing School"  
W. C. Fields in "You're Telling Me"  
Aline MacMahon in "Side Streets"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122*



★ **GLAMOUR—Universal**

HERE is a picture that will appeal to your heart, your mind and your sense of good screen taste. This artfully presented Edna Ferber story marks Constance Cummings' debut as a genuine emotional actress.

A dumb little chorine, she annoys theatrical composer Paul Lukas until he consents to make her a star. She also manages to arouse in him romantic interest. They marry, and she is granted every wish, including motherhood. But the glamour of stage success and wealth gradually wears off. Then dark, handsome Phillip Reed, an unknown singer, enters her life, causing a divorce.

Neglecting her own career, Constance throws herself wholeheartedly into the task of making this new husband a popular star. And, after a time, when Reed shines brightly in the Paris theatrical firmament, he begins paying "little attentions" to another woman.

The tragedy of her second marriage is the savior of Paul's career and her own.

Lukas is more than usually distinguished. And Phillip Reed's fan mail will rocket skywards after this. The supporting cast, to a man, turns in skilful bits of acting.

Direction by William Wyler is well timed and plays a big part in making this the top-notch that it is. Photography excellent. Your time in seeing this film will be well spent. It represents quality diversion.



★ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY—M-G-M**

A CRAZY quilt edition of music and nonsense. "The Great Schnozzola," Jimmy Durante, gives a colossal party for Baron Munchausen (Jack Pearl). And out of this rises all the funny business.

Funniest of all is the sketch by Lupe Velez, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. It's the prize of the picture, and will have folks rollicking with laughter.

One of the best Hollywood comedy casts that has been assembled in many a day includes Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy, Richard Carle, George Givot. And June Clyde and Eddie Quillan who put over their song number in fine style.

Besides all these ace performers, there is little Mickey Mouse, presented in a grand color cartoon fantasy.



★ **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES—Fox**

AFTER the war separates Tony Clarendon (Hugh Williams) from his Austrian sweetheart Katha (Helen Twelvetrees), he searches long and tirelessly, but in vain.

Later Tony marries the English girl next door, and devotes every waking hour to his architectural work. Mona Barrie gives a beautiful performance as this determined, calculating and ambitious young woman. But her victory won, Mona tires of Tony and her affair sends him off on another search for Katha. The lovers are finally reunited on the romantic Island of Capri, where they met.

Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor are again an inimitable pair of Cockney servants. Henry Stephenson, Matt Moore and other supporting players comprise the excellent cast.

Very British, and a bit too talky. Fine camera work.



# The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



**THE TRUMPET BLOWS—**  
Paramount



**A**S the sleek young matador, George Raft performs exciting scenes in the bull-ring before an enthusiastic crowd. Adolphe Menjou, a Mexican bandit posing as a wealthy rancher, handles the rôle of Raft's brother admirably. And Frances Drake (loved by both men) contributes a snappy rumba. Colorful settings of bull-ring and Menjou's hacienda. Grand photography. Katherine DeMille, Sidney Toler.



**TWENTY MILLION SWEET-HEARTS—**  
First National



**T**HROUGH talent scout Pat O'Brien's scheming, Hollywood waiter Dick Powell becomes a radio favorite. But how he attains his popularity makes this splendid entertainment. Dick's big opportunity comes when Ginger Rogers obligingly bluffs a faint and "gives him the air." Some knockout songs. Good performances by entire cast, including the Four Mills Brothers, Ted Fio-Rito and the Radio Rogues.

**I'LL TELL THE WORLD—**  
Universal



**A**LL together boys and girls, three rousing cheers. Lee Tracy is back! As the news-scooper-upper, one of his best characterizations, Lee hops nimbly about the globe and saves a beautiful princess (Gloria Stuart) from assassination. Saves her for himself, which is only fair, after all, because she certainly gets Lee in plenty of jams. Lots of action. Excellent cast includes Roger Pryor.

**FINISHING SCHOOL—**  
RKO-Radio



**T**HIS expose of one of those ultra-ultra débutante "corrals" wavers between comedy, a preachment and drama. But your heart will melt for Frances Dee who flaunts the school's snobbery to love poor interne Bruce Cabot and then—well, girls will never learn. But marriage solves it. Frances and Bruce excellent, Ginger Rogers steals her usual scene quota, and Billie Burke is the fluttery society mother.

**A VERY HONORABLE GUY—**  
First National



**J**OE E. BROWN, a two-bit gambler, is a right guy who never goes back on his word. Broke and in debt to gangleader Alan Dinehart, he loses his girl, Alice White. In order to pay up, he sells his body to a scientist for a thousand dollars, delivery in one month. But luck turns. And on "delivery date" he has Alice back, and a million dollars besides. Joe gets out—but how? Good entertainment.

**HOLD THAT GIRL—**Fox



**R**OMANCE, adventure and humor are unreeled in this fast-moving tale. The trails of witty detective James Dunn and ace tabloid reporter Claire Trevor cross frequently in the course of their duties. Claire's anxiety for a headline story lands her in the meshes of an underworld gang, led by Alan Edwards. The film is climaxed by a wild, careening ride with death. In all you'll find it quite entertaining.



# Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**YOU'RE  
TELLING  
ME—**  
Paramount



**BORN TO  
BE BAD—**  
20th Century-  
United Artists



**A** HILARIOUS pantomime with W. C. Fields wandering through most of it in an amazingly inebriated condition. Returning from a business trip, Fields meets a princess (Adrienne Ames) on a good will tour, who comes to his aid in bringing about the marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. Fields is the whole show—a riot of fun. Louise Carter, as his wife, is excellent.

**I**F you like 'em bad, Loretta Young is your dish in this aptly titled film. She commits everything worth committing and teaches her child, Jackie Kelk, to follow her example—but wealthy Cary Grant, adopting the boy when the courts separate him from Loretta, teaches him the meaning of honor. Loretta Young at her best. Henry Travers, Harry Green, Russell Hopton all in top form.

**UPPER-  
WORLD—**  
Warners



**3 ON A  
HONEY-  
MOON—**  
Fox



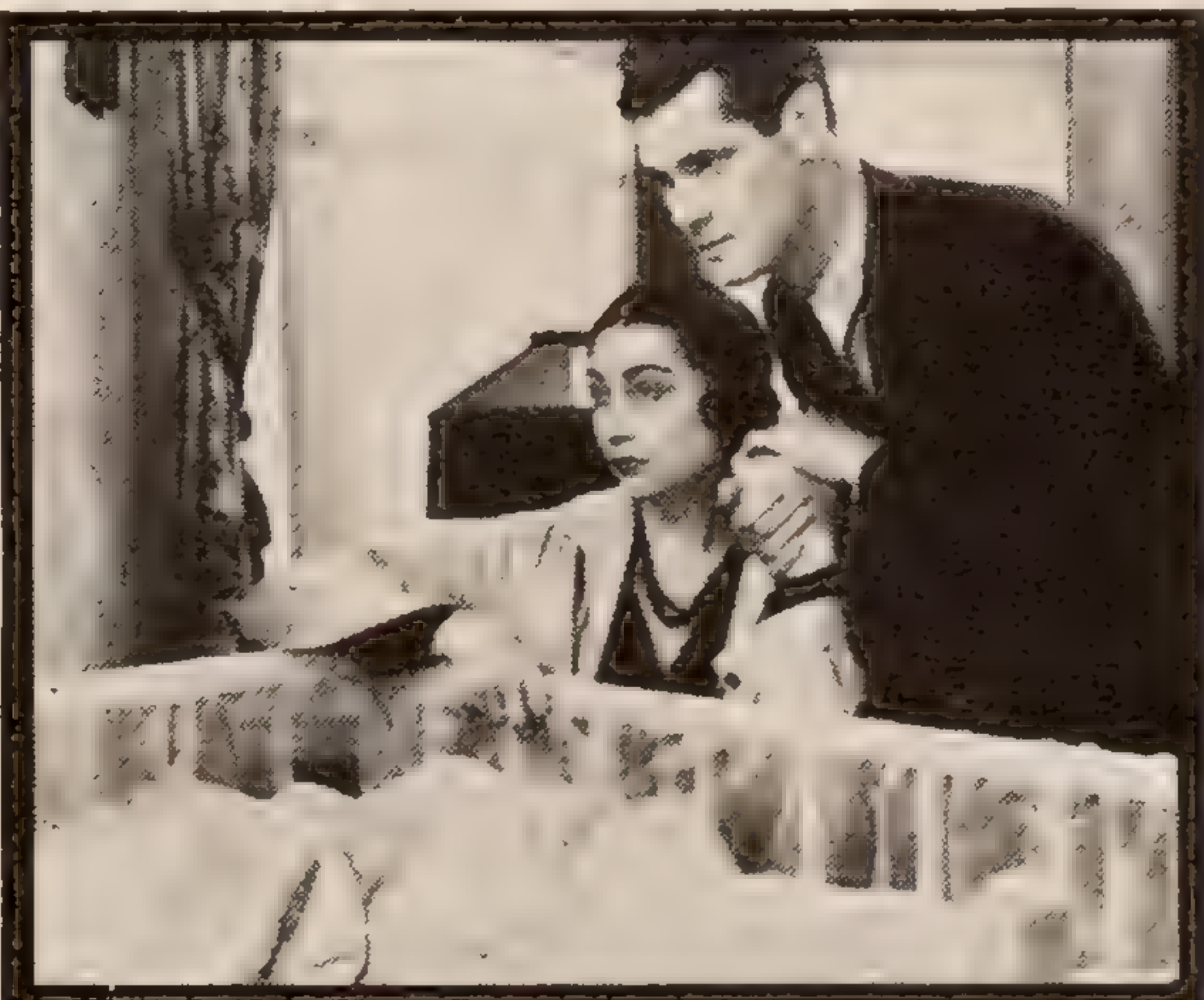
**W**ARREN WILLIAM, neglected husband of Mary Astor, drifts into pleasant liaison with Ginger Rogers. Ginger is killed by another lover, J. Carrol Naish, who in turn is shot by Warren in self-defense. After a trial, resulting in his exoneration, Warren sails for Europe with his wife and son (Dickie Moore). Andy Devine, the family chauffeur, adds humor. Good performances offset trite plot.

**T**HE chief weakness in this picture is the story. It's about a typical group of wealthy people on a round-the-world cruise. Sally Eilers, who pursues ship's officer Charles Starrett, is pretty enough to cause trouble. Henrietta Crosman is delightful as matchmaker for ZaSu Pitts, the most divinely funny goof in the world. Remainder of cast comparatively uninteresting. Mediocre film fare.

**ONE IS  
GUILTY—**  
Columbia



**SIDE  
STREETS—**  
First National



**O**N the night of an important fight, the heavyweight champion is found murdered in a vacant apartment house. Inspector Ralph Bellamy gives a distinguished performance unravelling this story, which is incredibly obvious. The great mystery is how Director Lambert Hillyer managed to make it as interesting as it is. Shirley Grey and Rita LaRoy are the women involved.

**A**LINE MACMAHON gives an excellent characterization as the love-starved woman who befriends, and later marries Paul Kelly, a jobless sailor. Her tolerance of Paul's indiscretions is finally rewarded by his awakening. A fine cast, including Ann Dvorak and Patricia Ellis. Direction of this very human tale is well handled by Al Green.

[ ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 121 ]



By Jane  
Hampton

Now whenever Johnny speaks, Lupe says, "Yes, darling." She cooks his food and darns his socks. To save their marriage she has become his give-in mama



## Lupe and Johnny were LOVERS



They done each other  
wrong! But Lupe  
relented. Now peace  
and Johnny reign

gaining!" and "Lupe is hurling bombs!"  
"The tanks are approaching and Johnny  
is caught in the enemy's barbed wire!"

Oh, my dear, it was too awful. And  
too grand. And now comes the newest,  
hottest, latest news from the front.

*It's over.* A truce has been signed. The war, I tell you, is  
ended. Except, of course, for a few minor skirmishes that may  
break out from time to time. And guess who won. No, wait,  
I want to tell it myself. The startling, amazing dispatch  
brings the news that Johnny is the winner! Popee (as Lupe  
calls him) Weissmuller himself. And Lupe concedes the vic-  
tory, throws in her bayonet (and it is only an accident, mind,  
that it nearly tears off Johnny's scalp when she does it) and  
admits the truth.

"Johnny wins. I will not lose my beeg husband for a leetle  
fight. (And if that was a "leetle" fight, the Civil war was  
just a bean-shooting match.) [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]

*Lupe and Johnny were lovers.  
And oh, my! my! how they fought.  
He was her man.  
And he done her wrong—*

(In three places and Lupe will show  
anyone at any time the scars left from  
Custer's Last Stand. Well, just ask her and you'll find out.)

WHICH means, boys and girls, that one of the strangest,  
most hilarious wars ever waged on any high class  
battlefront has been waged right here in Hollywood.  
The war of Lupe and Johnny.

How they fought! And how they loved it! Hollywood con-  
stantly reverberated with the rumblings, from yon green  
Verdugo Hills (you can see Catalina on a clear day) to the  
lapping surf of the old Pacific, while seething news from the  
front kept pouring in:

"Lupe is gaining!" "Johnny is retreating!" "Johnny is



# DRAMATIC FASHION CUES



THERE'S no need to be stereotype about wearing flowers for evening if you follow the lead of the two charming stars above. Mae Clarke wears the small blossoms of gardenias attached to her bracelets and one large one fastened to her gown at front. These may be fresh or artificial. Jean Muir pins a cluster of little fresh rosebuds in her hair behind one ear. More buds, pinned to ribbon bands, make enchanting bracelets



A PEPPERY dash of old Mexico in this swaggering summer hat of Ginger Rogers—it's a sombrero of panama with a vivid chin strap of striped cord to match the belt on Ginger's white sports dress. Orry-Kelly is the deft designer

MAE CLARKE has a flare for unusual costume accessories—she wore this "lariat" necklace with a white sports dress recently. Ropes of bright beads are looped through metal ornaments and Mae wears them in diverse effects



THIS isn't a close-up of pieces of a diamond rattle snake—it's some new jewelry worn by Patricia Ellis! A bracelet, pin and finger ring in black and white composition have the unique rattler design. Worn as a set with sports clothes





WIDE brims have assumed a reckless gaiety this summer. If you doubt me, gaze directly above at Minna Gombell's giddy topper. The whole brim, wide as it is, suddenly dips over her forehead, half showing a bandeau of flowers beneath. The panama-like straw is white

## BRIMS SHADE FAMOUS EYES



NOTHING is so cool for summer town wear as the dark sheer cotton suit. Sylvia Sidney wears this charming one in "Thirty Day Princess." The Eton jacket has short sleeves, ruffle trimmed

LINEN is as smart for hats as it is for costumes, so Kathryn Williams had a white one made to match her dress. The stitching on the brim and the contrasting banding stress the colors of her dress

— Seymour —





THE medium brimmed hat with hardly any crown at all is the choice of Sally Eilers for the daytime costumes she wears off-screen. This one, above, is black with ciré satin ribbon as the sole trimming. It's a flattering style for Sally and for you, too!

## COTTON GROWS IN POPULARITY



KATHRYN WILLIAMS seems to be partial to cotton hats. This rough linen one with curving brimline will be seen in "Where Sinners Meet." Stitched fabric tab and a large linen-covered button make effective trimming details

A PERFECT type of tailored cotton suit is this yellow linen one of Jean Arthur's. The jacket has Norfolk lines. The metal buckle is distinctive. Tan, brown and yellow striped linen forms the blouse. Jean stars in "Whirlpool"





# HOLLYWOOD FILLS YOUR SUMMER DANCE PROGRAM

— Seymour —



**E**VEN though Sylvia Sidney is a "Thirty Day Princess," her beautiful wardrobe is not beyond your reach because a number of her most stunning costumes have been copied for you. Here is one—a lovely white evening gown printed with small red and yellow flowers. The neckline is made like an Elizabethan ruff, but smaller. Note the red buttons

**SURPRISE!** Did you guess that such a demure front could have such a daring back? Sylvia's red sash slides into a large bow of the dress fabric at back. The skirt, so slim in front, sweeps out into a graceful train. Be sure to study her jewelry—the three jeweled bracelets on each arm, the twin rings and the jeweled bandeau with star ornaments







GENEVIEVE TOBIN wears a stunning printed crepe frock at teatime in "Uncertain Lady," which all of you may wear for informal summer dances. It has brief sleeves edged with the same dark pleated taffeta that makes the enormous and flattering jabot under her chin. A stitched belt of the taffeta

THERE'S no better way to test the chic of an evening gown than to see it in action on the dance floor. From the rapt expression on John Miljan's face he must think that Genevieve Tobin is a real vision. Note fullness in the skirt

TULLE over crepe gives a ravishing effect to the same tulle gown you see dancing above. Genevieve Tobin wears it in "Uncertain Lady." At right, you see the way great ruffles of the tulle make a soft fullness on the arms





# THREE GOOD SPORTS!

— Seymour —



A SCENE from "Uncertain Lady" shows Renee Gadd wearing this grand golf costume and giving advice in no uncertain terms! The dress is two-piece with the blouse buttoning down the front. Renee tucks her scarf into her collar

## HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants



A SPORTS classic—the striped silk shirtwaist dress. Billie Seward, a new young star, chooses hers in green and white. The scarf collar ties either high or low, the sleeves are short and the pocket boasts a monogram. A brimmed white panama hat



THE dark blouse with light skirt is a favorite combination for sports in Hollywood. Minna Gombell, appearing in "Strictly Dynamite," picks the good looking outfit, at left, in two shades of cotton piqué. The collar has a tricky hidden slide fastener opening

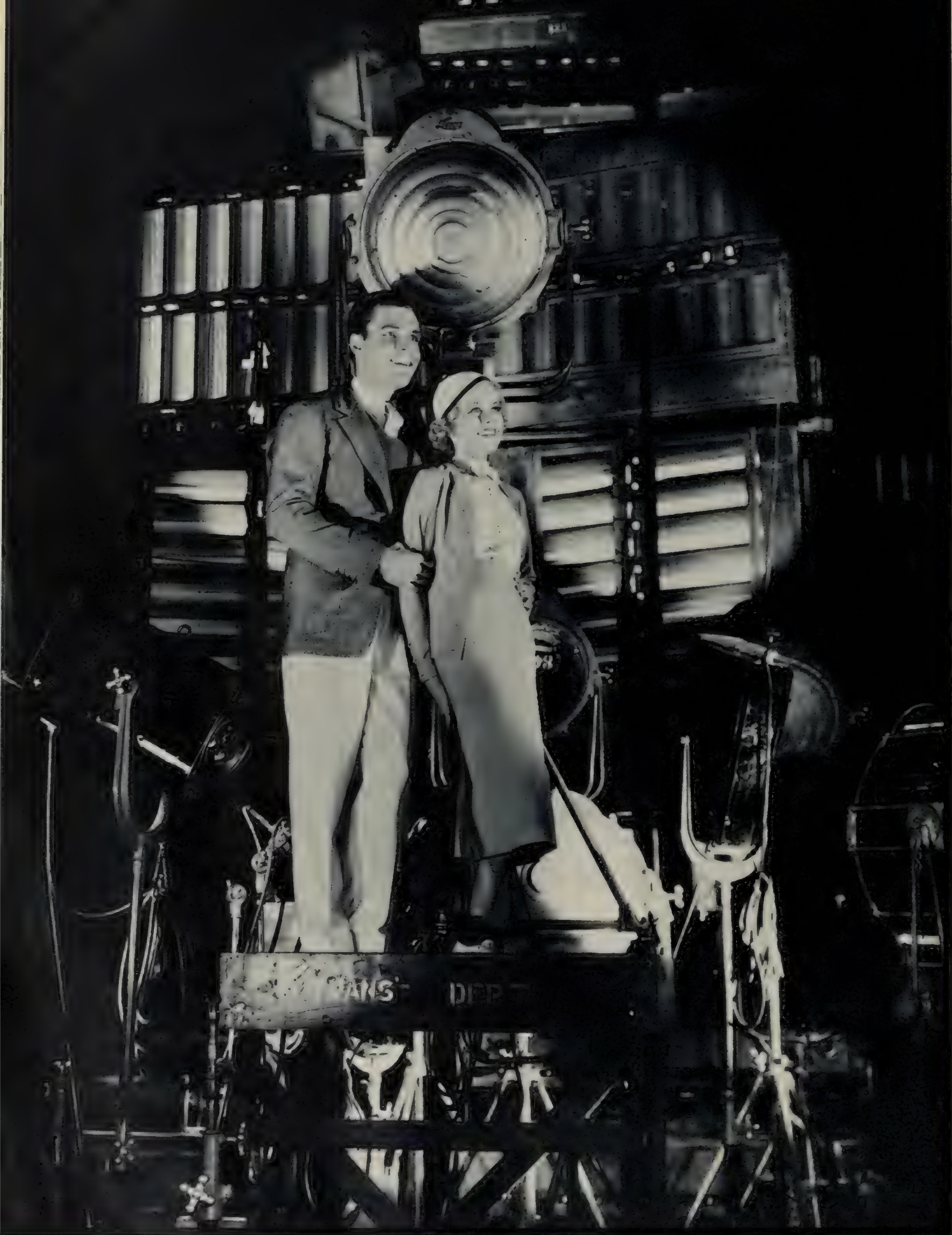




RALPH BELLAMY pauses between scenes to have a cigarette. And smoke gets in your eyes! For Bellamy is one of the most attractive men on any set. His latest picture is "This Man Is Mine," with Irene Dunne. The title applies to Ralph's private life as well as the movie. For he is known as one of the most happily married men in all Hollywood

Ernest A. Bachrach





Earl Crowley

YOUNG love in the machine age! But put Buster Crabbe and Joan Marsh side by side in any setting, and it would look romantic. Buster and Joan climbed aboard a piece of studio equipment just off-set to watch shooting of one of the final scenes in "You're Telling Me." They surely seem to enjoy seeing other players work



# Get A Comedian, Quick!

When a picture worries a director, he phones a member of the CRA

*By Norman Taurog*

Paramount Director



Taurog needn't worry. He made "Skippy," "The Phantom President," "A Bedtime Story"

**H**AVE you ever heard of the CRA? (No relation to the NRA.)

It's not an official body, yet it does more for pictures than any recognized organization. Annually, the CRA rescues more pictures than life-guards do humans. To belong to this club, one must be a very benevolent fellow, ready and willing to give his all in a good cause.

Funny part of it is, the members don't even know they belong to the club. But we directors know. CRA means Comedy Relief Artists

—those droll comics who are enlisted in the great cause of saving pictures by making people laugh. Whenever a Hollywood picture director is seen holding his head in his hands, with a far-away, wistful expression, it means that he is all set to yell for the good old CRA to help him out, quickly. And the phones get busy.

Who's afraid of the big, bad story? Not we. That is, not when we can make a quick call on the CRA laugh providers for first aid. What they can do for a story, which is inclined to be a bit stilted, sag in the middle or go to sleep grad-

ually, is not only a boon to directors, but to humanity as well.

Actually, most of these comics deserve the highest billing in their own right, but they are much too wise to risk the pitfalls of widely-ballyhooed stardom. They shy like a skittish horse at a leaf.

They draw star salaries—in many cases much more than the stars they support. And the exhibitors always co-star them in the electric lights, anyway. So what else matters?

The CRA boys and girls remind me of those unsung heroes in football, the blocking backs who make it possible for the stars to run to touchdowns, glory and headlines.

There are two CRA honor rolls.

The first roll features ten picture savers who have star rating in the minds of the public, whether or not they have it on paper.

The second roll features ten up-and-coming comics who are now indispensable to pictures.

Here are the two lists:

1

Edward Everett Horton  
Jimmy Durante  
Charles Ruggles  
Chic Sale  
ZaSu Pitts  
Edna May Oliver  
Ned Sparks  
Slim Summerville

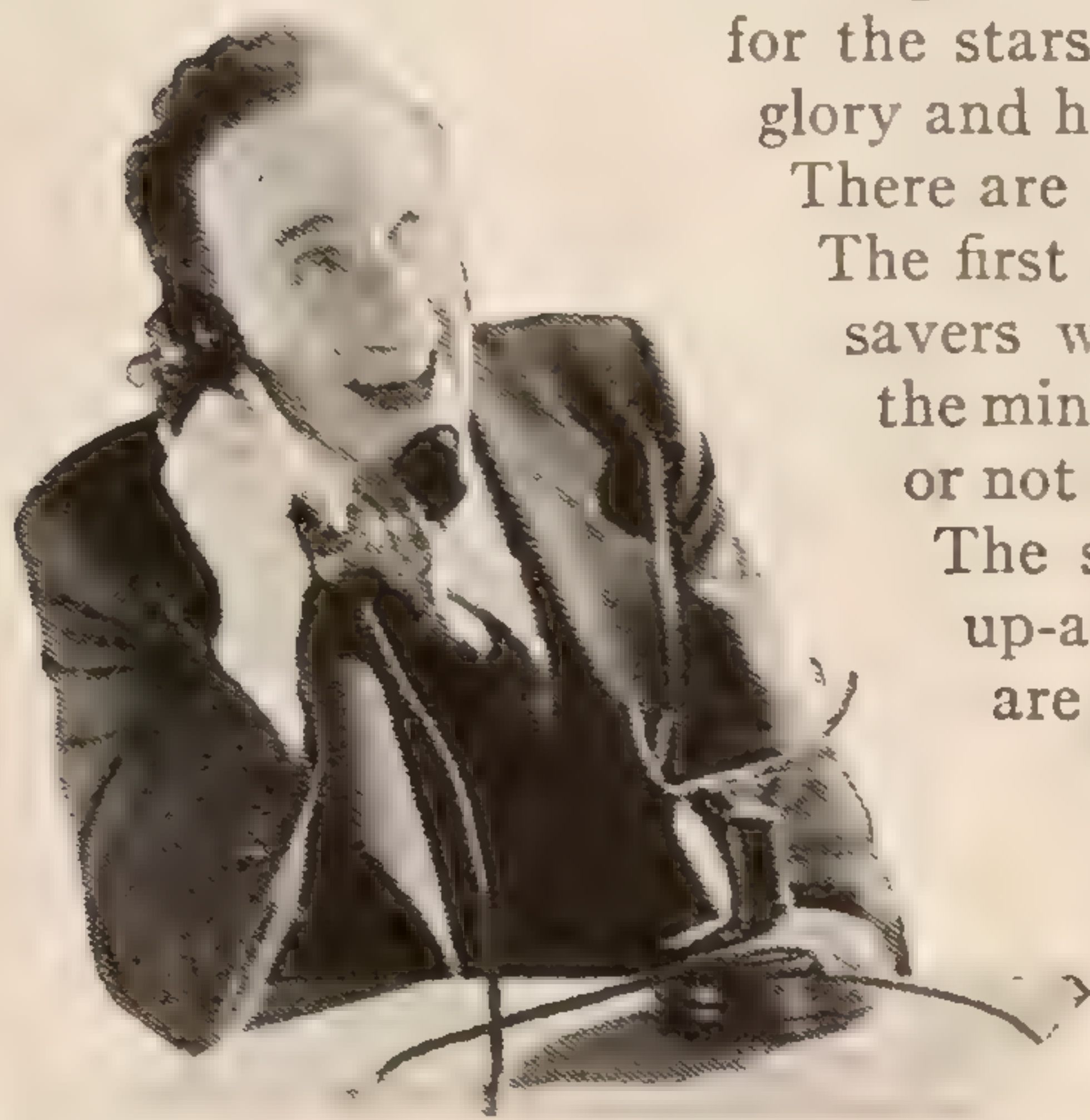
2

|                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Mary Boland         | Pert Kelton      |
| Charles Butterworth | Guy Kibbee       |
| Andy Devine         | Frank McHugh     |
| Leon Errol          | May Robson       |
| Stuart Erwin        | Alison Skipworth |

One may well say: "Where is W. C. Fields?"

Well, that rare droll would be heading the list along with Horton and Durante, if it were not for the fact that Paramount is giving him full star billing.

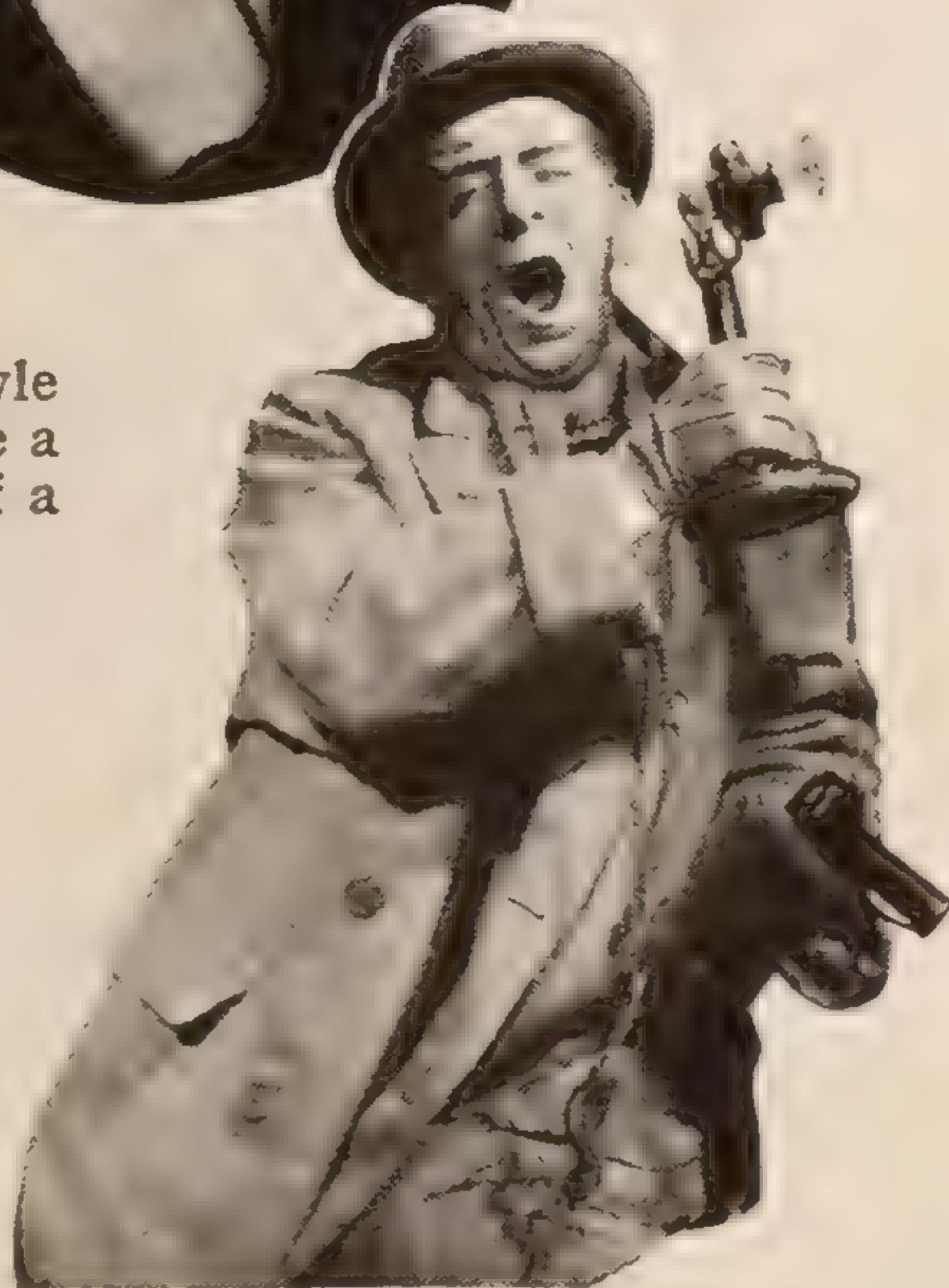
Of the CRA, I am perhaps best qualified to discuss Edward Everett Horton and Jimmy Durante, because I have directed both comedians. Different as [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 ]



Durante is not merely a comic, he is a careful and conscientious worker, an actor



ZaSu Pitts' droll style of comedy can make a really fine movie of a slow story



Edward Everett Horton, master of subtlety, plays comedy with rare, unexcelled finesse



any  
geous  
now  
the ap-  
rners'  
rld"



For even as a tot Mary Astor remembers the neighbors pausing on the street to pat her tiny red head and sigh to her parents, "My, she's beautiful! It doesn't seem right for a child to be so pretty. Just too beautiful!"

Too beautiful to hear about anything else as a child; too beautiful to be like other kids; too beautiful to even finish her school days.

For right before her fourteenth birthday, a national beauty contest named her runner-up; and right after the birthday she made her debut on the screen, putting up her hair for the first time for the rôle.

The contest was much publicized. Indirectly, it was responsible for the picture offer for Mary to play the beautiful "Beggar Maid" in a color picture based on Burne-Jones' famous painting.

"The Beggar Maid," although only a two-reeler, was sensationally successful. It was held over for weeks at one of the leading New York theaters, and made more money than any previous picture of its kind.

EVERYONE asked who the beautiful new girl was. Motivated purely by her ravishing beauty on the screen, the old Famous Players-Lasky studios called Mary to Hollywood under contract. They didn't know whether or not she could act, and didn't care much. She was beautiful. That was enough.

For a long time, she was referred to around the lot as "that beautiful new girl from New York," and around Hollywood as "the new Lasky beauty."

Seldom as "the new actress"—and rightly, because Mary Astor, fourteen-years-old, immature and inexperienced, wasn't an actress by any standard. She was a beauty.

And for the next few years, when beauty was very much in demand in Hollywood, and acting merely a sometimes helpful accessory, her classically sculptured features and big brown eyes did all right by Mary Astor. She rose to the most important

## *Her Face Was Her* **MISFORTUNE**

THIS is the story of a girl who was too beautiful.

Too beautiful to become an actress!

That is, until just recently when Mary Astor, after fourteen years, has finally blasted the jinx of Venus which has dogged her since she was a child. At last she has overcome the handicap of flawless features to "come back," after her perfectly pretty face had almost relegated her to the movie scrap heap—impossible as it sounds!

It's quite an amazing story, because it upsets all accepted theories of screen success. It scatters printed rules into an alphabetical puzzle, and for a long time it had Mary herself wondering just what the solution could be. Now, she thinks she knows. Knows how to escape this unusual "curse" of beauty.



In "Jennie Gerhardt," her art had ripened to match her charm



"Holiday," with the late Robert Ames, was Mary's first real acting chance. But Ann Harding eclipsed her



leading lady parts on the screen. She demanded the highest salary of any leading lady in Hollywood. Producers pleaded with her to star.

Beauty did it all. She coasted through some of the biggest pictures of the silent days on pure pulchritude—unadulterated by acting.

She was always the lovely heroine, the beautiful prize for whom the rest of the actors struggled.

**S**HE supplied the eye appeal. The actors worked up the interest.

She was the lovely foil for Richard Barthelmess in "The Bright Shawl," the languishing *Lady Margery* for John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel," and his sweet influence in "Don Juan." The decorous damsel backdrop for Douglas Fairbanks to impress with his stunts in "Don Q, Son of Zorro." Fifty or more other posey, beautiful objects of art in fifty or more of the same passive parts.

"I never knew what acting meant," Mary confesses. After all that experience, after eight years on the screen, she still didn't know what it meant!

She had never had a chance. Her beauty held her back—stood like a wall between her and any opportunity for development. Beauties, Hollywood then decreed, shouldn't be funny, shouldn't be tragic, shouldn't be anything but—just beautiful.

Today, Mary Astor is just coming back from the disaster which inevitably resulted.

Talkies came in and her career was suddenly blasted; her position vanished. Mary was amazed and helpless in the face of the new condition with which she was absolutely unprepared to cope.

Her test with sound was as beautiful as ever, but her voice delivery was awful. She didn't know the first thing about reading lines. No technique. "I

For many years Mary Astor had to fight the curse of a beauty so perfect it kept her from being an actress

*By Kirtley Baskette*



By the time she appeared in "Red Dust," with Gable, Mary was doing everything possible to down her beauty contest reputation



She recently finished "Easy to Love," with Menjou. In it, she reveals the new beauty that is hers—a beauty born of long struggle, experience, maturity

was scared to death," she admits.

And the fear grew when month piled upon month, and Mary was among the missing on the studio call sheets. Suddenly plunged from the top of the heap, down beyond the bottom.

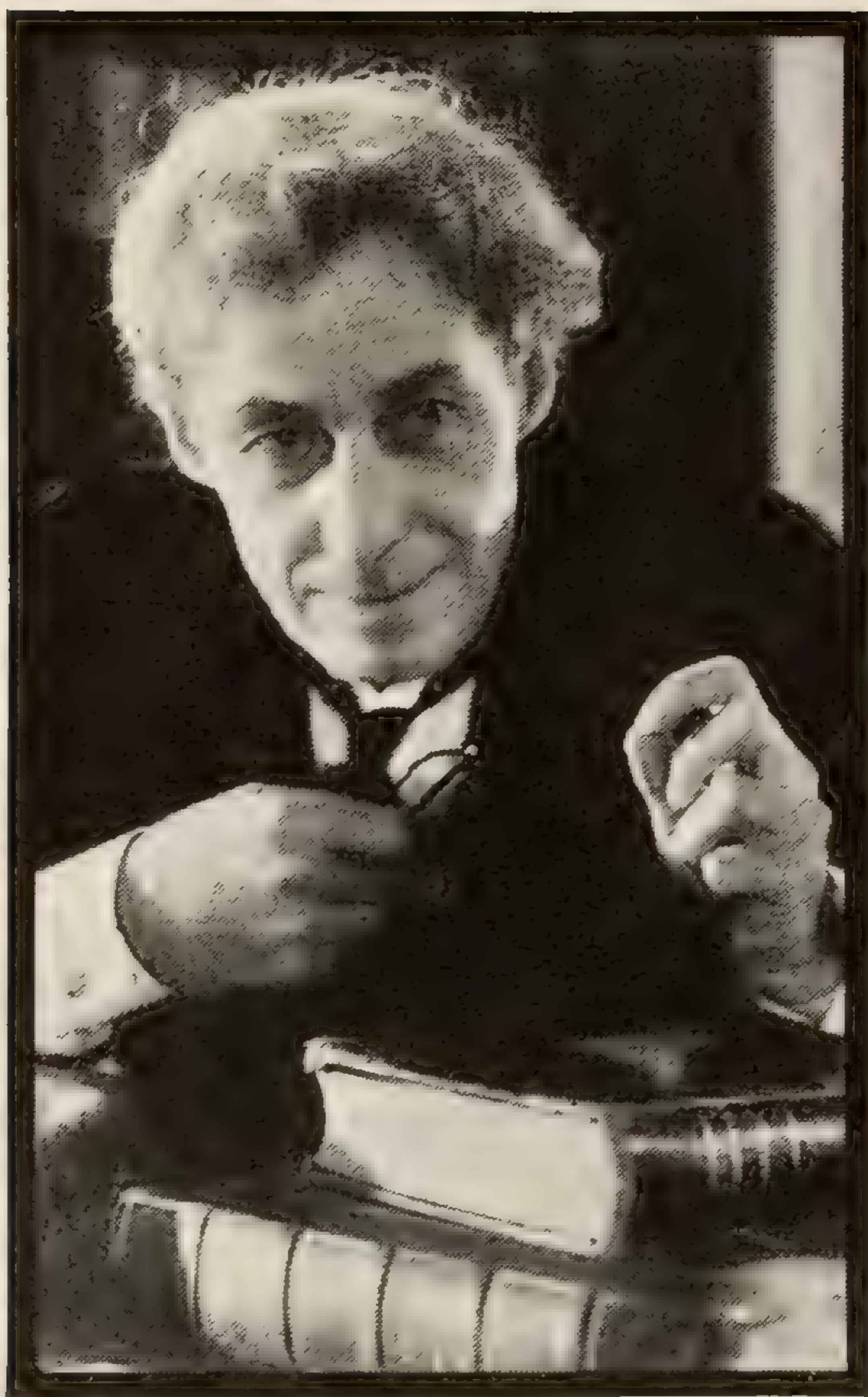
This time *down*, because she was beautiful—only beautiful.

Where only days before big offers had swamped her, now not a single nibble came for ten long months.

"I couldn't quite understand it all myself," she says. "I even called up the studios and reminded them I was still alive.

"It was a tremendous blow to my ego, but it was good for me. I finally had to take stock of [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116 ]





The subtlety of his art never has been more clearly indicated than in this portrait of Henry B. Walthall as a surgeon in M-G-M's "Men in White"

# The Little Colonel Marches Back

Walthall had one glorious rôle, then came long, heart-breaking obscurity. But talkies have "rediscovered" him

By Ruth Rankin

Several producers rather timidly aimed Walthall at the public again, in leading parts. Usually his rôles were grotesque, and the pictures pretty terrible. After a few such experiments, Henry B. was relegated to the estate of a supporting character player.

And now, when you see him as the compassionate revolutionary leader, *Madero*, in "Viva Villa," you will see a characterization that all but eclipses his memorable performance in "The Birth of a Nation."

"You cannot call it a comeback," says Walthall in his quiet, dignified manner, "because I have really never been away."

He says it with courage, without bitterness. No, he has never been away; just deprived of his rightful place—the position to which his ability entitles him. And for twenty years he has plugged along, never for one moment losing his faith, losing sight of the hope that one day there would be another character equally compelling, equally measured to his individual capacity, as his "Little Colonel."

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95 ]

**T**WENTY years after he made his greatest success, the movies are learning what to do with Henry Brazeale Walthall.

Paradoxical, you may say: this idea that a man could achieve such a triumph as did Walthall in "The Birth of a Nation," then have to wait a score of years to enjoy the full fruit of that success.

And paradox it is. Walthall's entire career has been a paradox.

Since his magnificent performance as the "Little Colonel" in Griffith's epochal picture, the movies have learned how to talk, be sophisticated—they've learned a thousand things. But just now are they finding how to use that peculiarly brilliant talent that is Walthall's, that went wasted through the rest of the years of silent pictures and the first few years of talkies.

Even in their infancy, when "The Birth of a Nation" was a sudden and lone variation from picture formula, movies were conscious of Walthall's ability. That characterization was of inescapable feeling and poignancy. But in that silent childhood, the movies could only wonder:

"Now that we've got this Walthall, what are we going to do with him?"

The chance for the actor was not large. It was a day of stereotyped stories, collar-ad men and clothes-horse women. Griffith might go against type in casting lead rôles, buck the conventions in story style, but who else could get by with it?



The "Little Colonel" in his glory! Walthall, as he appeared in Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," two decades ago



Walthall's rôle of *Madero*, in "Viva Villa" with Wallace Beery, is the finest chance he has had since the "Little Colonel" part. And Henry B. makes the best of it!



PHOTOPLAY'S

# Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



Greta Nissen designed and sketched these unusual coiffures for herself. Above, from a left part, hair is separated on crown of head, rolled forward over a long pencil, pinned in place. Back ends are fluffed and bangs worn straight. Left, Greta's hair is parted, drawn tightly off ears, ends loosely curled, top curled in tight ringlets, caught with garland of flowers. Right, hair is brushed smoothly off face, caught with a small band, ends curled all around head in close ringlets. All are perfect hair tips for that next party and sure hits





WHEN we think of the Hollywood stars, we are all, very likely, inclined to think of them as a few blessed by beauty and good fortune. But born beautiful or not, every star, like every one of us, must work and struggle to make the most of her looks. And here is the lesson that every star holds for you. If you want to make the most of your looks and charm, you must learn to work on yourself. No one else can do it for you. The whole matter is entirely up to you. Others can suggest, comment, and help you to a certain degree. But after that, the whole business is in your hands.

In the past few years, I have met many girls from all walks of life, who've lamented over the fact that the times did not permit their favorite wave sets and manicures. On the other hand, I've met many stars who preferred to do just these things for themselves.

The first time I ever met Irene Rich, she appeared in a lovely yellow negligée with her hair pinned closely about her head. She explained that she always preferred to do her own shampooing, and just before I had arrived she had had a few minutes to herself. After washing her hair, she dampened it with a tonic, pushed in the waves, pinned up a few curls, and that was that. Miss Rich has beautiful hair, as you've perhaps noticed in pictures. That was her trick. She had learned the curves that

# Be Your Own



Early rising and a big stretch start a good day, believes Thelma Todd. Stretching awakens you, starts good circulation, peps you up

were natural and becoming for her hair, and the rest was easy.

If we learn to do our hair, skin and nails, we are insured so far as our looks are concerned. A flat pocketbook, lack of time, or location where there is no outside beauty aid, need not frighten us. We may still look well groomed and charming. Because, in spite of certain ideas, a lot of money is not necessary to good looks.

When Helen Vinson was posing for pictures the other day, she excused herself a few minutes to replace her nail lacquer. And she did a grand job. Helen prefers a full rose shade, which is lovely with her warm skin, brown eyes and golden hair. She also told me of a shampoo that is ideal for light hair. Two of her skin beauty treatments are milk and the white of egg. These are separate treatments. After cleansing, pat the milk gently over your face. Let it remain until it has dried, then rinse off in cold water.



The newest way to perfume your wardrobe is through bag sachets with a loop to slip over the hanger. Wynne Gibson keeps a sachet on each hanger for perfuming



Irene Bentley's latest find is a tissue gadget containing powder, rouge, lipstick. Ideal for quick make-up and guest room convenience



Fay Wray uses a tiny comb to separate her lashes in a silky fringe. Especially advisable after using mascara, when lashes often adhere together. Combs come for this



# Beauty Expert

This is a marvelous toning and softening treatment, and will benefit every type of skin.

Then there is the white of egg treatment, to be used, at the most, only once a week, because it is highly astringent, but wonderful for virtually lifting, toning and refreshing your skin. It is especially advisable for the oily type. After a good cleansing, preferably with cream, beat up the white of an egg and apply this all over your face. Let it dry, then rinse away in cold water. It leaves you radiant, and is suggested for those sudden dates when you want to look your loveliest and haven't time for a professional facial. Helen also uses one of those eyelash curling devices, as does almost every star. It's amazing how your lashes seem to thicken and show when they're curled upward in a fringe. This trick takes only a few moments with a modern little device.

Jean Harlow's skin is about as perfect as you will ever see. Her care is very simple, too.



After make-up, Phyllis Barry considers the use of a blending brush very necessary for perfect coordination of rouge and powder and a lovely effect

then give your face a good rinsing in very cold water. Cold water on clean skin is a great beautifier.

If your skin is dry or roughened in spots, you can always apply a little

First, she removes all make-up with cream, then washes with a mild soap and water, following with a rinse in ice-water. Almost every normal, young skin will benefit by exactly this treatment. It is always advisable first to use cream to remove make-up. And the second step of soap and water really leaves you immaculate. This is the cleansing ritual of most of the younger players.

If your skin is very thin and dry, you will probably find this treatment a little too rigid. In that case, experiment, until you get just the right balance between cream and soap and water. Perhaps you will find you can use cream every night, followed by soap and water every other night. But you really can't beat that combination of cleansing cream *and* soap and water in the right balance.

On the nights when you use the cream alone, be sure to remove it thoroughly. If you don't, the finest of cream can cause skin difficulties, because it is soiled cream that will remain on your face. A good test for creamless skin is to run your freshly washed fingertips over your entire face. Your sense of touch tells you whether or not the cream is well removed. If it is,



The most satisfactory way of using any nourishing cream is to pat it lightly on the skin. Phyllis Barry uses a special patten. Your finger tips are the next best substitute

If you long for the allure of misty, dewey eyelids, follow Miss Barry's example. Dip a cotton-swabbed orangewood stick in sweet or castor oil and lightly paint eyelids



If you will hold your mouth like Phyllis does when applying lipstick, you will carry rouge well between the lips



# Lovely Looks the Head That Wears A Halo



Marjorie Lytell's coiffure, created by Mel Berns and called the Berns Halo, is hailed by us as an angel of an idea. Simplicity is the motif of the front view, while sides and back go in for design, as you see

nourishing cream there and sleep with it on, if you don't do it too often. As a rule, I don't approve of sleeping with a lot of cream on the face. The eyes, however, are an exception. Even the young girl will do herself a good turn by using just a little cream here, over and under the eyes. You know how little lines form, even when we are very young. It's because this skin is very sensitive, and facial expressions cause it to line and wrinkle more rapidly than anywhere else. Even if you haven't a line, this nightly care will assure young, unlined eyes ten or fifteen years hence.

Many skins certainly need nourishing cream, but here is the way to use it. When you are about your home with an hour or so to spare, cleanse your face,

then pat the feeding cream gently all over it, except the nose, unless it is dry and scaly. Usually noses have more than their share of oil and don't need encouragement in this direction. After an hour or so remove that cream, so that you sleep with a clean face. Your bath tub is another opportunity for the feeding cream treatment. Apply it to a cleansed face before you step into your bath. Even a few minutes in an atmosphere of steam and warm water will make it work for you.

Last month, in my department, Alice White showed you an entire routine for making soft curls that would challenge a hairdresser. Alice has a medium bob with soft bangs, but you can use her method on any bobbed hair. Alice dampens hers with warm water or a light lotion, twists the bangs and sides in small, flat twirls, catches each with an invisible hairpin, then rolls up the back on kid curlers. She allows an hour for drying, although you can do this in less time. The pin curls and kid curlers do a beautiful job.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]



The back view of Marjorie Lytell's head shows beautiful harmony of line. The plain hair is shadow-waved and broken by a few ringlet curls. The importance of back hair can't be overstressed

Mae Clarke's new, soft hair arrangement gets a big hand from us. Good for many types, too. Those tiny uncurled sideburns are a nice touch, and that coral clip and matching ring are a new and chic conceit



## MISS ALICE AND MISS MARY BYRD

### BOTH SMOKE CAMELS...BUT FOR DIFFERENT REASONS



#### HERE ARE THEIR PREFERENCES FOR CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

"I want my cigarette to be mild," Miss Alice Byrd insists.

"I like a cigarette that has some body without being harsh or strong," says Miss Mary Byrd.

"I enjoy Camels' flavor," continues Miss Alice, "and I never need watch how many I smoke. Camels never make me nervous."

"Such a smooth, round smoke—it tastes equally

good indoors and out," concludes Miss Mary.

Mildness, smoothness, finer flavor, and no bad effects on the nerves—those are the things both men and women want in the cigarette they smoke. They get them in Camels. Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. Get a package today and see for yourself.

■ Alice and Mary Byrd are cousins of the former Governor of Virginia who is now in the United States Senate. They live on a famous Virginia estate, Upper Brandon, on the James River. The beautiful old house, with historic boxwood hedges eight feet high, dominates the same three thousand acres originally cut from the parent plantation, Brandon.

The two sisters made their debut in Richmond but they take an active interest in the crops and are in the saddle most of the day, riding their acres. They have five saddle horses, one of which is unnamed and called simply "My horse" but all their four dogs boast given names. Both sisters smoke Camel cigarettes and for different reasons.



*Camel's costlier  
tobaccos are Milder*

Copyright, 1934,  
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



*Together again*

The most *Glorious*  
sweethearts of the Screen



*Janet*  
**GAYNOR**

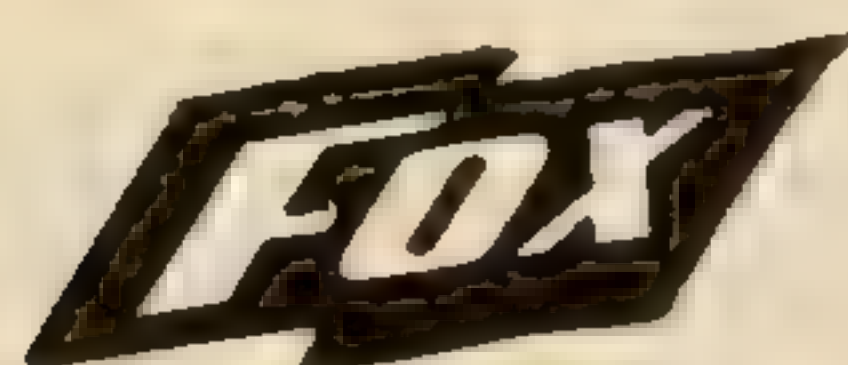
*Charles*  
**FARRELL**

Just as they captured your hearts in  
"Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up",  
they'll win you again in this lovable  
romance of young hearts, young love—

# CHANGE OF HEART

with  
**JAMES DUNN**  
**GINGER ROGERS**

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN  
Directed by John C. Blystone. From  
the novel "Manhattan Love Song"  
by Kathleen Norris





# Ask The Answer Man

A PAIR of nimble feet has taken the country by storm and Hal LeRoy is the proud owner and manager of them. Letters began pouring in after Hal had been spotted in a couple of Vitaphone shorts and a dancing specialty in "Wonder Bar." His curly blond hair and cute smile also caught the fancy of the young girls and they insist upon knowing all about him.

As everything has a beginning, Hal had his in Cincinnati, Ohio on December 10, 1913. His real name is LeRoy Schotte, with a good old German pronunciation. When he decided to carve out a career for himself he borrowed his brother Henry's nickname, which was "Hal" and with his own first name, became Hal LeRoy. He had it all figured out that that name would be much easier for people to remember. His father, George Schotte, is his business manager, chief adviser and constant companion.

Hal never took a dancing lesson in his life. He picked up his first steps by watching the colored lads doing their "stuff" on the sidewalks of Cincinnati. Later he created his own steps. He seldom ever follows the same routine twice. Makes up his routines as he goes along.

Hal has appeared in night clubs, vaudeville, the Ziegfeld "Follies" and "Strike Me Pink." "Harold Teen" is his first feature length picture.

After a personal appearance tour, he will be back for more pictures on the Warner lot.

HENRY MCCONKEY, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—Many thanks for the nice newsy letter, Henry. I thoroughly enjoyed reading it. The principal players in "For the Term of His Natural Life" made in Australia in 1927, were Eva Novak, Arthur McLaglen, George Fisk, Kay Souper and Marian Clark. Kay Francis was Ronnie Colman's leading lady in "Raffles." In "The Black Watch," David Rollins played the part of Vic McLaglen's kid brother.

MARILYN BEATHERBY, MADISON, WIS.—You're right, Marilyn, the Charlotte Henry who played in "Alice in Wonderland," is the same Charlotte who played the leading rôle in "Lena Rivers" in 1931.

GRACE CIRA, MARION, IA.—Mae West was born in Brooklyn, New York and that hour-glass figure tips the scales at 120 pounds.

JANET NOWERY, PITTSBURGH, PENN.—Ruby Keeler was born in Halifax, N.S. She and Al Jolson were married September 21, 1928. It is Ruby's first marriage and Al's third. Ruby's next picture is "Dames" in which Dick Powell will be her leading man.

N. L. KAWILARANG, JAVA, DUTCH EAST INDIES.—Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were married December 15, 1933. Gary is now appearing in "Operator 13" with Marion Davies. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are appearing together in "Change of Heart."

ADELAIDE READ, RIVER FOREST, ILL.—I didn't get your letter in time to answer it in



Hal LeRoy and Eddie Tamblyn compare notes on the newest collegiate dance steps. Hal is giving Eddie's demonstration very serious thought. Both boys appear in the picture version of Carl Ed's comic strip, "Harold Teen." Hal in the name rôle and Eddie as the little pest *Shadow*

the May issue. Douglass Montgomery was the lad who played the rôle of *Laurie* in "Little Women." Katharine Hepburn was born in Hartford, Conn. She has been in pictures since July 1932.

KATHERINE ROBINSON, LAURENCEBURG, KY.—My, what staunch admirers this Crosby lad has. Bing's latest picture is "We're Not Dressing." The cast includes Carole Lombard,

Burns and Allen and W. C. Fields. Patsy Kelly played the rôle of *Jill* in "Going Hollywood." Her latest picture is "The Countess of Monte Cristo," and her next will be "The Party's Over."

PAULINE PHILLIPS, LIMA, OHIO.—Don't let things bother you Polly, just drop me a line when you want information on pictures and players. Paul Gregory played the rôle of *Wanenis*, the handsome Indian lad in "Whoopie." He also played the same rôle in the stage production. How the girls fell for that dusky-skinned hero!

MARY RATHIS, APALACHICOLA, FLA.—Sorry I can't play favorites, Mary. Besides, I think all the actresses are very lovely, each one in her own individual way. Don't you agree?

CLARK SIMPSON, ONEIDA, N. Y.—Bill Haines gave up acting to devote his time to interior decorating. Just now he is in Europe on a vacation. Conrad Nagel is reading over plays with a stage engagement in mind.

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



# Choice Hollywood Recipes



Mr. Woolf prepares "Spare Ribs *a la* May Robson," one of the dishes which cause guests to shout praises o'er all Hollywood for this celebrated epicurean

*By Edgar  
Allan Woolf*

One of the film capital's most popular hosts and raconteurs

Brown four onions in a quarter pound of butter (for two quarts of beans). When a golden brown, pour half a bottle of catsup into the pan, add five heaping tablespoons of brown sugar, a slack teaspoon of mustard, another of salt, and white pepper. Pour this mixture into bean-pot and stir well.

Lay a piece of salt pork tenderly on top, put the cover on the pot and shove into a moderate oven, where you leave it for about five hours.

Now here's the trick! The bean water, which is usually thrown away, is added, little by little, every half hour or so, as you find the liquid growing less.

AVOCADO A LA NORMA SHEARER — A delicious entree. Slice in half a good size avocado and take out the seed. Now some fresh or canned crab meat, added to a thickening sauce made of one cup of cream and the yolk of an egg. Stir yolk and cream constantly in a double boiler. Be sure the water in the outer boiler does not touch the bottom of the inner pan.

Mix sauce with crab meat, add pepper, salt, a mere dash of Cayenne, and a large tablespoon of Sherry wine. Cover the avocado halves with this mixture and spread grated cheese all over them. Place in oven until cheese is well browned.

When you make this, will you please give a fellow a ring? I have no dates for next week.

I'm only going to give you one more, on account of that's all I have room for. SPARE RIBS A LA MAY ROBSON— Put the ribs in a pan under a high flame for a short while, turning them to brown crisply on both sides. Now put them in a roaster and pour in two cups of vinegar and one cup of catsup, pepper, salt and Cayenne, and let them simmer with the top on your roaster or preferably Dutch oven, for at least an hour, taking care to baste the top ones quite frequently.

Simple as it sounds, my spare ribs have brought me offers of marriage from some of the Countesses, Princesses and Lady So-and-So's who flutter around here. I'd like to hear from any beautiful young girl in search of a meal. I'm game.

NEVER have I looked at a cook book. In fact, I am firmly convinced that I cook everything wrong, but somehow "the Woolf" does get results. Dinner guests always play a return engagement.

Though I have had innumerable scenarios produced by M-G-M and have written presentations for all their stars, I'm known out here principally for my Baked Beans. In fact, I'm seldom invited out without being asked to bring a pot of beans. And, incidentally, I wish these Hollywood hostesses would return my bean-pots.

Well, here goes for the Woolf beans. First soak them overnight. Then boil in salted water until, when you blow upon the little beanlet, its jacket opens right up in your face. Then, just from habit, put the beans in a bean-pot. But mark ye well, do not throw the bean water away, as you will use it later.



# I THINK LUX IS SWELL FOR STOCKINGS

"Lucky for me when I heard about Lux! Before that, stocking runs nearly drove me wild. At first I didn't believe just washing stockings with Lux every night would make any difference . . . but honestly, since I've switched to Lux and cut

out cake-soap rubbing, my stockings last ever so much longer. And they fit better, too. People tell me it's because Lux saves stocking elasticity. I guess it does all right, for I know that Lux cuts down my runs. It will cut yours down, too!"

*says Sally Eilers—*

Cut down *YOUR* runs the Hollywood way . . . When stockings go into runs almost without reason, it's apt to mean you've weakened their *elasticity*. Then, instead of *giving* under strain, threads tend to snap—runs start.

But Hollywood stars know that there's one easy way to *save* stocking elasticity. Just Lux stockings after *every* wearing. Lux has none of the harmful alkali so many ordinary soaps have, and with Lux there's no need for injurious cake-soap rubbing. These are the things that ruin the precious elasticity that makes stockings *fit* and *wear*.

Why not try Lux for *your* stockings? Then keep a record and prove to yourself how Lux cuts stocking runs way down!

## Sally Eilers

popular young Fox star, is a fan herself —when it comes to Lux! "Now I insist that my maid use Lux for all washable things," she says. "It's simply marvelous how absolutely new they look!"



## Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

"All the washable costumes on the lot are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says Rita Kaufman, wardrobe supervisor in the Fox Studio. "It protects the colors and the materials, keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have it if it cost five times as much!"



*Hollywood says—Don't Trust to Luck—Trust to LUX*



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

IT was only two years ago Marie Dressler was gaily receiving the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences award as the best actress of the year 1931.

Katharine Hepburn startled the country with her acting and she won the award for 1933. It was quite a galaxy which received the awards with Katharine. Charles Laughton was voted the best actor for his work in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth." The best direction award went to Frank Lloyd for "Cavalcade." "Cavalcade," a Fox picture, also was voted the best production. It figured again in the best art direction award, which went to William Darling.

Robert Lord's "One Way Passage" was voted the best original story, with the best adaptation voted to Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman for their work on "Little Women."

Charles Lang did the best photography, the Academy decided, with "A Farewell to Arms." This picture, a Paramount production, was voted the best in sound.

The three winning short subjects were "So This Is Harris," a Radio comedy; "Krakatoa," Educational novelty; and that immortal "Three Little Pigs," a Disney-United Artists production. The scientific or technical excellence award went to ERPI for its "wide range" recording and producing system.

CLARK GABLE came home from his personal appearance tour minus dozens of handkerchiefs, twenty-seven coat buttons—and a dress-shirt sleeve. The crowd in Kansas City was so dense that the crack train he was on was delayed thirty minutes while the police broke through the mob and got Gable aboard. In Baltimore, police refused to let him sleep in his own hotel! A huge crowd had massed in the corridor outside his room. He anticipated seeing many old friends in New York—but didn't see one of them. He had no time, and they couldn't crash through the crowds!

THEY tell a grand story on Henry Wilcoxon, the *Antony* in DeMille's new "Cleopatra" epic. It seems shortly after his arrival, Cecil summoned Henry into his presence to discuss the different characters. "Now, I want to tell you exactly the kind of man I think Caesar was," DeMille said, and went into a long detailed description. Half-way through, Wilcoxon interrupted. "Just a minute, Mr. DeMille," he said, "you needn't go on with the description. You're really just describing yourself in detail, you know, and I can see all that with my own eyes."

As usual, C. B. took it big.

ANNA STEN is much happier—but not because of her tremendous acclaim in "Nana." It is because the talents of her husband, Dr. Frenke, have been recognized.

Dr. Frenke, who has been directing and producing an independent picture for the past several months, recently previewed it and received somewhat hostile reviews. However, the picture, "The Girl in the Case," was taken East where it got "raves." Now Frenke has been signed to make six more pictures, so it looks like he and Anna will become permanent Hollywood fixtures, each with plenty to do.

Another indication is the completion of a new house in Santa Monica canyon. It's a small, unpretentious ultra-modern style of house, but it's just what Anna and her husband desired. They don't entertain nor go out much.

AFTER playing with Carole Lombard in "Bolero," George Raft received a gift from her—a slice of ham cut in the shape of a heart.

IMAGINE Claudette Colbert's consternation when she started reading up on the habits of Cleopatra to find that the Siren of the Nile never, never, except on very rare occasions, wore anything at all from the waist up.

But, history has been covered up, so to speak, and Claudette's face isn't quite so pink.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 ]



After an absence of nearly two years, Harold Lloyd comes back to the screen in "The Cat's-Paw." It is a comedy-thriller-romance. Una Merkel supplies part of the comedy, some of the romance. Mr. Lloyd doesn't look any different, for all his vacationing, does he?



*Friends* ARE TOO TIMID TO TELL HER . . .  
and she *permits*  
a condition ABHORRENT to everyone



ENTRUST YOUR *Charm* TO NOTHING LESS SURE THAN ODO • RO • NO

**Y**OU'D blush with humiliation . . . you'd be shamed to tears if you knew how needlessly you offend other people.

And you *do* offend them—you *do* lose friends—when you permit perspiration to go unchecked. For your own underarm odor . . . so unbearable to others . . . is seldom perceptible to you. Rarely do you know your own offense.

Your underarms may even *seem* dry, but perspiration moisture in the confined armpits quickly forms an acid that ruins dresses and turns friends against you. Even frequent bathing is never enough.

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**ODO • RO • NO is Sure**

And by checking, safely and completely, all underarm moisture, it saves your dresses from ruinous stains. Actually it saves its cost fifty times a year, and all year long it protects you from loss of respect, loss of friends and social defeat.

Determine to get Odorono today. For quick, convenient use choose Instant Odorono. Use it daily or every other day for complete, continuous protection. For longest protection or special need, choose Odorono Regular and use it faithfully twice a week. Both Odoronos have the original sanitary applicator. Both come in 35c and 60c sizes.

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*Never Fails You*

Millions of women . . . in 73 countries all over the world . . . trust their charm only to Odorono's safe and sure protection. Odorono is sure and certain.

It's approved by Good Housekeeping, and used by doctors and nurses everywhere. Let no one think you undainty . . . be faithful to Odorono.



- The Odorono original sanitary applicator is easier and more convenient to use. It holds just enough liquid at a time, and it is washable, too.

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(In Canada, address P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)  
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(Check the type you wish to try) . . .

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Name .....

Address .....



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and VERICHROME FILM**



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**Y**OU'LL get better pictures with Verichrome Film. In the glaring sun or the porch's shade—this film gets the picture. The cheaper the camera . . . the slower the lens—the more the need for Verichrome. Load your camera with Verichrome for better pictures. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

# Addresses of the Stars

## Hollywood, Calif.

### Paramount Studios

|                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Brian Aherne          | Charles Laughton   |
| Judith Allen          | Baby LeRoy         |
| Raymond Málund        | Carole Lombard     |
| Joe Morrison          | Ida Lupino         |
| Dorothy Stickney      | Helen Mack         |
| Adrienne Ames         | Julian Madison     |
| Richard Arlen         | Joan Marsh         |
| George Barbier        | Herbert Marshall   |
| Mary Boland           | Ethel Merman       |
| Grace Bradley         | Gertrude Michael   |
| Carl Brisson          | Jack Oakie         |
| Burns and Allen       | Gail Patrick       |
| Kitty Carlisle        | George Raft        |
| Claudette Colbert     | Lyda Roberti       |
| Gary Cooper           | Lanny Ross         |
| Larry "Buster" Crabbe | Jean Rouverol      |
| Eddie Craven          | Charlie Ruggles    |
| Bing Crosby           | Randolph Scott     |
| Alfred Delcambre      | Clara Lou Sheridan |
| Dorothy Dell          | Sylvia Sidney      |
| Katherine DeMille     | Alison Skipworth   |
| Marlene Dietrich      | Sir Guy Standing   |
| Frances Drake         | Colin Tapley       |
| W. C. Fields          | Kent Taylor        |
| William Frawley       | Eldred Tisbury     |
| Barbara Fritchie      | Evelyn Venable     |
| Frances Fuller        | Mae West           |
| Gwenllian Gill        | Dorothea Wieck     |
| Cary Grant            | Henry Wilcoxon     |
| Jack Haley            | Dorothy Wilson     |
| Charlotte Henry       | Howard Wilson      |
| Jay Henry             | Toby Wing          |
| Miriam Hopkins        | Elizabeth Young    |
| Roscoe Karns          |                    |

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

|                   |                     |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Rosemary Ames     | Janet Gaynor        |
| Heather Angel     | James Gleason       |
| Lew Ayres         | Lilian Harvey       |
| Jane Barnes       | Rochelle Hudson     |
| Mona Barrie       | Roger Imhof         |
| Warner Baxter     | Miriam Jordan       |
| John Boles        | Victor Jory         |
| Clara Bow         | Suzanne Kaaren      |
| Charles Boyer     | Howard Lally        |
| Nigel Bruce       | Frank Melton        |
| Madeleine Carroll | Conchita Montenegro |
| Joe Cook          | Herbert Mundin      |
| Henrietta Crosman | Pat Paterson        |
| James Dunn        | Will Rogers         |
| Jack Durant       | Raul Roulieu        |
| Sally Eilers      | Wini Shaw           |
| Charles Farrell   | Sid Silvers         |
| Alice Faye        | Shirley Temple      |
| Peggy Fears       | Spencer Tracy       |
| Stepin Fetchit    | Claire Trevor       |
| Norman Foster     | Helen Twelvetees    |
| Preston Foster    | Blanca Vischer      |
| Ketti Gallian     | June Vasek          |
| Henry Garat       | Hugh Williams       |

### RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

|                  |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Fred Astaire     | Wynne Gibson      |
| Nils Asther      | Ann Harding       |
| Ralph Bellamy    | Katharine Hepburn |
| Joan Bennett     | Dorothy Jordan    |
| El Brendel       | Pert Kelton       |
| June Brewster    | Edgar Kennedy     |
| Clive Brook      | Francis Lederer   |
| Tom Brown        | Dorothy Lee       |
| Bruce Cabot      | Eric Linden       |
| Mowita Castanada | Joel McCrea       |
| Ada Cavell       | Colleen Moore     |
| Chick Chandler   | Ginger Rogers     |
| Alden Chase      | Robert Shayne     |
| Jean Connors     | Adele Thomas      |
| Frances Dee      | Thelma Todd       |
| Richard Dix      | Nydia Westman     |
| Steffi Duna      | Bert Wheeler      |
| Irene Dunne      | Thelma White      |
| Skeets Gallagher | Robert Woolsey    |
| William Gargan   |                   |

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

|                 |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| Eddie Cantor    | Douglas Fairbanks |
| Charles Chaplin | Mary Pickford     |
| Ronald Colman   | Anna Sten         |

### 20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

|                   |                |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Judith Anderson   | Paul Kelly     |
| George Arliss     | Fredric March  |
| Janet Beecher     | Blossom Seeley |
| Constance Bennett | Judith Wood    |
| Arline Judge      | Loretta Young  |

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

|                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Walter Connolly  | Jessie Ralph       |
| Donald Cook      | Arthur Rankin      |
| Richard Cromwell | Gene Raymond       |
| Jack Holt        | Joseph Schildkraut |
| Edmund Lowe      | Billie Seward      |
| Tim McCoy        | Ann Sothern        |
| Grace Moore      | Fay Wray           |

## Culver City, Calif.

### Hal Roach Studios

|                |                   |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Don Barclay    | Stan Laurel       |
| Billy Bletcher | Billy Nelson      |
| Charley Chase  | Our Gang          |
| Billy Gilbert  | Thelma Todd       |
| Oliver Hardy   | Douglas Wakefield |
| Patsy Kelly    |                   |

### Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Katherine Alexander | Jean Howard        |
| Ross Alexander      | Art Jarrett        |
| Elizabeth Allan     | Otto Kruger        |
| John Barrymore      | Myrna Loy          |
| Lionel Barrymore    | Jeanette MacDonald |
| Wallace Beery       | Margaret McConnell |
| Alice Brady         | Florine McKinney   |
| Charles Butterworth | Una Merkel         |
| Mary Carlisle       | Robert Montgomery  |
| Ruth Channing       | Polly Moran        |
| Maurice Chevalier   | Frank Morgan       |
| Mae Clarke          | Karen Morley       |
| Jackie Cooper       | Ramon Novarro      |
| Joan Crawford       | Maureen O'Sullivan |
| Marion Davies       | Earl Oxford        |
| Marie Dressler      | Jean Parker        |
| Jimmy Durante       | Nat Pendleton      |
| Nelson Eddy         | Esther Ralston     |
| Stuart Erwin        | May Robson         |
| Madge Evans         | Shirley Ross       |
| Muriel Evans        | Ruth Selwyn        |
| Louise Fazenda      | Norma Shearer      |
| Betty Furness       | Martha Sleeper     |
| Clark Gable         | Mona Smith         |
| Joan Gale           | Lewis Stone        |
| Greta Garbo         | Robert Taylor      |
| C. Henry Gordon     | Franchot Tone      |
| Russell Hardie      | Lupe Velez         |
| Jean Harlow         | Henry Wadsworth    |
| Helen Hayes         | Johnny Weissmuller |
| Ted Healy           | Diana Wynyard      |
| Jean Hersholt       | Robert Young       |
| Irene Hervey        |                    |

## Universal City, Calif.

### Universal Studios

|                       |                   |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Henry Armetta         | Paul Lukas        |
| Lew Ayres             | Ken Maynard       |
| Vince Barnett         | Chester Morris    |
| Dean Benton           | Neysa Nourse      |
| Russ Brown            | Edna May Oliver   |
| Andy Devine           | ZaSu Pitts        |
| Russ Columbo          | Roger Pryor       |
| Hugh Enfield          | Claude Rains      |
| Francesca Gail        | Ellalce Ruby      |
| Sterling Holloway     | James Scott       |
| Edward Everett Horton | Onslow Stevens    |
| Leila Hyams           | Gloria Stuart     |
| Lois January          | Margaret Sullavan |
| Buck Jones            | Slim Summerville  |
| Boris Karloff         | Alice White       |
| Lenore Kingston       | Jane Wyatt        |
| June Knight           |                   |

## Burbank, Calif.

### Warners-First National Studios

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Loretta Andrews     | Esmond Knight      |
| Mary Astor          | Lorena Layson      |
| Robert Barrat       | Hal LeRoy          |
| Richard Barthelmess | Margaret Lindsay   |
| Joan Blondell       | Emily Lowry        |
| George Brent        | Marjorie Lytell    |
| Joe E. Brown        | Aline MacMahon     |
| Lynn Browning       | Frank McHugh       |
| James Cagney        | Adolphe Menjou     |
| Enrico Caruso, Jr.  | Jean Muir          |
| Hobart Cavanaugh    | Paul Muni          |
| Ricardo Cortez      | Theodore Newton    |
| Bette Davis         | Pat O'Brien        |
| Dolores Del Rio     | Henry O'Neill      |
| Claire Dodd         | Virginia Pine      |
| Ruth Donnelly       | Dick Powell        |
| Ann Dvorak          | William Powell     |
| John Eldredge       | Phillip Reed       |
| Patricia Ellis      | Philip Regan       |
| Glenda Farrell      | Edward G. Robinson |
| Philip Faversham    | Barbara Rogers     |
| Kay Francis         | Kathryn Sergava    |
| Pauline Garon       | Barbara Stanwyck   |
| Geraigne Grear      | Lyle Talbot        |
| Hugh Herbert        | Verree Teasdale    |
| Arthur Hohl         | Genevieve Tobin    |
| Leslie Howard       | Gordon Westcott    |
| Allen Jenkins       | Renee Whitney      |
| Al Jolson           | Warren William     |
| Paul Kaye           | Pat Wing           |
| Ruby Keeler         | Donald Woods       |
| Guy Kibbee          |                    |

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.  
 Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.  
 Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Ned Sparks, 1705 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.  
 Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.





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*Picture it—with snapshots*





# CAROLE

Carole Lombard,  
charming star of Paramount's  
"We're Not Dressing"

And how angelically smooth and fresh is *your* skin? If your complexion doesn't make hearts flutter, why not do what 9 out of 10 screen stars do—use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap? Cupid's prescription will work for you, too—give you a romantically lovely skin, and the love that goes with it.





**CUPID:** "Hello, angel face, you look as though you'd just washed in morning dew."

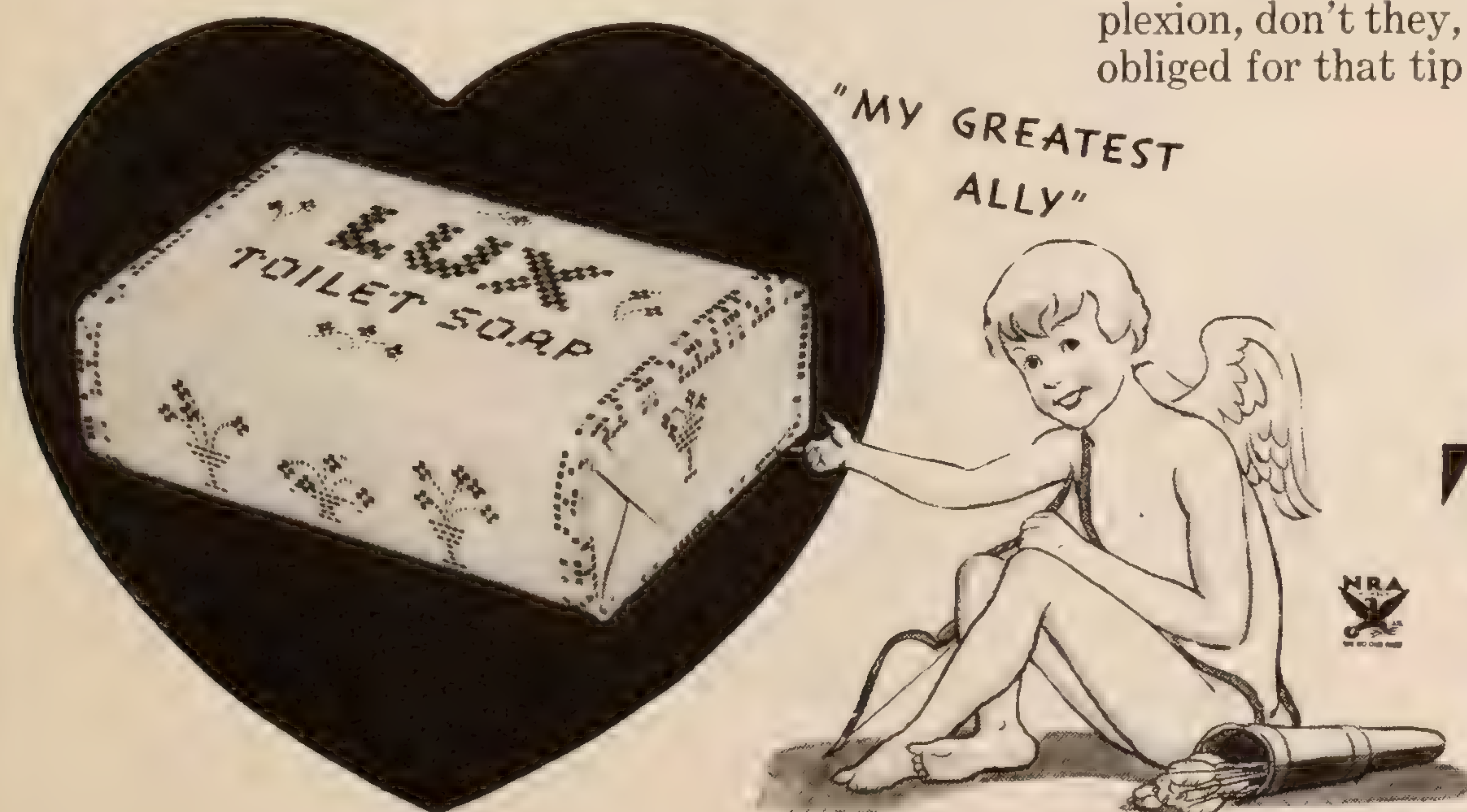
**CAROLE:** "I've just washed in something much nicer—and it's your own prescription, too."

**CUPID:** "When did I prescribe for you? You've turned men's hearts and heads so often that I can't remember when you needed my advice."

**CAROLE:** "Well, once upon a time you told me always to use Lux Toilet Soap—and I agree that 'it's a girl's best friend'—those were your words, Dan."

**CUPID:** "You're not the only girl I've seen surrounded with admirers after taking that same advice of mine. It's my favorite ally, that soap."

**CAROLE:** "Men certainly do fall for a lovely complexion, don't they, Dan? And I'm certainly much obliged for that tip you gave me years ago."



**LUX**  
**Toilet**  
**Soap**





# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80 ]

IT was as striking an example of the old troupers' tradition—"the show must go on"—as has been seen in some time that Frank Borzage showed Hollywood.

Frank's father was killed and his brother seriously injured in an automobile crash on Cahuenga Pass while Frank was engaged directing "Little Man, What Now?" at Universal.

The next morning Frank was on the job, and remained there, taking time off only to attend the funeral. Those knowing how close the two were can appreciate the spirit he showed by carrying on.

**T**HERE are several classic tales about Josef Von Sternberg's temperament while directing Dietrich in "Scarlet Empress."

One relates how, after shouting for "quiet" until everyone walked about on tiptoes and held their breaths, Von Sternberg turned and shouted "What's that awful noise?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Von Sternberg," said the cameraman with a guilty look, "I was just winding my watch."

Believe this one, and you'll believe the one about the man with the jitters yelling at the cat for stamping around.

**H**ERBERT MUNDIN calls it a slow week when he isn't working in two pictures at a time. Even three. Recently he was given two days off. When he returned to the set of "Too Many Women," Herbert announced, "I never should have taken that vacation. Now I feel like a beginner!"

**T**HE growing power of *Tarzan* Johnny Weissmuller over wife Lupe is amazing. Now Lupe is letting her locks return to their natural raven color, from the synthetic red which she has tinted them. It was an edict from *Tarzan*, and Lupe obeyed, in spite of her yen for copper tints.

**I**N "Thirty Day Princess," Sylvia Sydney's latest picture at Paramount, there was a scene requiring several detectives. The studio thought it would be nice, since so many real sleuths were out of work, to make the scene authentic and called up a detective agency. The men came out. The scene was shot. And that very day the script girl reported that her purse had been stolen!

**T**HERE'S one sad note I regret to pass on, but you'd upbraid me if I didn't keep you informed. It's about beloved Marie Dressler. Marie has been in the hospital, very seriously ill.

**C**ONNIE BENNETT and her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, are still denying recurrent rumors of a separation.

**M**ETRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER is preparing for the triumphant return of Helen Hayes by redoing her dressing-room and fitting things in the order suitable to a queen.

Helen, who has been playing the rôle of Mary in "Mary of Scotland," outstanding play on Broadway this past season, is expected

home as soon as she can end the popular run in New York, to make Hugh Walpole's "Vanessa."

This will be her first picture after the foot-light-inspired absence.

**W**ELL, here's a new way to defeat the wedding-ring jinx and still remain an actress!

For years, you know Mary Pickford had to go to all sorts of pains to conceal her nuptial band which she refused to take off for the camera. There was make-up of all sorts. Lots of other actresses who feared to brook the displeasure of Cupid have been in the same boat. Now Alice White has solved the riddle of the sphinx.



Cry baby! But Charles Wesley Ruggles is one of the cutest babies in filmdom. He's photographed here with his mother, Arline Judge

A property man showed her how to place the finger-tips of her two hands together and slide the ring on to the right hand without taking it or actually removing it, thereby satisfying everyone.

**T**HE only regret in the life of Jimmy Durante is that he wasn't born an Eskimo.

After seeing all the recent Eskimo films and learning that the frigid aborigines make love by rubbing noses, Jimmy blurted passionately, "What a lover I'd a been—what a lover!"

**B**ETTY COMPSON, Robert Warwick, Dorothy Sebastian and Don Alvarado—A few years ago, no comedy company would have been able to afford such an aggregation of names. But tempus "fugits." Now they are all doing a comedy called "No Sleep In The Deep" at Educational. And probably having a very swell time for themselves!

**T**HOSE who have worried about Zeppo Marx's abandonment of his three other brothers to turn agent, will be glad to know that it won't be the "Three Marx Brothers" but still a quartet. Zeppo's parts in the insane operas were never enough to take too much time, so to keep the professional name intact, he'll do a walk-in-and-out at least in future pictures.

Zeppo is now third owner of the big Bren-Orsatti firm, which handles seventy or so of the screen's biggest names.

**D**IRECTOR Van Dyke will post a bulletin next time he has a cold, so his friends will still speak to him. During the last one, he told Ted Healy his new picture was "immense"—and Ted gave him dirty looks for two weeks. Finally Van Dyke asked how come. Ted scowled, "Didn't you tell me my last picture was a mess?"

**T**HELMA TODD calls California divorce "romance insurance!"

At least, that's what she said when she recently obtained a divorce from "Pat" de Cicco in California.

Friends wondered why Thelma didn't dash up to nearby Reno for the decree and immediate freedom. Said Thelma in reply:

"You can never tell what a full moon and a charming man may do to one's good resolutions, and I decided to protect myself from myself—at least for a year, as a sort of romance insurance." In California, divorcees must wait a year for the final decree.

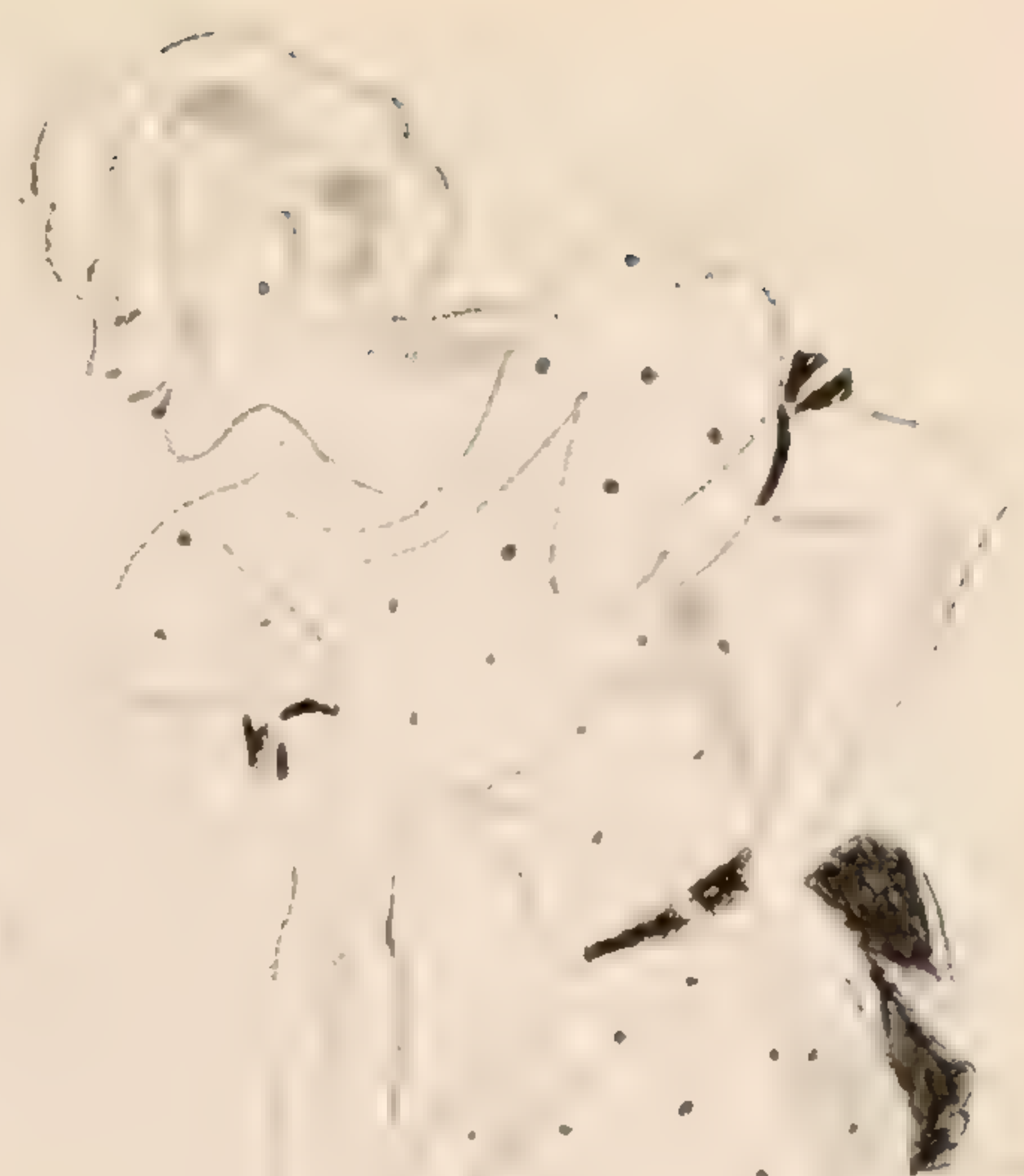
**W**ILL ROGERS took a great fancy to the great Dane dog that works with him in "Merry Andrew." He allowed as how it would be right nice to have a big old dog like that around the place; so offered to buy him. Figured about one hundred and fifty dollars, or a dollar a pound, was a fair price to offer. The owner sort of hesitated, and answered, "Well, I hardly think I care to sell him, Mr. Rogers. You see, he makes more than that working in this one picture!"



# Down the honeymoon trail ... with Styl-Eez



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THE WAY FOR YOU"

FOR blithe young feet that start gallantly along a new and untried path, every step of the way can be made more joyous by Styl-Eez shoes. Their feminine daintiness glorifies the most carefully chosen trousseau, and their scientific comfort features contribute much to the peace and happiness of first domestic days. No tired, sagging arches, no cramped toes, no ungainly inward rotating when you walk the Styl-Eez way. And, if we know anything about it, you'll make Styl-Eez shoes a part of every costume long after your trousseau has become a memory. Pleasantly priced... and presented by leading shops everywhere.

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of features and new models





# Sylvia Tells Loretta Young How to Put on Weight

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

You've got to strengthen your spine and your knees, and here's how, darling. Skoal!

Put your arms above your head. Take five or six little quick running steps back and forth in the same spot. As you do this, bend your body forward. Then—still taking the running steps—make movements like those twittery little women do (remember Lillian Gish in the early Griffith pictures?). Bend backwards and stop those quick steps suddenly, holding that back bend, with your arms still above your head. As you make this sudden stop, let your knees bend as they were when you were taking the running steps. Hold that pose for a second! And then repeat the exercise.

Can you feel what it does to your spine? Sure you can! It makes you feel good, too, doesn't it? Starts the sluggish blood circulating. Now, I want you to do this for five minutes at a time to start. Do it three or four times a day. Pretty soon you'll work up to doing it for ten minutes at a time—and do it as many times during the day as you can. That will put strength in you, make you graceful and give you the assurance you need, so that when you enter a room people will immediately think, "Now *there's* a personality." And that's my ambition for you.

But I'm not through with you yet, Loretta. You need building up, honey. Don't fall over dead when old fat-hater me says this, but honestly, you're too thin. Your neck is too thin and that makes those cords, which extend from under your ear to your shoulder, appear. And then—and I noticed this particularly in the *Directoire* dresses you wore in "The House of Rothschild"—your hip-bones protrude.

You've got to cover those up with a layer of flesh, and there's only one way to do that: Build yourself up all over, because if you take exercise for that particular spot you'll lose in other places—and that's not so good for you.

And if you take an exercise to make muscle you'll have a bad lump over your hip-bone. So, Loretta, you've got to go on a strict building-up diet. I've planned one just for you, and for every other girl who wants to build-up sanely.

But first let me tell you how to help that thin neck. And this is going to answer the

questions of hundreds of girls who have asked me what to do to improve their skinny throats.

You don't want those two cords to be so prominent, so the thing you must do is to build up the other neck muscles and give your neck roundness. Every day for five minutes do this: Inhale quickly, as if you were swallowing air, but keep the air in your windpipe and don't let it go any farther. Then, holding your breath, make every muscle in your neck absolutely tense, but be very careful to keep your chin relaxed. DON'T tighten your chin. But concentrate on tightening your neck—good and hard. Exhale and relax. Repeat persistently for five minutes a day. It will be fun to take your neck measure before you start. Then take it again in a month, and you'll see just how much larger your neck is. And, darling, those cords will disappear as the other muscles are strengthened.

And now for your general building-up! Now to start in earnest to put on some weight and cover up those protruding hip-bones!

In the morning drink a small glass of loganberry juice in which has been dissolved a teaspoon of gelatine. Drink this warm. Then have your bath and breakfast. Here's your breakfast:

Brown rice flakes with teaspoon of brown sugar and glass of certified milk poured over

Three slices Canadian bacon

One coddled egg

Slice of whole wheat toast, half-inch thick, with butter

Coffee

At eleven o'clock, a large glass of orange juice.

## LUNCHEON

Salad of raw red cabbage and half an avocado (use any dressing you like. I prefer just plain lemon juice)

Glass of malt tonic

Ice-cream, any flavor

At four o'clock, a large glass of tomato juice

When you go home after working at the studio, have your maid give you a nice alcohol rub, concentrating on the spine. You girls who haven't personal maids can give yourselves a

rub and it will do you good. But you, Loretta, need this relaxation because, believe me, I know what it means for girls to work all day under those nerve-racking lights at the studio. It saps all your strength. After your rub, rest for half an hour and, if possible, have your dinner in bed. I'm going to give you a grand dinner—and for you, and all the rest of the women who want to build up. I've got a wonderful, new recipe.

## DINNER

Crisp, fresh celery

Ripe olives

Onions, fresh green ones (if you dare)

Cream of mushroom soup

Small squab or plain chicken casserole

(Here's how you cook it: Brown the squab in butter in a casserole. Have the bird stuffed with parsley, which is delicious and healthful. Pour over it—when it is brown—a cup of sour cream. Let that simmer on slow fire for half an hour. Add a cup of carrots, cup of peas, half-cup of lima beans. Cook for half hour more—but no longer, for I don't want you to take the natural minerals out of the vegetables. And gosh! Is that good!)

Small baked potato (skin and all) with butter

Chicory salad with dressing

Fresh fruit

Demi-tasse

Now, haven't I been good to you? Doesn't that dinner make your mouth water? Well, that's what I want it to do, because you've got to eat enough of the right food to put meat on your bones.

Rest a little after dinner and then go out and have a nice time at a party, or at the theater, or just chatting with friends. But *don't* cheat yourself on sleep. You've got to get at least eight hours' sleep. That's vital, Loretta. Why, with this diet and these exercises and plenty of rest, you'll feel like a million, and hundreds of thousands more admirers will rave over you.

So here's luck to you, and I hope you get so fat that you have to send out an S. O. S. to your admiring,

SYLVIA.

## Answers by Sylvia

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I have very ugly elbows. They're rough and dark and have flabby fat around them. I hope you can tell me something to do.

J. McR., Santa Fe, N. M.

I'm glad to have your letter because so many girls don't think of the elbows when they're trying to improve themselves, and they're very important to your good looks. You can soften them with lotion and cold creams. You can whiten them with a good cream bleach, and you can rub off the flabby fat with your two hands. Put your right elbow in the palm of your left hand. Have both hand and elbow well covered with cold cream. Squeeze the fat off by bringing your hand toward

**L**ETTERS, letters, how they flood in!

But why not, girls, when two little stamps may bring you a lot of happiness and health? You'll never owe anything to Aunt Sylvia for whatever advice I gladly give you. I've helped plenty of people whose problems may have seemed worse than yours. Merely write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SYLVIA

your body and letting the cushion on your thumb press away the fat. Keep doing that

every day for as long as you can spare the time. I guarantee that you can squeeze and rub that fat right off. More power to you!

Dear Sylvia:

My job requires that I stand all day and I suffer terribly with swelling feet. I have read how much you have helped others, and I wondered if you could help me.

T. R. W., New York, N. Y.

You bet I can help you, darling, and if you do what I say, you won't be troubled by swelling feet any more. When you come home from work have two pails of water, one as hot as you can stand it, and one cold. Soak the feet

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90 ]



# Hear the Radio hit of a Nation! Borden's "45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

EVERY SUNDAY AT 10:30 P.M., E.D.S.T., COLUMBIA NETWORK

Want to know glamorous Hollywood as it really is? Want to laugh with the stars . . . and share their heartaches, too? Want to go right on the lots where the

big new pictures are being made?

Then tune in this Sunday evening on Borden's brilliant radio show "45 Minutes In Hollywood." The time: 10:30

P. M., E. D. S. T. (9:30 P. M., E. S. T.)

The chain: Columbia Broadcasting System. Hear it once . . . and you'll tune into its thrills every Sunday night!

LANNY ROSS AND ANN SOTHERN IN PARAMOUNT'S  
"MELODY IN SPRING"—PREVIEWED ON THIS PROGRAM.

## HOLLYWOOD YIELDS UP ITS SECRETS!

Follow the stars at work and play. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, RKO players.



## KEEP MOVIE- LAND AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!

Hear flashes from the latest pictures excitingly dramatized. A scene from Paramount's "Murder at the Vanities."



## GO PLACES WITH HOLLYWOOD!

Hear the news in the making. Jack Holt, Columbia star, and his son Tim.



## DANCE WITH HOLLYWOOD

...to the new melodies played by Mark Warnow.



Presented by the makers of  
**BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK**  
Borden's Cheeses, and other fine dairy products





## Answers by Sylvia

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]



**W**HY do the world's leading fashion shops, from Paris and London to Fifth Avenue and Hollywood, feature Perstik and Perstop? It's because these deodorants are right up to the minute, modern . . . with a dainty, easy method of application. Their improved scientific formulas never fail to give the protection you seek.

### Perstik keeps armpits fresh . . . without muss or fuss

Fingers and nails never touch the deodorant itself when you use Perstik, the original "lipstick" deodorant. Hold it like a lipstick. A few strokes under arms each morning assures lasting protection against abhorrent odor.

Use Perstik before or after you are dressed, or even after shaving. Perstik cannot harm fabric or irritate skin. It is pure, greaseless. Perstik is easy to apply on sanitary napkins.

### Perstop stops perspiration . . . quick to apply; quicker to dry

Perstop is for the woman who perspires more freely and must stop underarm moisture as well as odor. Simply touch the sponge-necked bottle itself to the armpits . . . just enough comes out to protect against perspiration for several days. No separate applicator or cotton to use. It is simplicity itself.

Both Perstik and Perstop have been awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval for safety and effectiveness. And both are acclaimed as the **EASIEST TO USE** by the beauty advisers to over ten million women.

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NEW WAY TO  
STOP PERSPIRATION



**Perstop**

alternately in the hot and cold water, a few minutes in each, for about fifteen minutes altogether. Dry them well and apply rubbing alcohol, working the alcohol well into the feet and ankles. Then for ten minutes lie on your couch or bed with pillows under the knees, so that the feet are higher than the head. Relax completely. This will not only reduce swelling but will make the feet and ankles permanently thinner. And good luck to you!

Dear Sylvia:

I've dieted and dieted and I must say my figure is much improved, but there is still a lump at the back of my neck (I bend over a desk working all day) that just won't come off. Have you a remedy for this? I'd be so grateful if you would pass it along.

Mrs. L. R., Atlanta, Ga.

Dieting isn't everything. It plays a big part—that's true—but you've got to help the diet along by reducing just the spots that need reducing most. Here's your exercise for that lump on the back of your neck. Sit in a straight chair.

Have your spine straight. Grab hold of the chair back closest to the seat. Now push your head back until it rests on that lump of fat.

Slowly, feeling the back of the neck pulling and pulling, lower your head until your chin touches your chest. You've got to concentrate on that lump and feel it actually move. Do this ten or fifteen times a day. And watch yourself at your desk. Sit straight—not all slumped over—with your neck and head straight. You can do it if you have the will power to train yourself.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Is it true that swimming will put weight on a person? Some people tell me that it will reduce you and some say it will make you

fatter. Which is right? I love going to the beach, but I don't want to get fat.

K. T., Long Beach, Calif.

Yes, too much swimming will not only put weight on but will give you ugly muscles in your arms. But that doesn't mean that you can't enjoy the beach. Get into your bathing-suit. Take grand sun baths and air baths. Then take a quick jump in the ocean. It is refreshing and invigorating and will give you pep.

Just don't swim too much—that's all—but don't stop going to the beach. I advise sea air and sun for everyone. And for girls who want to develop their chests and arms, there is nothing better than swimming.

Dear Sylvia:

I know that you recommend sun and air baths in the summer, but my tiny apartment has no roof or balcony, and it is hard for me to get outdoors regularly. Can you think of any way I could get the sun and air?

Mrs. B. H. T., Chicago, Ill.

You didn't tell me whether you work at an office or are a housewife. If you're a housewife, throw open all your windows and do your work without any clothes on. Of course, you'll have to keep a robe handy to answer the doorbell when it rings, for we haven't gone in for regular nudism yet. But that will give you your air bath. If you work in an office, strip as soon as you come home—leave windows open and do exercises. For sun baths, lie in the patch of sun that comes in through the window. Lie on a sheet on the floor and move as the sun moves.

I know apartment house dwellers who get their correct amount of sun and air just this way. Try it—it's much better than nothing, and you can work it in every day.



Lucky thirteen! For these youngsters, named Baby Wampas Stars of 1934, are headed for fame! Seated, left to right, are: Helene Cohan, New York; Jacqueline Wells, Dallas, Texas; Betty Bryson, Los Angeles; Jean Carmen, Portland; Lu Anne Meredith, Dallas; Dorothy Drake, Santa Monica; Lucille Lund, Buckley, Washington. Standing, left to right: Judith Arlen, Hollywood; Jean Gale, San Francisco; Ann Hovey, Mount Vernon, Indiana; Katherine Williams, Seattle; Hazel Hayes, La Crosse, Kansas; Gi Gi Parrish, Cambridge, Mass.



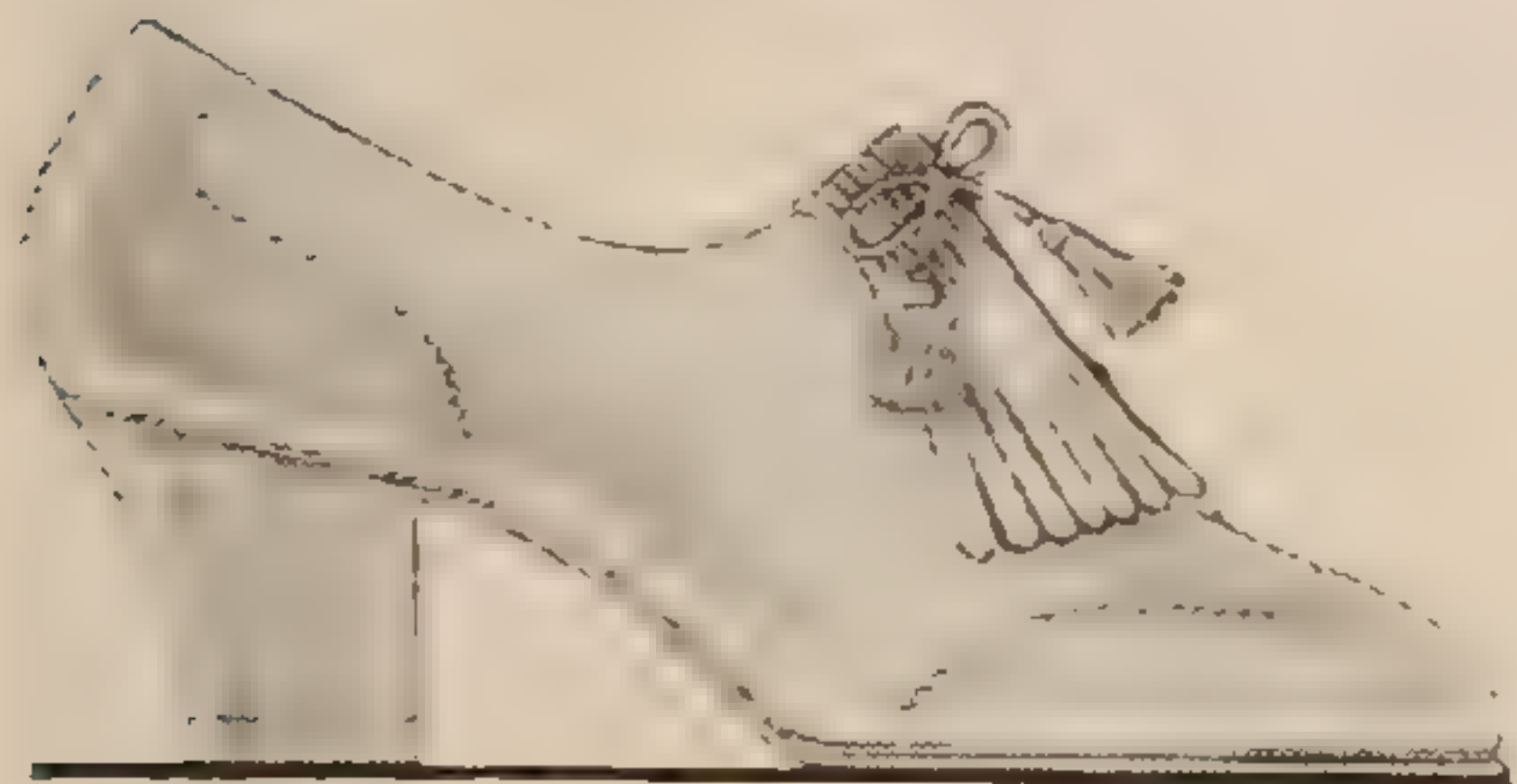
*Jean Parker*

NOW APPEARING  
OPPOSITE ROBERT YOUNG IN  
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S  
"LAZY RIVER"

• and in the newest walkie  
hit • **COBBIES**

YES, she's fairly a'tingle with youth—Jean Parker—the doing-est, going-est young leading lady in Hollywood. Which explains why she wears Red Cross Cobbies. They're so rogue-ish, so brogue-ish—perfect companions for her outdoor outfits.

These Red Cross Cobbies keep your feet in perfect shape. For, like all Red Cross Shoes, Cobbies fit all *four* of your feet. Your "walking" feet—your "sitting" feet. Your Red Cross Shoe dealer has Cobbies and other superbly-styled Red Cross Shoes. See them. Be surprised that these custom-fitting shoes can still be sold at \$6.50. Also write for booklet to THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORP., Dept. P-64, CINCINNATI, OHIO.



IT'S A COBBIE

Swanky... Jaunty and dashing is this spectator-sports Cobby. In white buckskin with the new killie-longue and tassels.

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**RED CROSS SHOES**

FIT ALL FOUR



OF YOUR FEET

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Youthful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star — lovely, vivacious Jean Parker, who follows her triumphs in "Little Women" and "Wild Birds" with another sparkling performance in "Lazy River," her current success.



# Design For A Home Coiffure

By Carolyn  
Van Wyck



toes will be more prominent than ever, and if they are well cared for they add as much to your appearance as lovely hands. But even if you're still wearing pumps and oxfords, that toe care does not go for naught. You'll find you won't want to lacquer toe-nails unless you've given them the care you give your fingers—shaped and removed excess cuticle. You have no idea what this does for foot health and comfort. This care will prevent minor toe trouble, like ingrown nails, and will repay you in your complete sense of personal immaculacy.

As for matching that lipstick and lacquer, I find that even the most critical of men will admire rather than condemn your bright nails, when they realize that they form a color harmony with your lips. Your nails needn't be as dark as your lips, but the thing is to keep lipstick and polish in the same tone.

Next month we're going into a Hollywood huddle on freckles, sunburn and tan.

---

"Skin Worries," covering blackheads, whiteheads, acne conditions and other troubles, gives some practical slants on these bugaboos of beauty. Then there are our other leaflets, "New Skin for Old," covering normal care, "The Perfect Home Manicure," "Eyes Like the Stars," and "A Heavenly Halo," dealing with hair. All yours on request, but please send separate stamped, self-addressed envelopes for each leaflet. Individual problems are gladly answered, too. Address Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74 ]

I repeat Alice's way, because it is perfect for almost every girl who likes a soft, natural effect. And Alice isn't the only Hollywood star who prefers the invisible hairpin method. It is a favorite trick among them. Of course the elaborate coiffures on the screen must be done by expert hairdressers, and now and then everyone of us needs this type of arrangement for something special. But for general wear, the hairpin way is great.

Joan Crawford is a strong advocate of a matching color ensemble of lipstick, finger and toe-nail lacquer. This summer I think the

Last month I promised you a new hair trick from Bette Davis. Here it is, so simple you can do it, yourself. All you need are curled ends and an extra braid. Isn't it beautiful? Particularly appealing with blonde hair. Another grand hair job from the hands of Perc Westmore





# Kay Francis

## Illustrates a Max Factor Color Harmony Make-Up

**COLOR** is the accent that gives glamour to beauty...and the magic of this secret has been captured in a new kind of make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. It is color harmony make-up...face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones to subtly emphasize the color attraction of your beauty.

Created originally for the screen stars, the luxury of color harmony make-up is now available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Note coupon below.



KAY FRANCIS . . . STARRING IN WARNER BROS. "WHEN TOMORROW COMES"

**Powder..** The color harmony shade for Kay Francis' brunette colorings is Max Factor's Olive Powder . . . clinging, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that beautifies the skin.



**Rouge..** The harmonizing color-tone is Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge . . . creamy-smooth in texture, it blends evenly, imparting a delicate, lifelike color to the cheeks.



**Lipstick..** Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up...moisture-proof, the permanent color keeps the lips lovely for hours and hours.

## Max Factor \* Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

### Test YOUR Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

Just fill in the coupon for purse-size box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illus. book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up," Free.

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| Fair <input type="checkbox"/>                                 | Gray <input type="checkbox"/>           | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>        |
| Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Green <input type="checkbox"/>          | BROWNETTE                                                           |
| Medium <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>          | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>        |
| Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Brown <input type="checkbox"/>          | BRUNETTE                                                            |
| Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Black <input type="checkbox"/>          | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>        |
| Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>                             | LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/> | REDHEAD                                                             |
| Olive <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Light <input type="checkbox"/>          | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>        |
| SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>                             | Dark <input type="checkbox"/>           | If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/> | AGE                                     |                                                                     |

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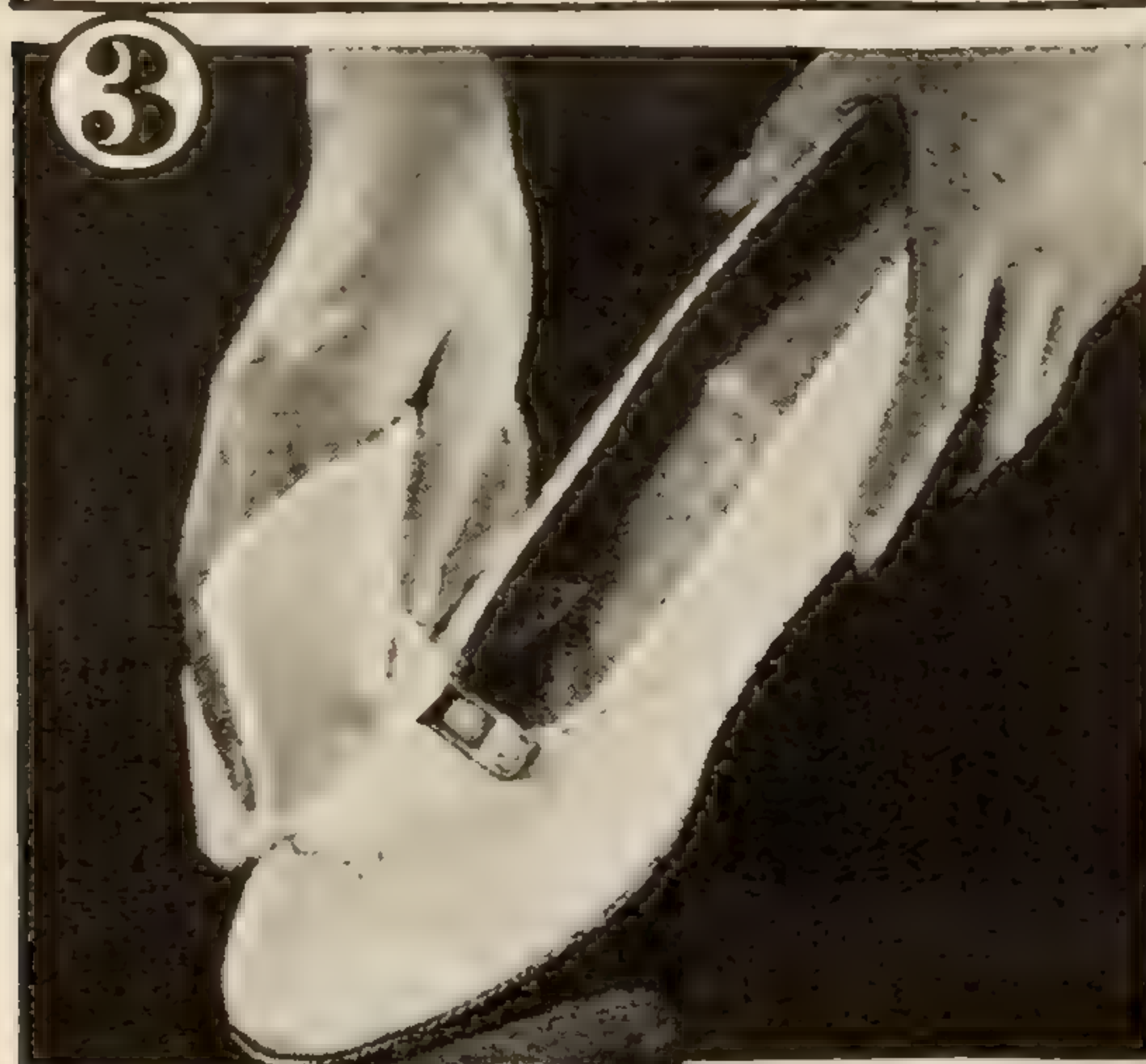
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# DON'T WORRY



**2** Don't worry about spoiling your white shoes... Shinola cleans in a jiffy... makes shoes white as new!



**10¢**

For canvas, buck, suede or kid shoes. At all stores... liquid, tube or cake. Try it today.

## Screen Memories From Photoplay

### 15 Years Ago

NEW stars were rare in those days. An article advising girls on their chances to get ahead in movies, said: "Not one new twinkle has been discovered in the film firmament in the past twelve months." Yet they call it a hard game today! Edna Purviance, Chaplin's statuesque leading woman, was playing god-mother and hostess to Allied officers visiting the Coast. "I adore them all," she explained.

George Melford was credited with "breaking in" more stars than any other director. Bill Stowell, featured opposite Dorothy Phillips in Universal productions, was plenty annoyed because a press-agent described him as a "matinée idol." Bill was so rough and ready he kept his hair clipped short. Alice Brady, while continuing her screen career (yes, she was an important personage in silents, too), was



Alla Nazimova

playing "Forever After" on the New York stage through a solid season. "Fatty" Arbuckle, making laughter six days a week, rested solemnly on Sundays. PHOTOPLAY was asking for fewer and better pictures. Jackie Saunders came out of retirement—wife and mother. Marguerite Clark's adopted sister, Aleta Doré, was dancing on Broadway. We carried a fictionization of Alla Nazimova's Metro produc-

tion, "The Red Lantern." Alla still stars on the stage occasionally. Among the better pictures were "Satan Junior" (Viola Dana), "The Poppy Girl's Husband" (William S. Hart), "The Test of Honor" (John Barrymore), "The Firefinders" (Rupert Julian), "A Midnight Romance" (Anita Stewart), "The Better Ole" (Charles Rock). Constance Talmadge ornamented the cover.

### 10 Years Ago

BOBBED hair was still an issue for vehement word battles. PHOTOPLAY quoted many aroused stars, hairdressers and educators, denouncing or defending the style. Irene Castle was a leading advocate of bobbing, of course, while Dean Marion Talbot, University of Chicago, said, "It's barbaric." "Bobbed hair, never!" said Mary Astor. Oh, well. We formed a jury of fourteen women stars to pick the "Great Lovers of the Screen." They all named different actors, thus listing, without ranking them; Ramon Novarro, John Barrymore, Rod La Rocque, Lew Cody, Monte Blue, Conway Tearle, Robert W. Frazer, Richard Dix, Rudolph Valentino, Thomas Meighan, Lewis Stone, Frank Mayo, Jack Mulhall, Eugene O'Brien, Conrad Nagel. Fifteen, because Corinne Griffith split her vote between Mayo and Tearle. Novarro, in-



Leatrice Joy

cidentally, was the shocker in "The Kiss That Shockered the Sheiks." He planted it on Alice Terry's lips, in the middle of the Sahara, where they were filming "The Arab," (Small wonder Miss Terry voted for Ramon!) Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks Evans, first wife of Douglas Fairbanks and mother of Doug, Jr., told with startling frankness why she left James Evans, business man, to devote her life to making Doug,

Jr. an actor. Sure enough, she did. The six best pictures of the month: "A Boy of Flanders" (Jackie Coogan), "King of Wild Horses" (Rex—the boss), "Girl Shy" (Harold Lloyd—more hossin'), "The Enchanted Cottage" (Dick Barthelmess), "The Confidence Man" (Tom Meighan), "The Hill Billy" (Jack Pickford). Beautiful Leatrice Joy was on the cover. She's completely retired.

### 5 Years Ago



Harry Langdon

GARBO and Gilbert were to co-star no more, M-G-M decided, and there was much woe among romance lovers of the land. PHOTOPLAY, in an editorial, wished them luck, going solo. Jack didn't do so well, between "A Woman of Affairs" five years ago and "Queen Christina," when he and Greta were reunited. All the while, Garbo soared. And it was in June of '29 we sang: "Hey! Hey! Harry's Coming Back"—about the oft-times fading and reblooming comic, Langdon. Having had a long toboggan ride, he had brand new determination. He has been up and down like a well rehearsed wrestler ever since, with alimony troubles and bankruptcy gaining several falls from him. Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, devoted after four years of married life, told how to hold your mate. Only death

could part them, five years more were to prove it. "What is IT?" Said Joseph Schildkraut: "IT is an Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy to cover up the honest phrase, sex magnetism." Said Lewis Stone: "IT is merely a jazz-age name for personality." By the way, how quickly obsolescent—IT! We asked some favorite film folk to name their picture favorites. Some, like Gloria Swanson, expressed orthodox taste—Pickford, Fairbanks, et al., but Paul Bern (who came to a sad end himself) picked several failures. He found some glory in them. The best pictures of the month: "Coquette" (Mary Pickford), "Gentlemen of the Press" (Walter Huston), "The Trial of Mary Dugan" (Norma Shearer), "The Wild Party" (Clara Bow), "Christina" (Janet Gaynor), "Show Boat" (Laura La Plante). On the cover—Olga Baclanova.



## The Little Colonel Marches Back

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70 ]

His *Madero* is such a man. Second only to the importance of *Villa* is this saintly man whom *Villa* called "the little fellow," and whose gentle command was the only one in the world that the childlike, cruel rebel obeyed. In his presence, the great, boorish, inarticulate *peon* was abashed. From him, in the motion picture story, *Villa* learns his first refinement—when he bellows "Shut up!" to one of his men, and, with an apologetic glance at *Madero*, adds "Please!"

Such a man was *Madero*. And not unlike him is the man Walthall.

A QUIET, philosophical, patient man—whose deep, resonant voice seems not to fit his stature, but it does fit his valiant soul. It is the voice of a man from whom all restlessness has gone.

He is patient—but not resigned.

He accepts the disappointments and setbacks in life—because he loves life, and the friends who are a part of it.

"Acting—it does cruel things to men. But they never renounce it," he says. "They cannot believe, after each heartbreaking disappointment, that there will ever be another in their perilously uncertain careers. They are a race apart, and they have that quality that distinguishes all fanatics and children—they never lose faith."

With a stalwart singleness of purpose in a frail body, Walthall has endured enough to discourage a giant. Only he has never acknowledged it. He doesn't now.

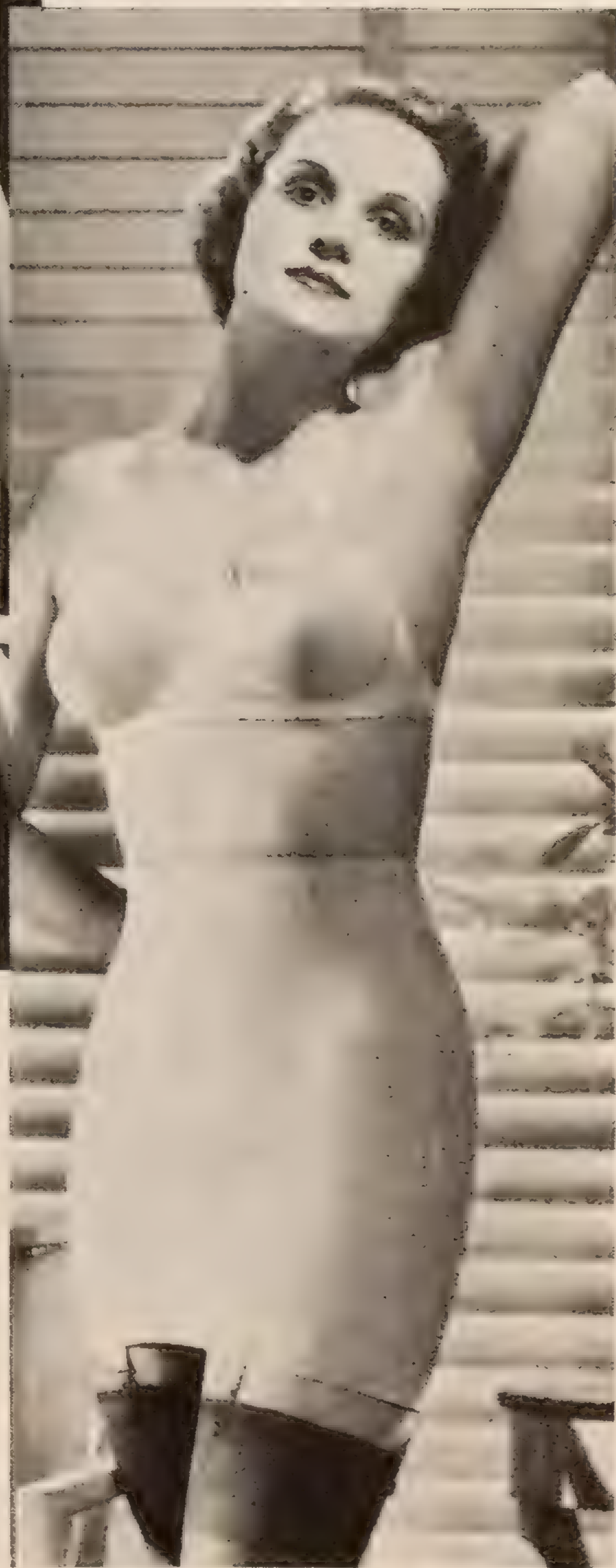
He has never actually starved or slept on a park bench. But what has his mental suffering been? It was the tragedy of a great talent forced to lie fallow as he endured through unworthy rôles in mediocre pictures, for the most part. But he worked, you say; he made a good living, and he has been in constant demand by independent companies. . . . Yes, he has been a long way from down and out, as many of his compatriots have been in their meteoric careers. But I say he has gone hungry, with a more terrible hunger than the body can know. The hunger of a man who knows his worth and is denied the opportunity to prove it. Somewhat similar is the starvation that another actor is suffering right now—a man who is rich, with money, and wants nothing from the world but a chance to work. Jack Gilbert.

JACK paces his floor liked a caged animal in torment. Walthall must have suffered silently, as he accepted the rôles that came his way. He has none of the dynamics of a Gilbert now. But he is just as susceptible to inner torment. Twenty years is a long time between achievements, for a man whose pride and whole vitality must take their nurture from his work.

The record is phenomenal. Walthall is the only man in pictures to whom this identical thing has ever happened. Many others have staged small or vivid comebacks, to flare up and remain, or die out again overnight. Walthall's one rôle, the "Little Colonel," captured the public's imagination and held it through all the years, while he has throttled down his great talent to the pace of little demands upon it. Small parts, "bits." Holding tenaciously through thick and thin, to one indomitable de-

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termination: That the "Little Colonel" would not begin—and end—his career.

Through one frustration after another, Walthall has always been sure there was another great rôle for him somewhere, some day. He has never become resigned to a fate of the sensational "underdog," and walked through poor parts. Walthall always gives a performance.

THE illness that has been a battle waged over many years, nearly caused the loss of his chance to play the famous rôle that gave him his honorary title. Here is the story. It has not been told before.

D. W. Griffith had rehearsed the company for many weeks for "The Birth of a Nation." When he was all ready to begin work, Walthall was rushed to the hospital. He was dangerously ill—not expected to live.

So D. W. lifted an unknown from the ranks, rehearsing him night and day for the part. His name was Wallace Reid.

Just by so narrow a margin as that did Walthall almost lose the rôle that has made history. He made a miraculous recovery, in time. Griffith gave Reid a lesser rôle, and Walthall became *Col. Ben Cameron*.

Naturally, young Reid was acutely disappointed at losing the first real part so nearly within his grasp. He could not hold it against Walthall for getting well. This time was Walthall's turn to win, anyway. Wally Reid had married Dorothy Davenport, and it had been a race between him and Walthall to see which one would win "Spec," as Henry B. always called her. She had as many freckles then as her son has now.

At that time, around 1912, '13 and '14, almost every girl at the Biograph studio had a severe crush on Walthall. Born on a plantation in Shelby County, Alabama, Walthall was the finest type of chivalrous Southern gentleman.

The little Gishes, Mary Pickford and Blanche Sweet were youngsters in their 'teens. Walthall was a man in his thirties—an "older man" to these naïve girls. He was always courteous, charming and thoughtful. And, while not exactly handsome, he had striking presence. Incidentally, one thing that always bothered him was his height. An inch or so more, he believed, would be of value to him in his work. Things are important to him only as they affect his career. After Griffith finished "The Birth of a Nation" on the West Coast, he returned to the East. A loyal group followed him, and Walthall wanted to join them.

NEW companies were springing up every day, and were constantly attempting to lure away the Griffith stars, so enlarged in the public eye by their connection with D. W.'s masterpiece. But money alone probably could not have gotten Walthall away from Griffith; it was the complication of uncertain health that finally persuaded him to stay in California. Walthall had the deepest sort of fondness for the old maestro who had raised him to such prominence. He liked particularly the Griffith dignity when on the set.

But—Griffith went away, and Walthall stayed West. He went to the Essanay studio in Chicago eventually, and his career moved along without highlights. No more "Little Colonel" rôles, no more glory, except that which persisted from his one splendid performance.

He drew a good salary, on the strength of his reputation, and producers considered themselves fortunate to include the name of Walthall in their casts. But they actually did not

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know how to use him, and, as the years wore on the Walthall glamour began to dim a bit—the salary to get smaller.

A few years before the talking picture upheaval, something began to happen to the nature of movies, or the stories from which they were made. Perhaps there really was a changed audience; perhaps producers just found that the old audience would stand for experimentation and change. So a field was opened for a new type of player. But what happened was, the companies sought out these “different” players abroad. They brought unusual actors, exotic actresses from across the sea, while Walthall watched many a fat rôle, that he might have handled to perfection, go to them.

**T**HEN came the talkies. Accents took an awful whipping. The unique importations—with a few outstanding exceptions—were put in retreat. But the revolution in story form grew wider, and there were parts to be filled by distinctive types who could speak the language.

Somebody remembered that Henry B. Walthall had a voice, clear and rich in its quality, when they were casting “The Bridge of San Luis Rey.” He was given the rôle of the priest. The impression he made was indelible, and Walthall was established in the talkies. Whatever he did he did well. But still a rôle fully deserving of his talent was to elude him for several years more—until “Viva Villa.”

After that picture, there was to be another disappointment for him. He was cast for a splendid part in the new Marion Davies film, “Operator 13.” But the script was rewritten and the part cut out. Now, however, the response to the Walthall performance in “Viva Villa” has brought him this compensation—

He is to be starred by Willis Kent, independent producer!

## Elizabeth Bergner— Puppet or Genius?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

lines to *Catherine*, the responses came from Dr. Czinzer, on the side lines! But wait!

When everything was set to Dr. Czinzer's satisfaction, he hurried off to a distant part of the stage. A specially built dressing-room stood there. Dr. Czinzer entered it. A moment later, he reappeared.

He was leading Elizabeth Bergner by the hand. She looked a colorless, unimpressive little thing. Dr. Czinzer led her slowly to a spot in the foreground near the cameras.

And here is a strange thing.

Not once in the slow walk to the cameras did the woman raise her eyes from the floor!

One sensed, rather than saw, a final hand-squeeze Dr. Czinzer gave his wife before turning from her and taking his place between the cameras. A raucous voiced assistant bellowed for silence. The shooting of the scene began.

Instantly Miss Bergner was transformed. It was amazing! From that colorless, unimpressive little thing she changed into a vibrant, magnificent, fearless woman—a woman of royal birth. She *was* Catherine!

But during every second of that scene she watched her husband out of the corners of her eyes. I discovered why. She was taking direction, in the most astonishing way I have ever seen.

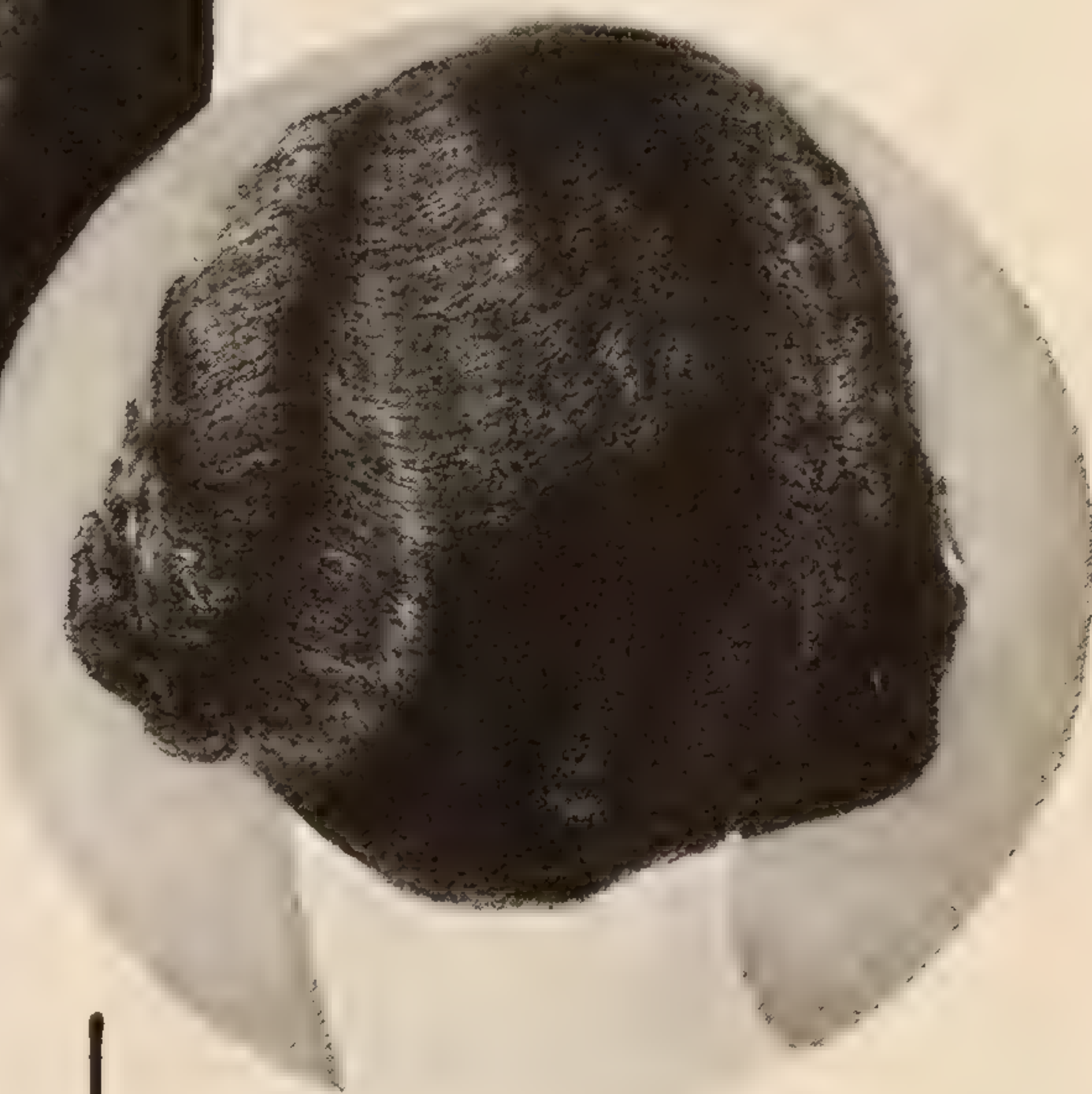
She was reacting to his unspoken commands

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(below) Another star, who likes simplicity, uses a satiny swirl from right to left in back. For this style the hair should *not* look plastered down, and that means it cannot be oily and stringy. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment (below) helps to correct over-oily hair.

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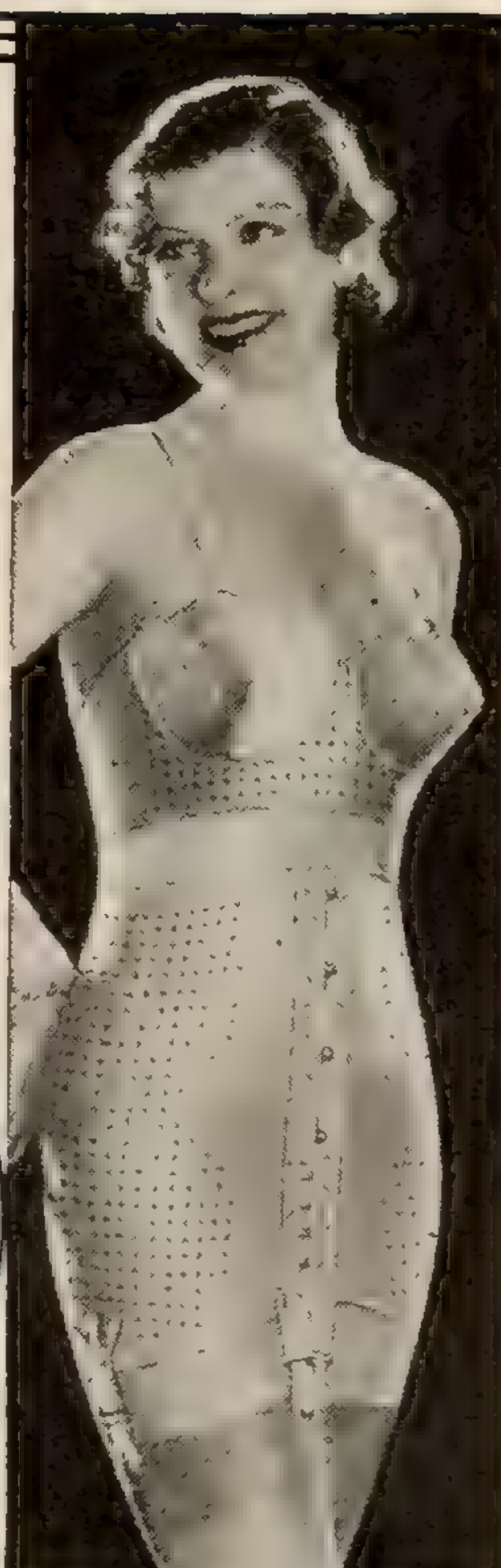
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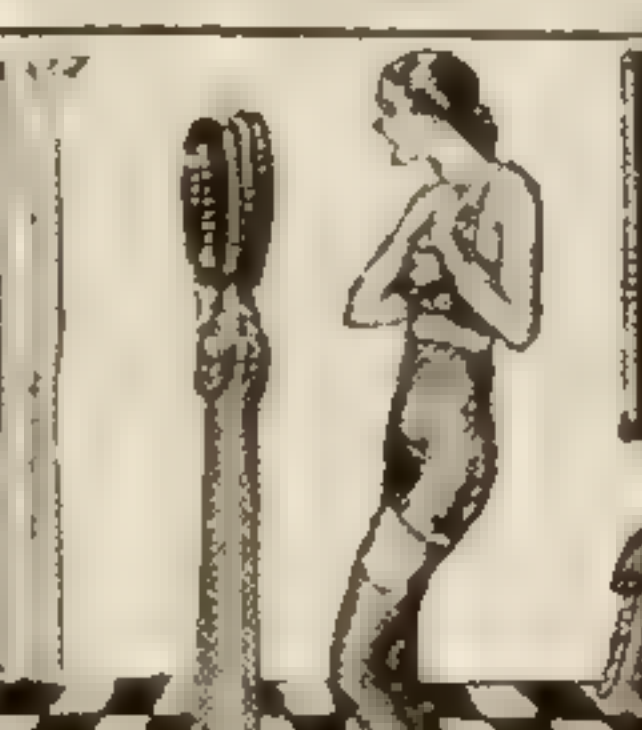
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—commands he was issuing by means of rapid manipulation of his fingers and nods of his head.

The moment the scene was finished, Dr. Czinner took her by the hand and led her back to the isolated dressing-room. Her eyes were again downcast, and again she was just an unimpressive little thing.

I appealed to Fairbanks for an explanation.

"It's a cinch," he said, "that when they are alone together, they rehearse the scenes over and over again. From the day we started shooting, we've never retaken a single scene in which Miss Bergner figures. Other scenes have been shot as many as ten times. I've never known anything like it before. To the best of my knowledge, no other director in the world has ever stopped with the first take of any scene."

Later, when the company had been dismissed for the day, I had another glimpse of Miss Bergner. She was having tea in the studio commissary. She was in street clothes. In street clothes she looks even more *petite* than on the set. Her hair I, at first glance, thought was red, but a second look convinced me it was blonde.

She is not beautiful. But, by now, you will have seen her image on the screen, full of allure and an indefinable attractiveness not in evidence when you see her in the flesh.

While she was sipping her tea, I noticed something else. She was obviously self-conscious. But that isn't all. In her eyes was fright.

Fairbanks afterward told me that her fright is always in evidence except when she is playing a scene.

**F**ROM her slim figure, her self-consciousness, the fright in her eyes, comes a vague impression that she is still a schoolgirl, a nervous, temperamental schoolgirl. Yet she has been an actress for many years, and a star for a fairly long period.

She has one dislike stronger than any other. It is to have anyone introduced to her—either in her professional capacity or away from the studio. She is fond of good things to eat. She does not drink, but makes up for this abstinence by gorging on chocolates.

She doesn't care a fig about clothes; wears old things except when she is obliged to attend a formal function. I am certain she could stroll along Bond Street and be unnoticed,

even by those who but a short time before may have cheered her performance in "Escape Me Never."

Since the studio scene, I have seen her twice. Once was at a luncheon given her by the Association of American Correspondents in London. There she struck me as an apathetic and unpersonal woman. She refused to say a word. Her escort was her manager, Mr. Cochran, and it is only fair to add he did everything humanly possible to make up for his star's silence.

**T**HE other occasion on which I saw her was the opening night of "Escape Me Never." By invitation of the management, I went backstage after the final curtain. There I again observed Miss Bergner's muteness, while dukes and duchesses and lesser folk paid her effusive compliments on her performance. I also saw horrible fright in her eyes. And, I am convinced, utter boredom.

Most of the London critics who have hailed Elizabeth Bergner as "another Duse" or "another Bernhardt" are too youthful to have seen either of those great artists act. Fairbanks believes she is a genius. And as far as the European screens are concerned, she is without even a near-rival. Continental critics declare they would rather watch a movement of her hand than gaze at the most alluring close-ups of the Dietrich legs.

Perhaps this timid actress exaggerates her timidity, as a publicity device. Perhaps much of the Bergner personality is posed. Surely there are several dissentients on the question of her acting ability, and George Bernard Shaw is one of these.

At a luncheon the other day, an enthusiastic admirer of Miss Bergner asked him: "Don't you think she'd be wonderful as *Joan*?"

"Do you mean the *Joan* of my play?" parried the playwright.

"Of course!" cried the enthusiast.

Shaw shook his head.

"That rôle," he said, "calls for an actress."

Next fall, the American public may have an opportunity to judge her in person. C. B. Cochran hopes to present Miss Bergner in Noel Coward's play, "Conversation Piece," in New York.

Mr. Cochran also has business with several American movie producers. Possibly Miss Bergner is in this business.

## Lupe and Johnny Were Lovers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58 ]

"So," says Lupe, "I just go 'yes woman' on Johnny. (Yoo hoo, Mr. DeMille. Lookie, we got a 'yes woman' now.) I say, 'Yes, darling,' 'yes, darling,' 'yes, darling' to everything Johnny say. Every day but Sunday, that is. On Sunday I say, 'No, you blankety—' (nice weather we're having, don't you think?) But on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays I say, 'Yes, darling.' And so I let Johnny win the fight, because when I say 'yes' he does what I want to do anyhow."

To think that Hollywood's fiery little pepper pot, its snapping little fire-cracker, its exploding little tamale, is a tamed and chastened woman! Positively, it's the scream of the year. And they fought about such grand things, those two. About "Popeye, the Sailor," for instance, and who got to read him in the funny-papers first.

"I wanna read Popeye," Lupe would say.

"I'm reading Popeye," Johnny would growl. "You wait."

"I wanna read Popeye now," Lupe would scream, and the buildings in Santa Monica, ten miles away, would rock on their very foundations.

"Pack my things," Johnny would yell at the butler. "I'm leaving."

His things were packed. And five minutes later, when the smoke had cleared away, Lupe was reading Popeye and Johnny was romping with the dogs.

Naturally, both of them are prize-fight fans of the first water, and every fight night found them in the front row, screaming and yelling at the fighters and each other. "Come on, you Mexican," Lupe would shriek at her favorite, and that was enough. Immediately Johnny was on the other side, and from then on no one



as much as threw a glance at the two struggling contestants in the ring. Hah, that was amateur stuff. The real battle was right down in front with spectators spellbound at the beauty of Lupe's right. Why, actually, the fighters themselves became so interested in Lupe's and Johnny's goings-on they'd stroll over to the ropes and, between half-hearted punches at each other, root for Lupe or Johnny. It was very confusing all the way round. And always ended with Johnny rushing home, giving his *Tarzan* yell to the butler to pack his things, as he was leaving.

AND the butler would begin his daily packing, only to find the battle over before he got to Johnny's tooth-brush.

But the dog-fight was really the climax of the whole uncivil war. Lupe owned two Chihuahua pups. And then one day, home came Johnny with a brute almost as big as himself. Lupe took one look at Otto, the new dog, and the neighbors, hearing the cyclone approaching, barred all windows and took to the cellars. What a battle that was! The cannons roared and the bayonets flashed, while the servants, wearing steel helmets and gas masks, went right on making the beds and fixing the spaghetti. They were veterans of wars at their bloodiest.

"He'll kill my little dogs, that great big brute," Lupe hurled at Johnny. "He'll kill my little Chihuahuas."

Five minutes later, the worst was over. Things had subsided to a mere first class brawl when Lupe glanced over the huge bearskin rug, and there lay Otto, the six-foot outrage, with one little Chihuahua sleeping on his back and one biting at his tail.

"Now, you see," said Lupe, "there it is. We fight about nothing. Now darling, it's too silly. Now we part. We save our marriage. We'll live like Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. You live in your house and I live in mine."

"Aw, I don't wanna be Norman Foster," Johnny grumbled.

Well, anyway, ten minutes later they picked up the pieces, sent the Marines back to Guatemala, and Johnny had decided he'd be Norman Foster if he had to.

The next day he went out and rented himself an apartment. His clothes were all moved over by the puzzled, muttering butler.

That night they had dinner at Lupe's house and went to the fights. It was a beauty, their combat, that night. People for miles around dug themselves into safety trenches while the couple "discussed" the ring contests.

At the door of Lupe's house she said good-night to Johnny, who went on to his apartment.

"GOOD night, Popee." Then she walked into her home. There was a strange, disquieting stillness about the place. Her glance fell on the hall cabinet which she had ordered to hold Johnny's swimming medals. Under the hall lamp they gleamed and glistened on their glass trays.

She climbed the stairs and opened the bedroom door. There stood her big, round black bed with the silver rim exactly like a silver moon rising over a dark, heavy cloud. She walked to the window and peered out. In the starlight she could see the shadowy form of Otto walking about the empty swimming pool. The candle, burning always before its little shrine, cast weird shadows about the room. An overpowering loneliness seized her and with a sob she flung herself on the bed and wept. Little Lupe. A strange little Lupe whom you and you and you will never see,

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perhaps. And then, with a bound, she was down the stairs, out to the garage and driving like the wind across the miles to Johnny. Not even waiting for an elevator, she tore up the stairs, flung open the door and there he sat. Staring at nothing. Lonely and miserable.

"Lupe," he gasped.

"Johnny."

She flung herself at him. "I can't bear it in that lonely house. Come home, darling," she cried.

"I didn't want to be Norman Foster anyhow," Johnny said, gathering up his things.

Together they drove home. And the battle that was waged on the way, over whether Lupe's car horn went "Do do de do" or "De de do de," will go down in history as one of the prize conflicts of the century.

And now, all those gorgeous battles are over. And Lupe has become a 'yes woman' and as model a housewife as ever wifed a house. You wouldn't, you just couldn't believe it. To think that Lupe, the spitfire of Hollywood, is now worrying over whether Johnny wants his chicken with spaghetti or without. And Lupe, with her own little be-diamonded hands, cooks it all for Johnny *herself*. No going out to restaurants at night for Johnny. Lupe, with no cook but herself, does it all.

SHE worries about his socks, his shirts, his pajamas. In fact, Johnny's socks at this moment are of far more importance to Lupe than the biggest screen rôle in Hollywood, and when they need mending, as heaven is my judge, Lupe sits herself down and mends them herself. With my own two eyes, I've seen her. And will never be the same, I promise you.

Of course, her household still remains like nothing this side of a mad house. For her butler, who is also a carpenter and electrician, will answer the front door, nine times out of ten, in a pair of white overalls and holding a dripping paint-brush. He's been painting the

swimming pool or something, and thus you are greeted at Lupe's brown oaken door. Let the paint drip where it may.

The secretary feeds the canaries, orders the groceries and does practically everything but answer letters and do secretarial work. She's also Lupe's chief hairdresser when the butler is busy elsewhere.

Lupe decided one day my car was dusty. "Wait, I have the chauffeur dust him off. "Al," she screamed from the sidewalk to the chauffeur somewhere in the house, "where are you?"

A HEAD was thrust from an upstairs window. "Making the beds," the chauffeur screamed back. "Wotta you want?"

Anyway, those grand free-for-alls of Lupe's and Johnny's are over.

All done. If Johnny wants to go one place and Lupe another, they no longer riot. Lupe simply says, "All right, darling, we go where you want to go," and the blow so overwhelms poor Johnny that they go where Lupe wanted to go in the first place. And Johnny is too dazed to know where he is, anyhow. He can't understand what has happened. Neither can anyone else.

If Johnny says, "Look, honey, this red book is black," Lupe smiles and says, "Yes, Johnny, the red book is black." Unless it's Sundays. And then you'd be surprised to hear what the red book really is. But other days, little Lupe has done a loop-de-loopie. And has become a little give-in mama. A little yessing wifie. And doing it all for one reason. Just to hold her husband. "I lof him and I will not lose him by always quarreling," she says. So Lupe is ready and willing to submerge her personality, the very personality that made her what she is in pictures, to hold the man she loves. (At least, this is what she says at the moment. But remember, it's a woman's right to change her mind.)

## Blondes Plus Curves Mean War

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

Anna is a late arrival, but her guns are in position and she is advancing fast. In "Nana," she showed us not one woman, but *woman*, one of the elemental things, as universal and enduring as fire and water. None of Marlene's old world wisdom, none of the stylized smartness of Mae West! What she offered was the simplicity of a great force superior to sex, yet redolent of everything the word conveyed. It was a compound of the appeal of the flesh, unselfish love and sheer physical beauty.

The great gift of Anna Sten is tenderness. You see that in her eyes and in her mouth. Her body has the deeply undulating curves of womanhood untrammelled by the girdles and lacings of convention. It is vital, electrical, sensual.

But it is the tenderness that distinguishes her.

If all the stars of Hollywood were rolled into one, the superlative creature resulting would have Anna's gift of tenderness, a sort of profound pity for poor humanity.

Marlene asks no quarters; gives no quarter. Veteran of the war with Garbo, and all the little Garbos, she sniffed the hot air of battle the instant Mae West began drawing the millions into the movie houses. Off came the masculine attire and she was once again the Lorelei she used to be.

If you have overlooked it, permit me to remind you that this is the girl with the loveliest skin in Hollywood. No actress sounds the sirens of flesh more expertly, more seductively than she does. None more weary of men and, at the same time, none more ardent, none more eager for life!

Wheels within wheels and wars within wars! Everybody is a mite jealous of everybody else. For every big star, there are a dozen little ones, all fighting to share the rewards, using their talents, their influence, their publicity, and everything they can lay their hands on to win.

And so, while these three vitalic blondes are at war with one another to determine which shall dominate the land of the soft curves, they are at the same time, all three fighting shoulder to shoulder to protect their realm against invasion by a group of stars whose appeal, though quite different, is exceedingly strong.

Pitted against the Dietrich-West-Sten trio are Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn and Constance Bennett.

The differences are immediately apparent. Their appeal lies not in the flesh but in the spirit, in certain social graces and feminine coquetties which we have come to associate with sex.

In other words, their call is sounded by the words and ways which we have learned to



know belong to love, rather than by the strong, irresistible force of love itself. They are goddesses of the boyish form and their attraction is enormous.

But who shall say, which of the two triumvirates will triumph in their grapple for public favor?

Men, we observe in their pictures, love Garbo and Hepburn and Bennett. But they love them because they are lonely or blue or have found themselves in romantic situations. They do not love them because they just can't help themselves. In this love, there is nothing cosmic, nothing resembling a law of nature which cannot be disobeyed. Constance Bennett, walking down Fifth Avenue, trig and *Parisienne*, does not attract more than a passing glance.

But dress any of the sizzling blondes of the first part in rags and start them down any street in the world and men will follow, hardly knowing why.

THE conflict between the slender, nervous-energy types and the full-bosomed, vital ladies can be duplicated in any normal circle of people. There is always a Mae West, a galleon girl, who never gets tired; who, without making an effort, draws men around her. At every party you can hear her laugh, and where the laughter comes from—that's the hot spot of the party.

So, too, there are the Garbos and the Bennetts and the Hepburns. They are types, and how they dislike and sneer at the Mae Wests! Exactly how the major number of stars in Hollywood are sneering right this minute. Still, they, the wiry ones, get around and they are never short on admirers. We all have known these *spitfires* in our own lives, although, just between you and me and the dictionary, the name pays them a compliment they don't deserve. Good-looking, charming, a great deal of personality. But men talk to them of books and bread and business. Love is a by-product. Something in parenthesis. Possibly a desire, but not an essential.

With the well-balanced blondes, of the Marlene and Mae type, men never think of discussing oatmeal or automobile engines. They think of moonlight on the waters, playing the guitar. And when they talk, they stutter something about how nice it would be to be alone. Other girls gossip about them and say mean things, but the soft-curved, electrical blondes (as you may have observed) don't seem to mind, and they always get their way. What's true of life is true of the movies and the stars and vice versa.

THE Garbos and the Hepburns are the stuff of which martyrs are made. They are idealists. Ideas and principles mean a great deal to them. The flesh is important, but the devil is more important. And they, in most cases, spend their lives fighting him.

Examine Hepburn's recent rôles, especially "Little Women," in which she gave one of the most convincing performances of her career. She sacrifices everything and escapes an old maid's fate only by a fortunate accident. Now, she is down on the schedule for the part of *Joan of Arc*.

Garbo almost always is cast in the rôle of the forlorn lady who somehow misses the train. In both "Grand Hotel" and "Queen Christina," she is unlucky with men and tragedy overwhelms her.

No such fate is possible for the dynamic blondes. Which is another reason for the antagonism felt for them by the others. Anna

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Sten, as *Nana*, it is true, commits suicide, and Marlene in "Song of Songs" winds up a broken, disillusioned woman.

But none of the trio twitters indecisively.

They are the kind who are not and will not be led astray by odd and quixotic notions. They are well-balanced, bound somewhere. They respect the flesh and their own inexhaustible vitality and they operate on that basis.

When they love, there is no mistake, and their choice is sound. Misfortune may overtake them, but it is not because of a mistake in judgment.

They have an elementary appeal which seemed to be what people wanted during the late hard times. We are fed up with artificiality, idle ceremony and conventions. We are all hungry for the strong, earthy directness symbolized by these three. That's why they are heavy favorites to win.

AS A matter of hot fact, these ladies are so overwhelming, each in her own way, that this war between them overshadows all the ninety-and-nine other Hollywood contests.

The war lords of California are not wasting any sleep over their duel with Garbo, Hepburn & Co. They know that the martyrs cannot—no never!—compete with the Marlenes and the Maes. Salt looks like sugar, but flies know the difference without having to read the lettering on the bowl.

The world of movie-goers knows that these blondes pull them harder and stay with them longer than the others—and the movie-goers prefer sugar.

So, the lines are drawn. The public sitting in the pits and galleries is a Roman jury. If thumbs point up, these particular stars will prosper and endure. If the thumbs go down, Anna Sten, Mae West or Marlene Dietrich, or all three, will be thrown into the cage with Leo and his family.

Up to the present, Mae West has been triumphant, but it is going to be a long war.

Anna Sten has just barely started. She promises to upset the balance of power, smash the *status quo* and perhaps bomb the West out of her cozy castle on the top of the world.

Marlene, whose appeal is unfathomable, is the only one of the three who has a long and distinguished screen career. She is older than Anna, younger than Mae, more intellectual

than either, but not as shrewd or as versatile as Mae.

It's going to be a darling war, and don't pretend you aren't glad you came early and got yourselves front seats from where you can see the fun!

What makes the jolly old hostilities so alluring is the fact that the girls have so much in common. Shut your eyes and listen to them speak. Anna and Marlene have that low, breathy voice, the kind that is death to poise and impersonal conversation. Both have the spice of a foreign accent. Mae's voice is low, too, also breathy, but in hers there is the nasal tinkle of her Brooklyn birthplace.

All of them are softly padded women, exquisitely moulded, real women, one hundred per cent feminine, possessing a sunlike quality which causes them to give off devastating rays. Each of them is a vitality millionairess, but the quality of the endowment of each differs.

Mae may be tough, but she has a queenish dignity and aplomb.

Marlene has the bound and resilience of a puma. She is the most graceful, also the most elusive.

Anna, still somewhat an unknown quantity, is a creature of infinite resources, a child of the earth, functioning wholly by the sure instinct of one who has lived all her life with growing plants and animals and knows the true relation between the physical and the spiritual.

Mae, of course, is the cleverest. Her surface is metallic, her powers untarnished. She can be counted on to do everything humanly possible to retain her billion-headed public.

MARLENE is the most dazzling. The power of her lure is perhaps the most insidious, the least to be resisted.

Anna is the elemental child of unknown power, possessing infinite tenderness.

There are your warriors. The bugles are tootling. There is a sound of rustling silk. The war is on, beautiful war!

Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen, your bets on which one of these three ladies will shine brightest, most glamorously one year from today.

And, finally, don't worry, or underestimate Garbo and Hepburn. They are actresses of large gifts, especially Garbo. They are artists first, and an artist is above flesh, fire, curves, the devil and points West.

## Get A Comedian, Quick!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

night and day in their talents, they are fitting examples to use in illustrating the far-reaching influence of the CRA in Hollywood today.

To me, Edward Everett Horton has always been one of the really fine comedians of screen and stage. His talents are so rare, his performances so finely etched, that one fails to appreciate his excellence until he becomes an "old friend."

For some time Horton has been the most underrated actor in pictures, despite the fact that he has always been one of the highest-salaried of players. On and off he is so unobtrusive that Hollywood doesn't quite "get" him. He reminds me strongly of that other master of subtlety in acting, Lewis Stone, who is to drama what Horton is to comedy.

Horton is the easiest actor to handle I have ever directed. He is never late on the set,

never asks for special privileges, is loved by the crew and his fellow actors because of his courtesy and thoughtfulness. He has two quaint little eccentricities. He always carries his own whisk-broom with him. And, instead of tea at three on the set, Eddie brings out the Florida water. This thorough gentleman has increased the popularity of American actors in England, as a result of his recent pictures produced over there. He receives a cable every week to please come on over.

Little known in Hollywood life, Horton is somewhat of a recluse. Again like Lewis Stone. His pride and joy is a large ranch in the San Fernando valley, where he has planted nearly every variety of tree and shrub known to horticulture. His chief mission in life is to persuade his friends and acquaintances to "plant a tree."



On the screen Edward Everett Horton may be called the people's favorite. But he is also the comedians' comedian and the actors' actor. What *fineness*! He never labors for laughs, but he never misses one. I have never known him to try to "steal" a scene. He plays to the actor or actors who are in the scene with him, whether he is "feeding" lines or being "fed." He never catches flies—intentionally, if you know what I mean.

It goes without saying that Horton has a truly marvelous sense of timing. For example: watch Horton when another character speaks a line to him. Horton will apparently agree at first, as if he understands perfectly—until it suddenly dawns on him. In other words, he is a past master of the "delayed take." He never quite "gets" you at first. That's a sure sense of comedy.

Every comedian knows that his toughest competitor for laughs is a cute baby or a colored funny man. I refer you to a scene in "A Bedtime Story," played by Maurice Chevalier, Baby LeRoy and Eddie Horton. The baby is breaking watches. Naturally, the audience's attention is centered on Baby LeRoy. Horton was given the "topper" of the scene, when Maurice gave Eddie's watch to the baby. At first Horton is pleased, not realizing that it is his watch. (This is the way every good CRA member would play the scene.)

JUST before the baby throws and breaks the watch, the horrible truth dawns upon Horton, who promptly becomes bewildered with apprehension. His words fail to make sense, which "unconsciously" diverts the attention of the audience to himself. Therefore, when the watch is finally broken—it is quite simple for the director to go to a close-up of Eddie Horton realizing that it is his. And at that moment the comedian is in command. It is his scene! That's comedy! Jimmy Durante is just the opposite in arriving at his comedy effects. His terrific tempo, broad, but sincere and vital characterization, and amazing personality are as effective in their way.

Our Jimmy is perhaps the only celebrated entertainer who has developed into a fine actor. Unlike most unusual personalities, Jimmy is easy to mold into a certain characterization because of his intense desire to give everything he has for good old CRA. His mad, dynamic style of comedy is so original that even when it is kept under control for acting purposes, it sparkles with an infectious quality.

In real life Jimmy pretends to be a buffoon philosopher, a mad wit and a veritable Mr. Malaprop. If Webster were alive he would have Durante tried for murder—of the English language. But Jimmy doesn't fool me. Not for a minute. Underneath that cloak of buffoonery, he is a sincere, conscientious comedian.

You will note that all the comedy relief artists on the CRA honor rolls are highly competent actors. Not merely comic personalities. While comedy relief is as necessary to a dramatic story as a love scene, it must never be obvious. Too often it is dragged in by the heels. The comedian must never be a roaming character turned loose in the picture to get laughs. He or she must be as natural to the plot as are the hero, heroine and villain.

While the CRA is purely a mythical club, which exists only in the minds of a few picture directors and comedians, it has a far-reaching influence for good, nevertheless.

The NRA, which is the most important organization in our world of reality today, supplies *work* for the people.

The CRA supplies the *laughs*.

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Zion Co-op. Merc. Institution, Salt Lake  
City

#### VERMONT

The Fashion Shop, Barre  
W. G. Reynolds Co., Burlington  
Chas. Sterns & Co., Rutland

#### VIRGINIA

Claire's Fashion Shop, Galax  
C. M. Guggenheimer, Inc., Lynchburg  
Nachman Dept. Store, Inc., Newport News  
Jesse Frieden, Norfolk  
Glazier's, Portsmouth  
Verry Burk, Richmond  
S. H. Hieronimus Co., Inc., Roanoke  
Ballard & Smith, Suffolk

#### WASHINGTON

Best's Apparel, Inc., Seattle  
The Palace Store, Spokane  
The Fisher Co., Tacoma

#### WEST VIRGINIA

The Women's Shop, Beckley  
The Vogue, Bluefield  
Coyle & Richardson, Inc., Charleston  
Jolliffe's, Grafton  
Shear's Women's Shop, Keyser  
Margolis Bros., Logan  
George Katz & Sons, Martinsburg  
Dils Bros. & Co., Parkersburg

#### WISCONSIN

C. & S. Newman's, Green Bay  
Simpson Garment, Madison  
Shouette Bros., Manitowoc  
Stuart's, Milwaukee  
Racine Cloak Co., Racine



## "A Whale of a Man"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

more prevalent in the realms of pugilism. A decent fellow at heart, he revolted against his surroundings; but no man is bigger, until later, than the environment through which he moves.

After a frame-up which did not frame, McLaglen and his manager staged a fight of their own. A pool-room was wrecked as a result, and McLaglen was arrested.

A strange man came to pay his fine. "Quit fighting when you can," the stranger said. "You are too intelligent to walk the rest of your life on your heels."

He gave the bishop's son twenty dollars, and much food for thought. After they had separated, Victor learned that the man had been a leader of a gang of train robbers.

HE did not forget the man's advice, but the securing of food was imperative, even to a future film actor.

After a half-dozen other fights, McLaglen found himself in Vancouver. It was 1909. A dark pugilist had but recently come to the same town on his way from Australia, where he had defeated Tommy Burns.

Victor was matched with the dark gentleman, immortal in the history of pugilism as Jack Johnson.

The bout was for six rounds, and all the money the fighters and their managers could get. The actor remembers quite vividly all the incidents which pertained to the memorable encounter. Mr. Johnson, whose teeth were yellow with precious metal, smiled the golden smile which was soon to become famous. In the head of this mightiest ebony bruiser of all time was no concern for the future. He acted so unconcerned that one would have thought Mr. McLaglen was not in the ring with him.

The bout went six rounds, and Victor lost the decision just as surely as the Scotchman had lost his belt so long before. There was only this difference—the Scotchman might have found his belt had he returned again to look for it. The decision which Victor lost was lost forever.

BUT some good can come, even out of the dingy halls of fistiana. McLaglen received nine hundred dollars for his efforts.

Before long, an offer came from a manufacturing firm in Chicago. Victor was guaranteed a nice sum if he would pose as "the human windmill."

Remembering the words of the train robber who had helped him in a time of trouble, he gave up the ring.

Even to this day, McLaglen's laughter can be heard loud and long on the streets of Hollywood when the Chicago firm's offer is recalled. Long later, McLaglen said, "Johnson could stand the hardest punch of any man I ever fought." And when I asked, "How do you know?" he laughed loud and long again.

It may be said here that Victor McLaglen is one of the finest and gentlest men in Hollywood. But that, as Kipling would say, is another story.

He next became a "carnival rat." Joining forces with Hume Duvel, the Scotch wrestler, they bought a gilded wagon, and joined the



*Clever Me...!*

*I bought  
My 'Community'  
in time!*

AS HAPPIER times return, there comes an upward trend in prices, too. Those who plan on buying Community Plate will find an advantage in purchasing Community Plate while prices are still so low.

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\$2 FOR THIS POWDER**



WE POSTED our little price-reporter in the top-floor dressing-room at the Waldorf-Astoria and she caught smart New Yorkers as they swept in and out from the rooftop terrace dinner tables. She offered these women a soft, creamy, clinging powder in plain, unlettered boxes and kept a record of the price they thought would be right for such a dainty product. One out of every two women said "at least \$2 a box" and some guessed as high as \$3. Yet this was Armand Bouquet Powder, sold everywhere at 50c! You certainly want to try a 50c powder that smooths on, stays on and glorifies the complexion like a \$3 brand! Use coupon!



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caravan of a circus. Touring the length of Canada, they would offer gazing rustics a tidy sum for anyone among them who could endure their wrestling tactics twenty minutes. Now all men feel that they can wrestle, and men in the hinterland secretly feel that another Frank Gotch was lost to the world when they got married and settled down as farmers instead of wrestlers.

Hume and McLaglen made considerable money and opened a physical culture school. They were known as "The Muscle Builders." As muscles were already built in the Northwest, they soon failed, and became "carnival rats" again.

THIS time they took a fiddler along, feeling no doubt that a rustic would rather be thrown to the tune of music. The fiddler played "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and many a man gave up the unequal struggle to the wailing of the music, and the arms of the wrestlers.

If there were no opponents to wrestle with the touring athletes, Mr. Hume Duvel would do "strong man stunts," while Mr. McLaglen would pose as a "classical statue."

But even wrestlers must sooner or later part. Duvel and McLaglen were no exception.

We next find the future actor in San Francisco, with a yen to join a brother in Australia, "for no particular reason." He did. And from there the two brothers took a boat to the Fiji Islands, where they joined a "pearling expedition" and remained at sea for several months.

With the money earned on the long cruise the two brothers invaded India, where Victor secured work teaching the art of physical culture to the Rajah of Akolkot. He became a member of the Rajah's household, and the future seemed serene. Then somebody poisoned the Rajah. Victor had nothing to do with the assassination.

Victor and his brother then organized a vaudeville act. They reached Capetown, South Africa, as war was declared. It was 1914. They both sailed immediately for England.

Victor subsequently received a commission and was sent to Mesopotamia.

ABOUT his war experiences, Victor talks little. However, when the war ended, he was in the fabled city of Bagdad, where he served as provost-marshal.

But with no more fighting, army life again began to pall on him. There was an army boxing tournament which, if he won it, would take him back to England. He won.

Victor returned to England, with eight hundred pounds.

Walking in Piccadilly on one of the three sunny days in London that year, he met an old friend from the army. The friend was working for L. B. Davidson, a motion picture producer.

"My boss is looking for a big chap who can fight," was the news given McLaglen.

As Jack Johnson was not in the neighborhood, McLaglen voiced the opinion that Mr. Davidson need look no further. He went to see him. Mr. Davidson was of the same opinion.

He hired McLaglen to play the lead in "The Call of the Road," at twenty pounds a week. When this picture was released, Davidson gave him a contract for twenty more films. At the end of this time, he at last received an offer from Hollywood.

J. Stuart Blackton, then a leading American director, requested him to play in "The

Beloved Brute"—at two hundred and fifty per week.

That was ten years ago.

The film was released and forgotten, and McLaglen with it. He met scores of English friends who were soldiers of fortune like himself. All were broke. McLaglen shared what he had, and was soon in their predicament.

Months of misery passed, during which McLaglen came to one conclusion. He had wandered over the world and had tried many things. He would remain in Hollywood.

Like many old-time pugilists, he haunted the American Legion Boxing Stadium. One night, Frank Lloyd, the director of "Cavalcade," who won this year's award from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best direction of a motion picture, and another man, stared at him.

When the last bout was over, he was approached by the gentleman who was with Frank Lloyd. He was Tom Kennedy, a one-time great pugilist. He asked for McLaglen's name and address.

IN a few days McLaglen had a call from Frank Lloyd, who was casting for "Winds of Chance." The hero was a smiling French-Canadian. The Scotch-Irishman was given the part, and "stole the picture." As a result, he was handed a five-year-contract at eight hundred dollars per week.

In Hollywood, as in life, it is always one thing after another. No parts could be found for him. Being a philosopher, he settled down to draw his weekly salary and await his opportunity.

In two years it came. The Fox Company had decided to make "What Price Glory?" The rumor spread about Hollywood that Louis Wolheim, the broken-nosed immortal player of the leading rôle on the New York stage, had already been cast as the lead in the screen version.

Another man might have given up—but not McLaglen.

Raoul Walsh was the director, the man to be convinced. Walsh, a highly capable man, is Spanish and Irish, and in spite of his impulsive ancestry, is stern and cold on the exterior.

"I want to play *Captain Flagg*," McLaglen said to Walsh.

"Everybody wants to play *Captain Flagg*," was Walsh's rejoinder.

"But no man can play it like me," returned McLaglen.

"Did you ever hear of Louis Wolheim?" asked Walsh.

"Yes—and that goes for him, too," said the man who had not been afraid to mix with Jack Johnson.

Walsh goaded him a while longer and then ordered that he be given a test.

McLAGLEN snarled and blasphemed through the great part. He literally burned the camera with his gusto.

The test was seen by Walsh.

McLaglen got the part.

The world knows the rest of the story. Victor McLaglen's salary was adjusted at a higher figure.

I saw the picture with Louis Wolheim. Feeling that no man could recapture the tremendous vitality with which he had first given the rôle, I entered the theater with him.

When the film was finished, Wolheim turned to me and said magnanimously:

"Jim, he's a whale of a man. He's going places."

And I agreed.



## Cleopatra Comes To Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

Whereupon Cecil leaped two feet and landed squarely on all four children, which just set everything off again.

"You brought the asp with you?" Cecil asked in amazement.

"Yes, in case I want to get out of the place by the quickest route. As I understand it, a little asp bite would be perfect for a lot of Hollywood people."

Directly they rode to Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater so that Cleopatra could put her footprints in the cement stones beside the footprints of the other famous stars.

"BUT I am not at my best, standing," Cleo urged. "If this man wishes my imprint, he'll get it in my most graceful position. Therefore, he'll either get it while I recline, or not at all. And with fans waving, also, please." So Sid waved the fans, while Cleo reclined in the wet cement. The less said of the imprint, the better.

From there they proceeded to the Paramount studios. Earl Carroll, the famous chooser of beauties, passed them on the way. Knowing he failed to recognize Cleopatra, Cecil said, "And what do you think of this fair beauty for your 'Vanities'?" (For after all, she was pure Greek and fair of face.)

"Not the type," Carroll said. "Much too fat. Not enough appeal. I don't think honestly any man would look twice at her. Of course, with some heavy dieting and a few lessons in allure—. How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Some two thousand years," she replied, and they carried Carroll out.

"That creature. That poor, thin creature with the thin and hungry look," she went about saying of Carole Lombard, and the same of Claudette Colbert. "How unlovely of body they are."

"But this young woman," they said of Claudette, "is to portray you in the picture. That is, if you do not play the part yourself."

And this time they carried Cleo to the air. "Those limbs. Those hips. So wasted. Why Antony would have loathed limbs like that. There's not a good asp's bite in the whole creature."

SUDDENLY, face to face, she met Mae West. "This woman is of better form," said Cleo, "but her technique is wrong. She hasn't the right warmth for ensnaring the male."

They carried all of Paramount out this time.

"Watch," quoth Cleo. "I will show you. Yonder comes a comely man. Behold!"

And sure enough Georgie Raft did, indeed, approach.

"'Ello, Mae," he said. "Howsa kid?"

"Swell, baby. How 'm I doing?"

"Oh, not bad. But I'm feeling low today. Kinda blue."

"Aw, cheer up, kid. Life's just a merry-go-round. Come on up. You might get a brass ring."

"Naw, I—"

"Young man," interrupted Cleo, "I see, indeed, that you are sad. I, too, feel a pensiveness of soul. I know too well that overpowering sense of loneliness and forsakenness. If you are sad, let me, too, be sad with you. If—"

## The well-dressed Leg by PHOENIX

### ● Prize-winning "DOGGYS" of interest this season



They've taken the style prize this season! For these smart "Doggys" are Phoenix' new hosiery colors. *Collie's* a true beige, for wear with navy blues and browns. *Setter* has a warm beige cast, that makes it nice with the brighter costume colors. *Spaniel* is a darker beige, for corals, rust, cinnamon brown. *Greyhound* is the perfect grey-beige neutral, good with everything. You can get "Doggy" colors in any style of Phoenix Hosiery, 85c to \$1.95 the pair. Try Phoenix "Everyday" sheers, No. 705, \$1.00 the pair.

### ● Hooray!... shoe heels are coming down



Count them! Four new shoes with lower heels. For walking... for bicycling or roller skating... for any kind of footwork. Activity of the most active kind won't faze Phoenix Long-mileage Foot. Tipt-toe and Duo-heel are reenforced where wear is hardest, just purposely to give you long miles of smart service. Every Phoenix stocking is made of Certified Silk, for beauty and long wear.

Phoenix "Standby" service sheer No. 772, \$1.25 the pair. Others \$1.00 to \$1.65.

### ● Paris splits its skirts



Another pre-war fashion makes good! So stockings must be flawless. Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery is clear as crystal—even in texture and color with no unflattering shadows or rings. Beautiful legs are made even more beautiful! Try a pair of Phoenix "Fluff" No. 779—\$1.25. Others priced from \$1.35 to \$1.95.

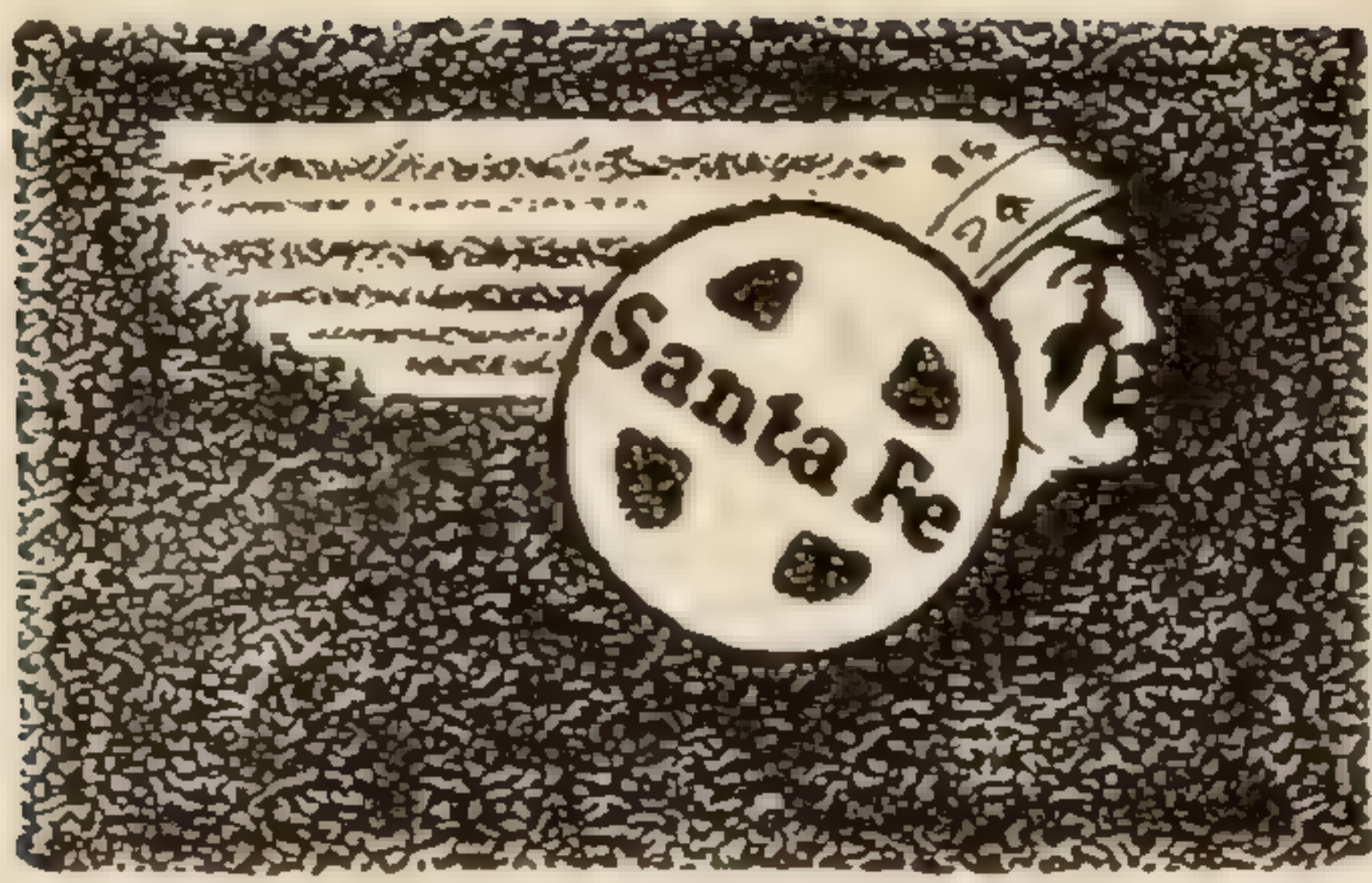
### ● Custom-Fit Top fits every sport



No matter what—golf, shuffle-board, or just sitting—you'll be so much more comfortable in Phoenix Custom-Fit Top! It stretches both ways, and gives like your skin. And this comfortable stretch lessens the danger of garter runs, too. Remember—Custom-Fit Top fits any leg as though it were made for it. And it comes only in Phoenix Hosiery, \$1 to \$1.95. Wear Phoenix "Street" afternoon Shadowless chiffons, No. 766—\$1.25.

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"Sister," breathed Georgie, "where have you been all my life? Come to papa," and seizing her arm, strode off, leaving an amazed and dumfounded Mae West as cold as last week's potato. While Cleo looked back over her shoulder and whispered, "How am I doing, baby?"

AT luncheon at the Brown Derby, she naturally startled the natives into fits by reclining in the booth to eat her luncheon. Which would have been all right if in some way Bert Wheeler, all unnoticed, hadn't been squashed silly underneath her.

At the hurried eating and frantic talking about her, she grew ill. And had to be led from the place.

By the end of the week, every studio casting office in town had turned her down. She couldn't even get a job in a Bus Berkeley chorus.

"No appeal," was the verdict, while every wife in town went screaming for Cecil's scalp, because every male, married and single, followed her about even as a puppy his master.

Cecil, in fact, took to hiding, so great grew the popularity of the fair charmer from across the sea for the male population of Hollywood.

In great distress, a famous beauty and screen star went to Cleo alone.

"I'M about to lose my lover," she sobbed. "I caught him flirting with his wife. How may I go about holding him, please tell me. I shall die without him."

"Bah," scoffed Cleo, "you are a lot of slow-witted fools. I have watched you all. Over two thousand years ago we were miles ahead of you in this game of love. We made it an art. We dined slowly and sumptuously to the teasing strains of music and the maddening whirl of dancing girls and never, by the gods above, ordered a ham on rye. And here, what do I

see? Boys and girls in broken down flivvers driving up to dilapidated stands and screaming, 'Two hot dogs with mustard. How about a little kiss, baby?'

"Bah, fools, all of you. To wear the ill-fitting trousers of men and think any man's love could survive that. Do you try with all the sacred wiles that the gods gave to women to hold your men? No! You think first and always of yourselves. And your careers. Think what I did with my career for Antony's sake.

"And look what I did to Antony's, too," she muttered to herself.

"Are you glad when your man is glad? Are you sad when your man is sad?"

"Come, we go larking," Antony would often say to me and, in servants' clothes, we went gaily about the city of Alexandria, calling to people and pounding at doors till the dawn of the morning.

"And all the time my feet hurt till I could scarcely stand, but think you I let him know it? You are all dull-witted souls.

"DO I see you playing when he wants to play? Do I see you weeping when he wants to weep? Do I see you bearing children—well, one maybe, but never twins—to hold the man you love?"

"Do I see you dissolving pearls in wine to drink his health? Why, half of you don't know how to go about getting the pearls in the first place.

"You are the famous sirens of this Twentieth Century. Well, I can see the look on Antony's face had I stooped to a ham sandwich and a 'cuppa coffee.' And your statesmen! You and your politicians, in comparison with our noble Brutus, our learned Cicero and our stately Cassius. They would have been more apt to drop dead than say to me, 'Hi, Cleo! Park the body.'



After the original Cleopatra barged huffily for home, her asp basket on her arm, Claudette Colbert stepped into the rôle. And nobody complained! For Claudette is the modern idea of queenly, vampish beauty



"And your bath-tubs. Those two-by-four cramp-getters with no precious oils, no balms, no slaves. And bah, to those Central Avenue slaves who have not learned to shoot a decent game of dice." And with that Cleo scattered their I. O. U.'s all over the ground. She kept their cash, however.

"And your games. Sports, you call them. With silly men in silly bloomers running about like children, while someone shouts, 'He's out.' That, then, is the sport in the arenas of the red-blooded American. I am laughing.

"And for your beauty, which I expected to so overwhelm me, I wouldn't give a fig. We learned the art of the henna pot, the rouge pot and the richly-scented oils that would make your ghastly, red-smearred faces seem as clowns.

"Why, name one among you who could take, as I did, a great noble and a great leader of armies from his men, and keep him fourteen years for her own? You have a hard time keeping one little French marquis divided among you.

"FOOLS, fools, all of you. I came back expecting to learn from you. To return with new lessons learned in the art of love. Why, we'd forgotten more about it two thousand years ago than you've ever found out.

"I sicken of all of you. And your movies. With those comical love scenes filled with passion. Are they to laugh? And of all this Hollywood, I tire. Where real allure, they think, consists of false eyelashes and a pancake stomach. To all of you forever, farewell."

And grabbing up her four children and her little asp basket, she flung herself on the nearest street car and made for her barge.

From the back platform she called, "Tell Cecil I've gone back to my little grass shack, and phooie to all of you."

Cleo was on her way. And Claudette was left to play *Cleopatra*.

## Would You Girls Marry Dick Powell?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

you relish Arkansas sorghum? Or is that too personal? Well, Dick likes Arkansas sorghum on his toast for breakfast. And something tells me you'll like it and eat it, or else Ellis will want to know why. I'd much prefer the sorghum.

There may be a five-minute lull in the tornado of events, but I doubt it. There never has been. By this time, Ellis has been out to the studio and returned with Dick's fan mail—as many as eight hundred and fifty-six letters in one day. From then on, it's no use.

ELLIS sorts the mail aloud, reads it aloud and endorses fan clubs on the side. Also aloud. All the tables, chairs, sofas, floors, roofs, etc. are covered with letters waiting to be sorted. The intelligent ones are stacked in one pile. The I-want-a-picture ones in another. The I'm-wild-about-you ones in another.

There's no place left to sit or go, without walking over a couple of hundred I'm-wild-about-you letters. So you may decide to take a good hot, hot bath. But be careful. It's usually about now the persistent insurance agent returns and comes in through the cellar window, which leads into the hall off the bath. That makes it cozy for everyone.



Shorter'n the Mouse's Tail  
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muscles of  
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neck. Chewing  
exercise aids in  
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meal  
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helps  
keep  
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teeth  
white.

Charlotte Henry, Paramount Featured Player,  
Endeared to the Public in Alice in Wonderland





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**W**ant to be kissed? Then make sure *your* skin has the fresh transparency only a *clean* skin can have. Many women who *thought* they had been getting clean by old-type methods discovered on using Ambrosia, the pore-deep cleanser, that their skins had never been so clean before.

You *feel* Ambrosia tingle; you *know* it is removing all deep-lying dirt from the pores. That's why it clears muddy complexions so quickly, preventing blackheads and pimples. Skin has the kissable freshness of youth.

For *oily* skins: follow Ambrosia Cleanser with Ambrosia Tightener.

Mildly antiseptic, Ambrosia Tightener reduces large pores, normalizes oiliness, refreshes and stimulates.

For *dry* skins: Follow Ambrosia Cleanser with Ambrosia Dry-Skin Cream. It penetrates, replenishes natural oil, smooths wrinkles, ends dry, flaky condition.

Ask for Ambrosia products at any drug or department store. 75¢. Or in smaller sizes at 10¢ stores. Ambrosia preparations were tested by famous New York skin specialists on women of all skin-types. Write for free report of doctor's examinations and full directions for use. Address Hinze Ambrosia, Dept. P, 114 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.



# WOMEN!

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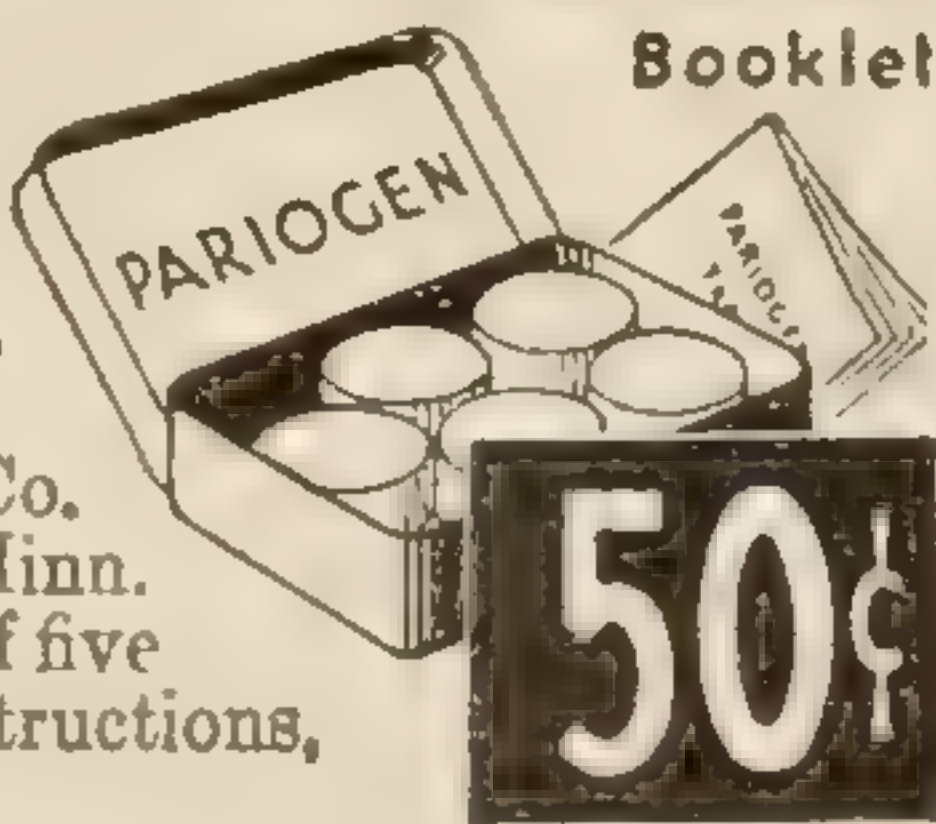
PAR-I-O-GEN is a tested, scientific formula, which provides safe, convenient, immediate hygienic protection. Women everywhere have been quick to recognize and accept it as a welcome innovation in acquiring antiseptic cleanliness.

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PAR-I-O-GEN tablets dissolve in the natural secretions forming a strong chlorine solution which destroys germs in a few moments. Yet, unlike poisonous, burning acid solutions, they are soothing and harmless to the most delicate tissues. No water or other accessories are needed. Odorless, stainless, greaseless.

**Send for Trial Box!** So you may try this modern feminine necessity, we offer a special trial box of five tablets, conveniently packaged for travel or home use, with **FREE** booklet on their need and use, for only fifty cents (stamps or coin), postpaid. Try them once and you will never be without them.

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Enclose 50¢ for a trial box of five PAR-I-O-GEN tablets with instructions, in plain wrapper.

Name.....  
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The noise and the confusion of Ellis throwing him out the way he came in will, more than likely, jar the key to Pittsburgh from its nail on the wall and, unless you're a quick dodger, will lay you flatter than a pancake. Which is just the moment a boy brings another message from Little Rock, this time from the mayor, requesting Dick to lead the Elk's parade and twirl a red, white and blue umbrella in one hand and play the clarinet with the other.

The comic part of it is, if he isn't working, Dick will lead the Elk's parade, twirling and tooting like mad. And try to make Dick understand that on that day the Richard Arlens are giving a very swanky party, and you, his little wife, have a new gown, and he and you are expected. No difference. Little Rock is calling, and Little Rock shall be answered to its own satisfaction.

**Y**OU see, you'd have to know that human, earthly, real, honest-to-goodness quality about Dick that may be a little difficult to understand.

The humanness, the genuineness, the simple, unaffectedness of the boy that hits you like a blow when you really know him. You will be humble. He's a boy who's in Hollywood, but not of it. *Not of it*, remember. That's important.

But, to go on. You'd no more than have a swanky shindig started, when Dick would come traipsing in with four or five mechanics from the studio. In the front way. "Going to stay for supper," Dick would grin. And they'd stay. And how would you like that?

He's just as likely to take his regular evening voice lesson with a room full of bridge players. What does Dick care?

Of course, it goes without saying, the phone will ring all day, with Ellis in a perfect state, trying to keep the calls of those who want to see Dick because they knew him when he was eight, separated from those who knew him when he was ten, and those who just knew him when. And the twenty-seven girls who call every day and don't know him, but would like to. Sometime during this, a wide-eyed blonde will ring the front bell, if she can crowd out a dozen solicitors. The blonde will say she is a Dick Powell admirer, tee hee, and would he buy her home-made candy, tee hee, at only two dollars a pound, and a couple of more tee hees.

Invitations to dinners and parties would probably break your heart wide open because they come from the biggest stars. But Dick would be working!

When Dick is working, the King of England could summon him and Dick wouldn't go. Or talk about it, either.

**A**T six, he barges home from the studio, looks over his mail and telephone slips, autographs pictures, and promptly at six-thirty eats an enormous dinner. It would only be a waste of your time trying to have cocktails first, or trying to serve dinner at the fashionable hour of eight. Dick eats at six-thirty, see? Like everybody else in Little Rock. And oh, yes, how are you on pickled walnuts? Ellis, who is English, my dears, insists on the pickled walnuts, so I wouldn't say too much about them. In fact, I'd eat them and gag in silence.

Dick telephones his dad and mother in Little Rock after dinner, and he is off to bed at nine-thirty, taking along a few movie magazines. Maybe peace and quiet will reign a little while.

If Dick has to go back to the studio for night work, you might as well give up and go for a walk. Because at midnight he'll return, probably with half the mechanics on the lot

accompanying him. And such a frying of eggs and warming of gravy you never heard.

The afternoons Dick isn't working, he'll head for the polo field behind the studio and, astride one of two ponies he recently bought, he'll play like mad until three o'clock. Then, he'll race for a "sandwich," which, to him, consists of slices of cold ham, salad, vegetables, milk and dessert. It's always a "sandwich" to Dick.

By the way, don't count on Dick getting you into pictures. That is, if you aren't already in. Because if you're in, you'll get out. He isn't going to have his wife working in pictures, he says. All right, laugh. You can't high pressure Dick. Executives have tried that, and know differently. He's not easy, sweetly sentimental, wishy-washy, that boy.

That definite something Dick puts over on the screen is a real part of him. It's evidenced in his strong, enormous hands. The set of his jaw when the smile has vanished. The glint of his eye when the twinkle has faded.

**D**ICK will be boss. And you'll like it. Along with Arkansas sorghum.

We watched Dick and Mary Brian at a Hollywood movie the other night. All the center seats were taken.

"So sorry, Mr. Powell," the usher fawned, "but I'm sure I can get you center seats in a minute."

"What the matter with those unoccupied seats on the side?" Dick asked.

"Oh, they wouldn't be good," Mary said. "We'll wait for center seats."

"We'll take those on the side. They're good enough for other people," Dick said. They sat on the side.

And imagine your distress if you were hoity-toity in the drawing-room, with some other hoity-toityers, and the telephone man came to repair the phone. He wouldn't get to fix it. Dick would have out his pliers, his screwdrivers, his monkey-wrenches, his overalls on, and not only fix the phone, but give a lesson in telephone repairing that would be a classic. To top it off, he would ruin you utterly by announcing with a grin, "I used to be the best telephone repairman in Little Rock, Arkansas."

Could you take it girls? Could you?

Oh yes, and about funny looking mutt dogs with big heads and no tails worth speaking of. How are you on those? Dick has a habit of gathering up all the odd-looking stray purps in the neighborhood. Let the fleas leap where they may.

**T**HEN, just about the time you decide to have a nice quiet day, Ellis will decide to take inventory, as he calls it. Dick's ties, socks, suits and whatnots will be strewn over practically all of Toluca Lake while Ellis takes inventory. And try to stop him.

Another thing about Dick:

"I want to get away," he says. "Out of town. Out on a ranch somewhere. And build myself a regular ranch home with a kitchen eighteen by thirty feet, with a dining-table right in the middle, so I can make pancakes and flip 'em over to the table. Or really cook and serve a meal right there. And no going to town every day or every week. I'd live at that ranch. And when work didn't call, I'd stay there."

And sister, if you were married to Dick Powell, so would you. And no going to town, remember.

So how about it? You know now at least a little of what life with Dick Powell would be like.

Do you think you could take it?

Yea, so could I. A lifetime of it.



## A Broken Heart In Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38 ]

by the roadside and Julia knew—at last—she was in California, that the full realization of what she had done came over her. There would be no one to greet her when she arrived in Los Angeles.

No one to clasp her hand and say, "Welcome, Julia." No one to cheer her up if she were disheartened.

When the bus finally arrived, she watched her traveling companions being greeted by friends.

Julia quickly stole across the street to a small hotel.

She was in Los Angeles, she kept whispering to herself, and soon would be in her dream city—Hollywood. And in just a few days would be a part of that fascinating world of motion pictures. There was no doubt of that in her heart.

NEXT morning, a street car bearing the sign HOLLYWOOD. BOULEVARD caught her eye and, with her heart beating wildly, she climbed aboard. She knew, by her careful reading of magazines, that both Columbia and RKO-Radio studios were on Gower Street in Hollywood. So, some thirty minutes later, she alighted at Gower Street and began her walk to the studios.

For more than a mile she trudged. Past Columbia with its forbidding sign of NO CASTING TODAY, past the rickety little row of independent studios glimpsed along Sunset Boulevard. The blocks stretched out in an endless glare of pavement in the morning sunshine.

At last she reached another studio, and pausing to powder her nose and pull out a hidden curl beneath her hat, she entered the casting office of RKO.

"Nothing doing," the assistant said, looking through and beyond her without even seeing her.

"Could you arrange an interview for me with the casting director?" she begged.

"Come back in a few days," she was told.

She began the long walk back, her spirits a bit dampened. At Sunset Boulevard she decided to take a bus back to the city. Just as she was about to step aboard one, a hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Just a minute," said a voice.

JULIA whirled and confronted a middle-aged man.

"Interested in pictures?" he asked.

"Y-yes, why yes," Julia answered.

"Guessed right, didn't I?" he grinned.

"Well, you look like a bet to me, sister. Come on, got a job for you. I'm over here with the ——— production company," and he named a company of which Julia had never heard.

Reluctant and yet fearful of missing even a small opportunity, she followed him through a dingy office, across a cluttered movie lot to an outer office. He wrote down her name and address and spoke of parts and salary and promised to call her.

"Ever see a prop room?" he asked on the way back across the lot. "Come on, I'll show you one."

"Oh, I've read a lot about prop rooms," Julia said, convinced now that everything was

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all right, as she followed him into a dingy room full of dusty objects. Suddenly the man turned and put his arms about her. She struggled in his grasp and finally succeeded in freeing herself. Through blinding tears she found her way back to the street and boarded a bus for her hotel room.

Her first day in Hollywood was over.

Days of tramping the rounds of the studios followed, with the same results. Her feet, with the long weary walks and the heat of the pavements, began to swell. It was necessary for her to buy new shoes. And then a blister developed which made walking a nightmare—yet she had to keep on. Didn't dare stay home a day with her money dwindling like snow in the sun.

"You don't look classy enough," a girl whom she'd met in a casting office frankly told her. "Get yourself some Hollywood clothes."

**D**READING to spend the money and yet afraid not to, Julia bought two new dresses and a new hat. Her stockings ran and tore in her endless walking. Once again she had to buy larger shoes. The blister was a nagging inferno, while lines of suffering, disappointment and loneliness were etched on her face. A face that had once had all the sweet freshness of a girl of nineteen.

Julia began to see she'd have to move to Hollywood in order to save time and money. The street-car fare each day would easily pay for her lunch. So, starting at one end of the boulevard, she visited every house and apartment that had a FOR RENT sign, and finally found a moderately priced room at a small hotel.

Days of the weary rounds followed, with the ever-rising fear in her heart to be stifled constantly as her money rapidly dwindled. Twice she'd written home for money, which had been sent with such willingness that she, knowing the unhappiness she must be causing her family, couldn't bring herself to ask for more.

Once, when she inquired for the casting office at one of the smaller, shabbier studios, a kindly gray-haired man had taken her by the arm and led her into his office. "Look here, young lady," he warned her, "don't you come around these places with that innocent face asking for casting offices. I'm amazed that you could lay yourself open to the vultures that prowl about these places. Now go. And don't ever come back."

Julia thanked him and fled.

She tried the famous Central Casting Offices of Hollywood and *they refused even to give her an application blank.*

"Please, please," she begged them.

"We can't take another application," they told her. "We have more people now than we'll ever need." And another door was closed to her.

**T**URNING from the casting office of Warners First National in Burbank, she came face to face with a young man who smiled at her kindly.

"Could you tell me if they have a music department here?" she asked him.

"Not open for casting," he told her. "Do you play or sing?"

"I sing," she said.

"Let me hear you."

Climbing into his yellow roadster parked across from the studio, Julia sang "The Man I Love." People drove by and, catching a note of music, would glance back and shrug, and drive on, unaware that a frightened young girl was singing her heart out.

"You sing well," he told her when she had finished. "I'm ———." He was a popular orchestra leader. "Here, take my card and these addresses. They may help you. You may even say you have sung with my orchestra."

She tried seeing the people he had suggested, but even his name failed to open doors to her.

Doors kept slamming in her face. Secretaries refused to let her by. There were too many well-known singers in Hollywood to bother with an amateur, they told her.

Frankie Bailey, famous old-time actress, stopping at the same hotel, took a kindly interest in her.

"If Central Casting Office and studio casting directors won't have you, why not try an agent?" she suggested, and gave her an agent's name and address.

He wasn't interested. He had too many promising clients to look after. She was unable to secure an agent in the entire town who was willing to gamble his time and efforts on her. Another door was firmly closed upon her.

And then a newspaper advertisement caught her eye. Girls wanted to sing in a chorus. Julia went immediately to the address and was met by a sleepy-eyed young man. "Sure, we need singers," he said. "I'll take you out to the director's house. Get in my car. Only, you buy the gas, sister," he warned her, "and —er—pay the expenses." The expenses, she discovered, consisted of *buying his lunch and advancing him money for his dinner.* This had to be paid before he consented to take her to the director.

"It'll cost you two dollars to enroll," they told her, "but you'll get it back when you start to work."

With trembling fingers she handed over the two dollars.

"I will get it back, won't I?" she asked them, unable to control the quivering of her chin. "You see, I need it so badly."

They promised. She never heard from them, of course. She returned to the address time and again, but found the place locked and deserted.

**J**ULIA GRAHAM had been in Hollywood exactly five weeks, when she found herself down to her last fifty cents. Desperately, she tried to find work of any kind. In drug-stores, cafés, shops, everywhere.

She begged and pleaded for a chance to wash dishes, do anything. Nothing open, she was told.

There were too many girls like Julia Graham after every little crumb of work that was available.

Trudging back to her room, her last hope gone, Julia, sheltered little girl from the little town down South, felt then the full meaning of the cruel, repellent coldness of the city; there was even a chill foreboding in the warmth of the sunshine. People in bright sports clothes went gaily by. The gay flowers on every corner mocked her. The voices of little children at play on the green lawns of the bright stucco houses sent tiny quivers of pain through her.

Almost blindly she wandered into a drug-store and ordered a drink. Two men eyed her from the other end of the counter. At last one arose and, walking over to her, said, "I don't want to seem rude, but my friend and I have been having an argument about you. Will you help us?"

With weary eyes, Julia just looked at him. "He says you're seventeen and I say eighteen. Now, which is right?"



"I'm nineteen," she told him in a dull, tired voice.

"Looking for a job?"

She merely nodded.

"Well say, that's fine. I need a cashier for my café. Come around tonight and see how you like the place."

He handed her his card.

SHE found the place that night. A gay spot with music and dancing. Her acquaintance of the afternoon came up to greet her. An orchestra was strumming out familiar melodies.

"Disappointed in my singer," said the acquaintance. "She didn't show up. By any chance, do you sing?"

A tiny ray of hope stirred in Julia's heart.

"I—why, a little," she said. "But right now—"

Before she scarcely knew what was happening, she was standing in the middle of a dance floor. It all seemed like some strange, fantastic dream. Strange faces were peering at her. Strange eyes looking through her. With an effort she fought back wild sobs. The orchestra was playing the prelude again. She caught the melody and began. The number was "You Ought To Be In Pictures." She sang it through to the end and as the applause died down, the manager approached her.

"That was swell, baby. You were great."

"Do I get the job as cashier?" she asked him.

"Sure thing, honey. And er—the cottage just behind my office goes with it, too."

"Do I—must I live in the cottage?" she asked.

He looked at her a full minute.

"Yes," he said, "you live there."

"Could I—I mean, would you advance me two dollars, please?" she asked him.

HE hesitated a moment. "I need some things," she explained.

"Okay. Here's the two dollars. See you tomorrow night."

She left the place and caught a bus to the boulevard. She was quite calm now. The fear was gone. The pain in her heart was stilled. She knew what she was going to do now.

She stopped at the nearest drug-store and bought a box of sleeping tablets and a bottle of liquid sleeping potion. She walked down Hollywood Boulevard with the packages clutched in her hand. The lights twinkled and gleamed. Gary Cooper drove by in his car. She didn't care. She knew only one thing.

Alone in her room she wrote her mother. "Goodbye, darling. I hate to do this, but I hate life and I want to end it. I can't come home now and face you and my friends again. You understand, mother dear. Goodbye, Julia."

She undressed, turned out the lights, and hung on the outside of her door the sign DO NOT DISTURB.

They found her next afternoon at four o'clock.

The ambulance clanged and sirens shrieked, bearing her unconscious form to the nearest hospital.

"She hasn't a chance," the doctors said. But they kept right on working.

From Wednesday until Sunday she lay unconscious.

On Sunday evening, she opened her eyes. Some friends who knew her back in her home town had read of Julia's tragedy in the papers and were there beside her.

"Julia," they cried out to her, "get well."

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Please do." And they held up a letter for her to see.

"Read it," she whispered.

It was from Earl Carroll, the famous theatrical producer making a picture in Hollywood.

"Get well, Julia," he wrote. "If you are so anxious for this kind of work, you shall have it. See me as soon as you are better."

The next day he came to see her.

Today Julia is an extra on the Paramount

lot, and, what's more, she is signed for stock. But what a terrible price to pay for a job, only Julia can tell. Day after day she sits patiently on the Gracie Allen set, calm and quiet, with a look in her eyes that will never be erased.

And Julia doesn't complain at the weary waits and long hours.

You see, Julia knows what it means to have a job—in Hollywood.

## Napoleon's Ghost Walks Out on Warners

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

not entirely discouraged. Suddenly, they got an idea that there was a marked resemblance between the Emperor and Ernst Lubitsch, and bigger and better conferences were called.

Everybody agreed that Lubitsch would make a perfect Napoleon, and the meetings became almost merry.

A letter was drafted to Lubitsch, a contract was drawn up, and everyone congratulated everyone else, when a wee, small voice in the back of the room asked a question that stunned the gathering.

"What director in Hollywood could you get to direct Lubitsch, and what director in Hollywood could you get from whom Lubitsch would take direction?"

**SCORE** two for Napoleon, who never in his long career, with the exception of Waterloo, took an order from anyone.

Then the name of Charlie Chaplin entered the collective Warner consciousness. It is an open secret that the Little Emperor of Comedy has always wanted to play the Little Emperor of the World.

"Hooray!" everybody shouted. "Chaplin's just the person to play it. We'll get him."

And they did—in conference.

Certainly Chaplin wanted to play Napoleon. He had always wanted to. Now was as good a time as any.

He was permeated with the Napoleonic traditions and characteristics, and nothing—not even his own previous plans—could stand in the way of Art.

But—the terms?

A sudden tenseness gripped the conference room—and Charlie named his terms. Warners fell in a dead faint, and Art tiptoed softly out of the room, sighing dollar-ously.

The studio finally came to, and is now trying to figure out whether it would be profitable in the long run, what with the high value of publicity, to pay Chaplin what he asked and lose money on the picture, but gain a great deal in prestige. The final decision is still being bandied back and forth.

In the meantime, Richard Barthelmess is prowling disconsolately around his own home lot, biting his finger-nails and "completely burned up," according to a friend, because he has been utterly overlooked in the mad scramble for a celluloid Napoleon. Barthelmess has always ached and plotted and prayed to play this rôle.

Poor Napoleon! Biting his nails in forgotten exile!

We shall now proceed to the Joséphines. There are only two, Napoleon having taken up so much of the atmosphere.

Gloria Swanson was asked to play the rôle of Joséphine, but she refused on the grounds that the part was too small. Perhaps Miss Swanson is ignorant of the fact that only

recently a great deal more information has been unearthed about Joséphine. The First Empress of the French people has always been pictured to the world as more of a saint and a martyr than a woman, the fault of her grandson, Napoleon III, who adored her and wished the world to worship her memory.

Joséphine was really a most colorful, vivid and electric personality, unbelievably extravagant and sentimental. She spent thousands for gowns that she never wore; millions for jewels that she mislaid, and an incalculable amount on her park at Malmaison, which she cluttered up with priceless works of art and animals of all kinds, including dogs, kangaroos, deer, gazelles, a chamois, monkeys, sheep, and birds of all kinds. Moreover, she was a most remarkable and intriguing person.

Kay Francis is the other woman who was approached with the part. She also refused it.

Emil Ludwig was brought out here at great expense to write the story for the screen. He worked furiously, and turned out a script that was undoubtedly a literary masterpiece but was just a case of indigestion to the screen, accustomed as it is, to plain fare.

In a fine Ludwiggian huff he departed our shores, completing the general bewilderment.

And Hollywood is remembering Napoleon's classic remark:

"Rousseau made the Revolution. The Revolution made me. It might have been better for the world if neither of us had been born." The Warners may be inclined to agree.

Napoleon has cost Hollywood plenty, in money, shattered nerves, disappointments and heartaches. His career in Europe cost more than two millions of lives, and it cost Great Britain about four billion dollars to remove him to Elba. It cost that country millions more, "besides a hideous shock to the nervous system of nations," as Lord Rosebery says, to return him to France.

**JUST** what his activities cost Europe as a whole will probably never be calculated, but it was an enormous sum.

Warner Brothers' studio is curiously dumb (and numb) about its future plans for Napoleon.

The Little Emperor, so far, has licked them in every skirmish.

The latest word to come from the fortress is that the film has been "indefinitely" shelved. But, apparently, none of the candidates for the rôles has been informed of this fact.

Robinson is still reading and waiting, nobody having the courage to enlighten him; Barthelmess is still waiting and hoping; Chaplin is still waiting. And Lubitsch is still blissfully unconscious of the whole affair.

Ah, Napoleon! Hollywood has its Waterloo, too.



# VOTE NOW

*For The Best Picture Of 1933*

**P**HOTOPLAY Gold Medal balloting is on! The votes are coming thick and fast. If you have not already sent yours, do it without further delay.

We want every member of the great motion picture public to take part in selecting the production to be added to the PHOTOPLAY Honor Roll this year.

For your convenience, we have listed fifty outstanding pictures of 1933. But you are not limited to these. Any film released up to December 31st is eligible. Pictures reviewed in either our January or February 1934 issue are qualified.

There are no rules to follow, no limitations. In making your selection, simply consider acting ability of the players, the story, the photography, the direction and the spirit behind the making of the film.

The medal, donated by PHOTOPLAY, is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

This annual award is the highest honor in the movie world—the Nobel prize of the

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On the contents page of this issue you will find a list of previous winners. Make your nomination worthy of stepping into the ranks of these memorable screen dramas.

We believe that PHOTOPLAY readers have come to deem voting for the best picture of the year a special privilege, a sort of duty. But don't misunderstand. It is not necessary that you be a regular reader of the magazine. We want everyone interested in the betterment of motion pictures to take part in awarding this prize of prizes—to spur the producers on to even greater things for the coming year.

By signing the coupon below, or sending a letter naming your choice, you will be performing a real service for the industry that gives us all many pleasant hours.

Counting of the votes is a tremendous task, and we should appreciate having all coupons as soon as possible. So that you will not miss out on the chance to voice your opinion, send your ballot right now.

**The polls close June 1st, 1934.**

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Cavalcade  
College Humor  
Counsello-at-Law  
Dancing Lady  
Dinner at Eight  
Double Harness  
Farewell to Arms, A  
Footlight Parade  
42nd Street  
Gabriel Over the White  
House  
Gold Diggers of 1933

Hold Your Man  
I'm No Angel  
King Kong  
Lady for a Day  
Little Women  
Mama Loves Papa  
Masquerader, The  
Morning Glory, The  
Night Flight  
One Man's Journey  
Only Yesterday  
Paddy, the Next Best Thing  
Peg o' My Heart  
Picture Snatcher  
Pilgrimage  
Power and the Glory, The  
Private Life of Henry VIII, The  
The

Prizefighter and the Lady,  
The  
Reunion in Vienna  
Roman Scandals  
She Done Him Wrong  
Sign of the Cross  
State Fair  
Sweepings  
This Day and Age  
Today We Live  
Too Much Harmony  
Topaze  
Tugboat Annie  
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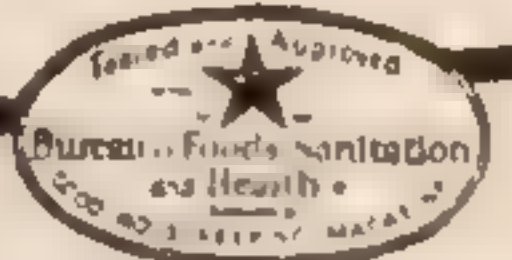
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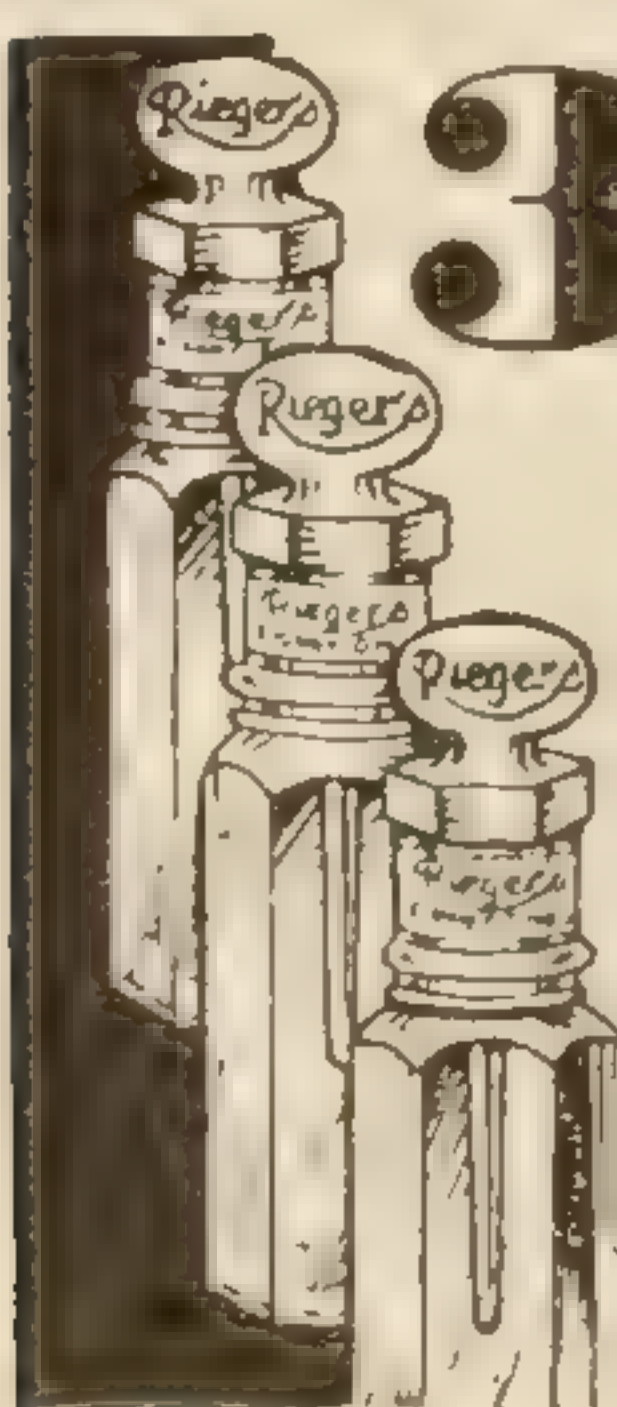
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## Her Face Was Her Misfortune

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

myself and see if I had anything at all besides a face.

"It will probably keep me from getting a swelled head as long as I live."

At that time Edward Everett Horton was starring in some plays in Los Angeles with Florence Eldridge, Mrs. Fredric March. Mary took a part in "Among the Married." She'll never forget it.

"I COULDN'T believe my ears when I heard Eddie and Florence telling me, right to my face, that I was an impossibly bad actress. They spared no feelings but proceeded to light right in.

"They even convinced me that I was a *rotten* actress!

"I was 'too beautiful,' they said, conscious of it, and too untutored in stagecraft for words.

"Eddie set about to remedy that.

"He is a master at reading lines. I learned more in those six weeks than I had in eight years in pictures. Of course, neither Eddie nor I could do much about being 'too beautiful,' but I did manage to concentrate on something else.

"For the first time in my life, instead of

'Mary Astor makes a beautiful heroine,' I read in the reviews, 'Mary Astor handles her part well.' What a difference—and what a thrill!"

But coming back wasn't an easy matter of simply learning to read lines.

Tragedy saw to that.

During the last week of her stage play, Kenneth Hawks, Mary's director-husband, whom she had married late in her silent movie career, was killed in an airplane crash while filming a picture.

Mary collapsed with a nervous breakdown.

Her confidence, badly weakened by her professional disaster, and built up again slightly by her stage experience, was annihilated. Some weeks later, she tried to stage a comeback in two pictures. She finished the parts, but her condition was such that her performances hurt her rather than helped her to come back.

MONTHS passed again, months of idleness and bewilderment, before Mary Astor had her first chance for a blow at the beauty jinx.

It came in "Holiday," in which, as the misunderstanding *Julia*, she played her first part not based on her pretty face, the first



A movie bright light looks over some other luminaries. George Raft watched the unloading of huge studio lights while on location in the San Fernando Valley, during the filming of "The Trumpet Blows"



part in her life requiring more than mere beauty. Edward Everett Horton suggested her for the part.

"Too beautiful," demurred the executives. "This girl has to do something."

Eddie finally persuaded them that Mary Astor could "do something."

But "Holiday," great and popular picture that it was, was the first big screen moment for Ann Harding, and Mary Astor, doing her first bit of real acting, was lost in the shuffle of Harding raves.

So for more months she just managed to keep on the screen, cast here and there in random parts, mostly small parts. No one wanted to take her seriously, she was too notoriously beautiful.

Not too beautiful, however, for Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, the Hollywood physician who married her, and remains her husband and the father of Mary's little daughter, Marylyn Thorpe.

MARY ASTOR scoffs at the idea that tragedy, marriage and motherhood have helped make her an actress.

"It's a lot of nonsense," she thinks. "I've just grown up, that's all."

For what is "growing up," but maturing? And maturity comes from encountering just the sort of vital things which life presents. Mary Astor is only twenty-eight today (really twenty-eight).

At any rate, her comeback since the baby has revealed a very different person with very different and enlarged capabilities.

The joy of her success has been dimmed by the non-support suit filed by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto L. Langanke.

Mary, who has maintained that she supported her parents ever since she entered motion pictures, and will continue to do so, maintains that up to three years ago she had earned approximately \$500,000. This sum is alleged to have been swept away by her father's "wild-cat investments" and by both her mother's and father's extravagant mode of living. Mr. and Mrs. Langanke live in a \$200,000 mansion at Hollywood.

The mansion, according to Mary, cost ten times as much as the Toluca Lake house in which she and Dr. Thorpe reside with their twenty-two-months-old daughter.

However, the suit did not halt Mary Astor in combatting her "beauty" label.

SINCE her rôle in "Red Dust," when she forgot about being a beauty to play a silly, romance-crazed woman, up to "The World Changes" (the tests for which won her her Warners' comeback contract), where she definitely disguised the flawless features to play the insane wife, she has done everything to discourage a purely beauty appeal. And she has cast her lot with her new-found, newly developed dramatic talent.

It's a versatile talent, too, as her comedy hit in "Convention City" and her portrayal of the light-headed sophisticate in "Easy to Love" have proved beyond a doubt.

Mary Astor is still beautiful. Perhaps she is even more beautiful than she ever was. But it isn't the same kind of bare, empty, immobile beauty, which has "jinxed" her for all these years.

It's a new beauty, dimensioned by the depth of life, experience, discouragement and a long struggle back.

A beauty highlighted with ambition and finished talent.

And that kind of beauty is never "too beautiful" for Hollywood to take.

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# The Fan Club Corner

SO many letters have been pouring in upon the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, asking for information about organizing clubs eligible to membership in the Association, that this explanation of the various types of clubs is given:

The two most popular types of fan clubs belonging to the Association are: (1) Clubs organized to sponsor a particular star, and (2) Clubs which do not sponsor individual stars but embrace all of them in general, their work in films, the kind of films being shown in theaters, and the movie industry in general.

The first type of club is organized by persons particularly interested in the work and ambition of one favorite star. Personal permission from the star must be obtained by the organizers of such a club before it is started. Many such clubs are already organized and are members of the Association.

The second type of club is much easier organized. It may be directed along lines embracing all movie matters in general. It offers many topics for discussion and is the ideal type of club where it is possible to hold regular get-together sessions. Many such organizations are limited to local memberships, others welcome corresponding members from other parts of the country.

Both of the above types of clubs are eligible to membership in the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs. Further information regarding joining or organizing a club can be obtained by writing the Association's office, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THERE are now five branches of the "James M. Fidler Fan Club." They are located in Chicago, Denver, Omaha, Vineland, N. J., and Springfield, Mo. Mr. Fidler, honorary president, says in a letter to the Association: "I wish I might tell you of the enthusiasm and loyalty of the hundreds of members. One year ago, I was of the opinion that the world was filled with rather selfish human beings. The loyalty, faith and good fellowship of the fans have brought me a new vision of humanity."

The Barbara Stanwyck Buddies of Chicago, recently celebrated the second anniversary of their club with a tea. A good turn-out can always be counted upon from members of this wide-awake club. Bonnie Bergstrom, 6805 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, is president.

Jacqueline Lee, 53 Park Boulevard, Malverne, N. Y., president of the Buddy Rogers Club, sent in a copy of the new, improved club news bulletin, "The Rogers Review." It is fine! Congratulations.

James J. Earle, president of The Screen Guild Club, writes that their membership is growing rapidly since joining the Association. All interested fans are invited to write him at 104 W. River, Elyria, Ohio.

Hans Faxdahl, 1947 Broadway, New York City, president of the Norma Shearer Club, writes that the next number of their club news will be dedicated to an honorary member of their club, Dolores Del Rio.

Helen Moltz, Route 3, Sheboygan, Wis., announces that the Joel McCrea Fan Club, of which she is president, has two new honorary members. They are Ruth Etting and Charley Agnew.

Lew Ayres fans are invited to write to Miss Helen Raether, 311 S. Mingo Street,

Albion, Mich., for more information on this club.

Donato R. Cedrone, president of the Tom Brown Fan Club, writes that his club is planning a new, up-to-the-minute list of members, and wants interested fans to communicate with him at 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

MANY clubs have made inquiries about the National Convention of Fan Clubs to be held in Chicago again this year. Here is good news for all those club members who have been anxiously awaiting the event. The 1934 convention, sponsored by the Movie Club Guild, an organization composed of Chicago members of nine different fan clubs, members of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, will be held August 11-12-13. Since the Century of Progress for 1934 will be another attraction in Chicago at that time for fan club members, a great turn-out is expected.

Miss Lenore Heidorn, 5737 S. Artesian St., Chicago, president of the Billie Dove Fan Club, is secretary of the Guild, in charge. Club executives may write her for further information. More details regarding this convention will also appear in our "Fan Club Corner." The Guild has recently brought out the first issue of their new club bulletin. It is called "The Audience." It is attractively illustrated with photographs of various stars sponsored and club officers and members.



**Helen Moltz, Sheboygan, Wis., president of the Joel McCrea Fan Club, meets McCrea on the lot in Hollywood**

Anna Glance, president of the Jackie Cooper Fan Club, 7953 Merrill Ave., Chicago, advises that their club now has a western representative. The new official is Budd Bankson, 3414 Milton, Spokane, Wash. Those interested in the Jackie Cooper Club are invited to write either Miss Glance or Mr. Bankson.

Blanche Inscho, 214 Clinton Street, Findlay, Ohio, is president of the Elissa Landi Fan Club. Write her for information about this club.



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

**NO FUNNY BUSINESS**—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (May)

**NO GREATER GLORY**—Columbia.—George Breakston heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (May)

**NO MORE WOMEN**—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blane, owner of a salvage ship. (April)

**OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT**—Fox.—El Brendel is not only a janitor, but a matchmaker and a caretaker for an intoxicated bridegroom. Plenty of laughs. Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. (Jan.)

**ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN**—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skilfully directed. (April)

★ **ONLY YESTERDAY**—Universal.—It's a hit for Margaret Sullivan in the rôle of a girl who kept the secret of her unwise love from her lover, John Boles, for many years. Splendid direction. (Jan.)

**ORIENT EXPRESS**—Fox.—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several other passengers while traveling on the Continental Express. Fair. (March)

**PALOOKA**—Reliance-United Artists.—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter, Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (March)

**PICTURE BRIDES**—Allied.—Scarlet sisters, diamond miners, and not much else. (Dec.)

**POLICE CAR 17**—Columbia.—Tim McCoy, in a radio squad car, chases a crook, and winds up in marriage with Evalyn Knapp, daughter of the police lieutenant. Just so-so. (Jan.)

**POOR RICH, THE**—Universal.—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their wealth, arrive. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (March)

**POPPIN' THE CORK**—Fox-Educational.—Milton Berle in a three reeler with the "repeal" angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles (March)

★ **PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE**—London Film-United Artists.—Charles Laughton superb and also gorgeously funny as the royal Bluebeard; photography is inspired. (Dec.)

★ **PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE**—M-G-M.—With Myrna Loy to make love to, and Carnera to fight, Max Baer is the hero of one of the best ring pictures yet made. He'll challenge any lady-killer now. (Jan.)

**QUATORZE JUILLET ("JULY 14")**—Protex Pictures.—A taxi driver and a girl enjoy the French national holiday together. The comedy can be better appreciated by those who know French. Fair. (Jan.)

★ **QUEEN CHRISTINA**—M-G-M.—As Sweden's *Queen Christina*, Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in his screen comeback. Splendid support by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, Jan Keith, and Reginald Owen. (March)

**REGISTERED NURSE**—Warners.—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Bebe Daniels the object of Lyle Talbot's and John Halliday's admiration. Interesting plot details. (May)

★ **RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marries playboy Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (Feb.)

★ **RIPTIDE**—M-G-M.—Tense drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (May)

★ **ROMAN SCANDALS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Quite different from the ordinary musical. With Eddie Cantor and a bevy of beauties; Ruth Etting of radio fame; some lavish dance ensembles, and a chariot race that's thrilling to the finish. (Feb.)

**SAGEBRUSH TRAIL**—Monogram.—An average Western with the usual bad hombres and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (March)

**SATURDAY'S MILLIONS**—Universal.—Football hero Robert Young thinks the game a racket, but finds it isn't. Bright and fast. (Dec.)

**SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE**—Paramount.—The result of Paramount's world-wide beauty contest. Featuring Ida Lupino, Buster Crabbe, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Amusing. (March)

**SHADOWS OF SING SING**—Columbia.—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell's setting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brian's gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (May)

**SHE MADE HER BED**—Paramount.—A gay merry-go-round of events—a tiger loose, a big fire, and baby Richard Arlen, Jr. in the ice-box—create an exciting finis. Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)

**SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under title "The Vinegar Tree.")—Mary Carlisle won't listen to reason when her parents, Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore, try to keep her from marrying suave Conway Tearle. Amusing. (Jan.)

**SHOW-OFF, THE**—M-G-M.—Spencer Tracy handles rôle as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good support. Amusing. (May)

**SING AND LIKE IT**—RKO-Radio.—A devastating mirthquake. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit to distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Pert Kelton. Ned Sparks. (May)

**SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE**—Majestic Pictures.—The tragic story of a girl (Zita Johann) who dies in the electric chair to save her lover. Alan Dinehart, Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan. Very depressing. (March)

**SITTING PRETTY**—Paramount.—Five popular songs do much for this musical. Song writers Jack Oakie and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers as they hitch-hike to Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Fan dance finale at end, effective. (Feb.)

★ **SIX OF A KIND**—Paramount.—This is a howl. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—ace comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (April)

**SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP**—Monogram.—Against the villainous opposition of George Rigas, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (April)

**SLEEPERS EAST**—Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

**SMOKY**—Fox.—The life story of Will James' wild colt, "Smoky," from colthood to "old age." Victor Jory turns in a good performance as broncbuster. (Feb.)

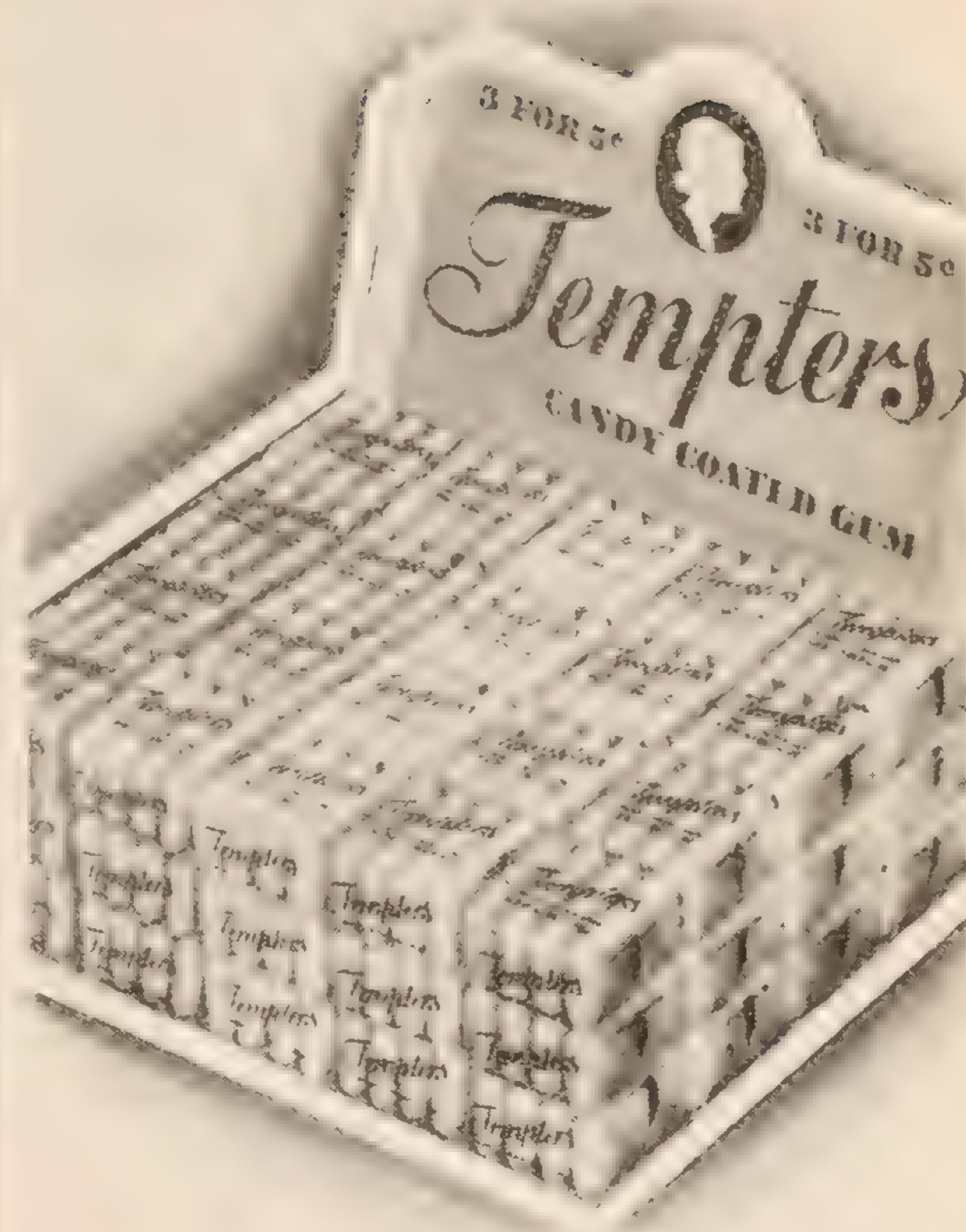
**SON OF A SAILOR**—First National.—Joe E. Brown has a weakness for gold braid and pretty girls including Thelma Todd. Good, clean fun. (Jan.)

**SON OF KONG, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot *King Kong* much more friendly than was his father. Fine photography. (March)

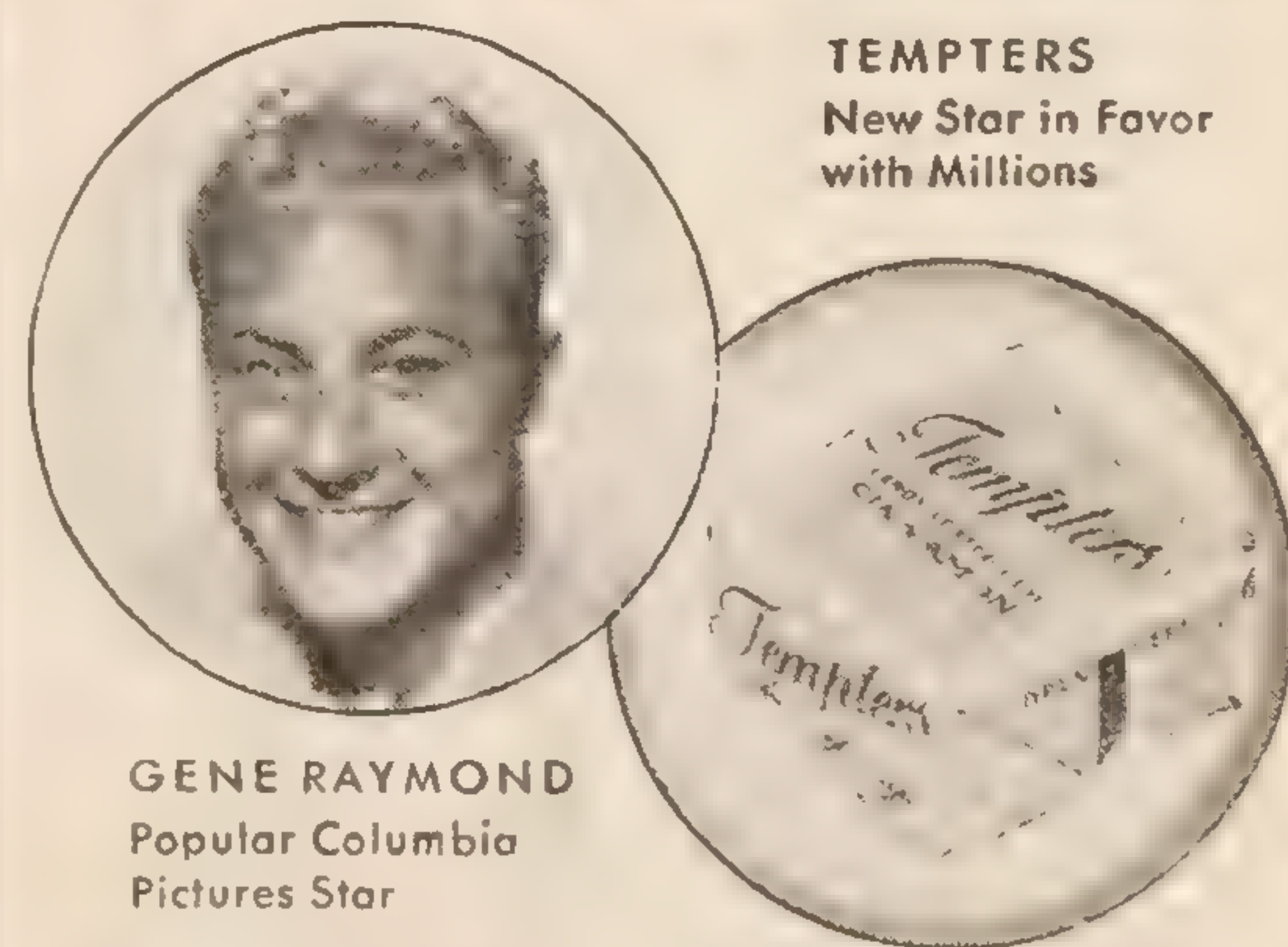
**SONS OF THE DESERT**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Lodge members Laurel and Hardy have a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch so they may attend the annual convention. And they do. See this. (March)

**S. O. S. ICEBERG**—Universal.—Thrilling and chilling adventure adrift on an iceberg; marvelous rescue flying. (Dec.)

**SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR**—Universal.—Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson are rounded up as murder suspects. When things look darkest, Wynne saves the day. Too mystifying to be easily followed. (Jan.)



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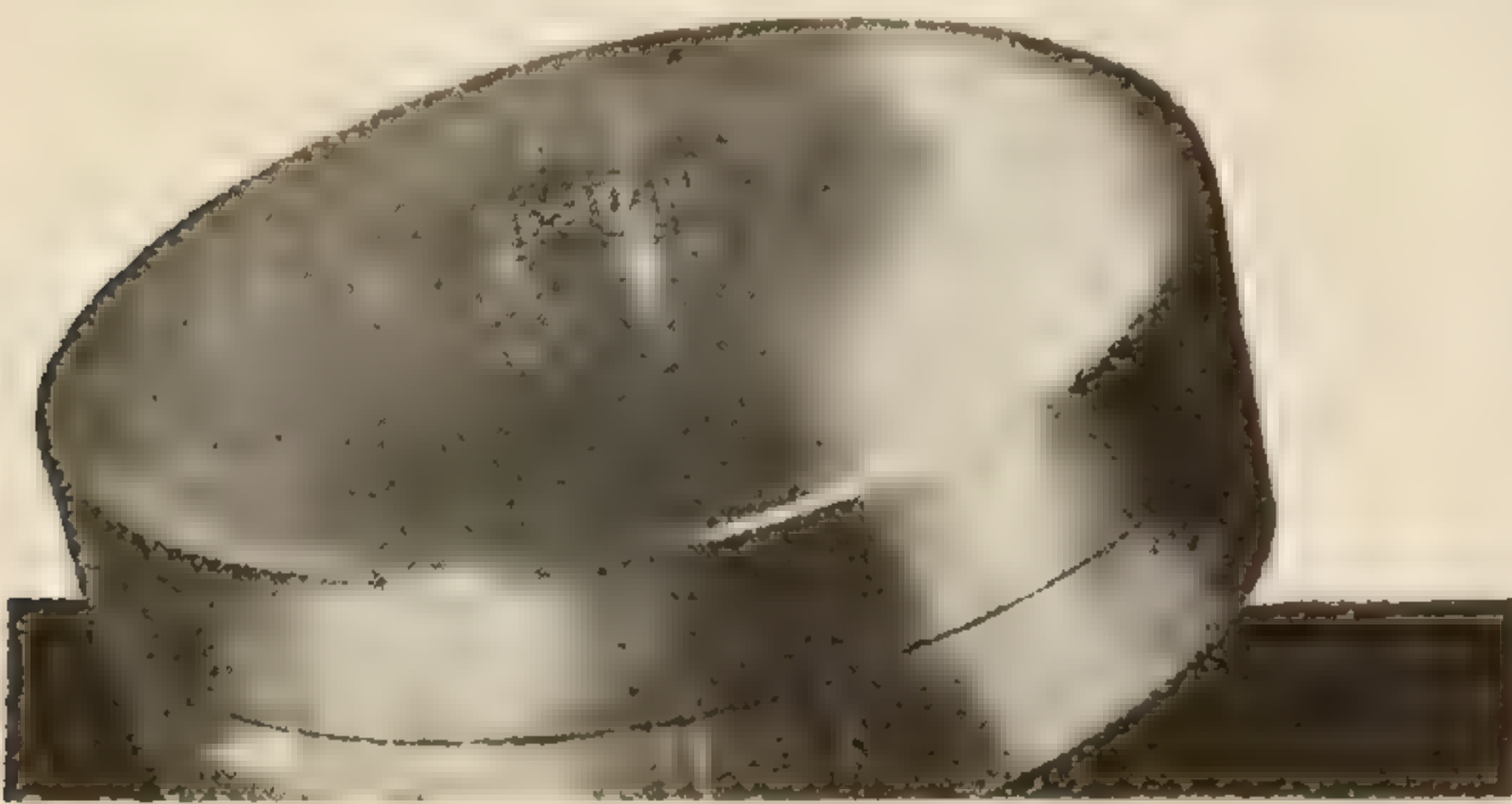
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**SPEED WINGS**—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evalyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

★ **SPITFIRE**—RKO-Radio.—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katharine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

**STAGE MOTHER**—M-G-M.—Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan in an "ambitious mother and suppressed daughter" tale; Alice Brady's great work keeps it from being boring. (Dec.)

**STRAIGHTAWAY** — Columbia. — Lively moments for auto racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (April)

**STRAWBERRY ROAN**—Universal.—Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, humans weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (Dec.)

**SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE**—RKO-Radio.—Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia Westman, film just doesn't click. (May)

**SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE**—Monogram.—Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (Dec.)

**TAKE A CHANCE** — Paramount. — Tent-show crooks James Dunn and Cliff Edwards try to build up June Knight for Broadway. Lilian Bond and Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers. (Jan.)

**TAKE THE STAND**—Liberty.—Columnist Jack LaRue is murdered while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (May)

★ **THIS MAN IS MINE** — RKO-Radio. — Society comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue. Kay Johnson deserves honors. (May)

**THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN**—M-G-M.—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the Turner family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (April)

**THUNDERING HERD, THE**—Paramount.—A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (Feb.)

**TILLIE AND GUS**—Paramount.—Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (Dec.)

**TO THE LAST MAN**—Paramount.—Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston, as representatives of feuding ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (Dec.)

**TWO ALONE**—RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (March)

★ **VIVA VILLA!**—M-G-M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, Mexico's barbarous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Walthall. (April)

**WALLS OF GOLD**—Fox.—Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (Dec.)

**WALTZ TIME** — Gaumont-British. — Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (Dec.)

**WAY TO LOVE, THE**—Paramount.—Maurice Chevalier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself sheltering gypsy Ann Dvorak in his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (Dec.)

**WHARF ANGEL** — Paramount. — Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster and finally making noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (May)

**WHEELS OF DESTINY**—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainstorm, to say nothing of Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (March)



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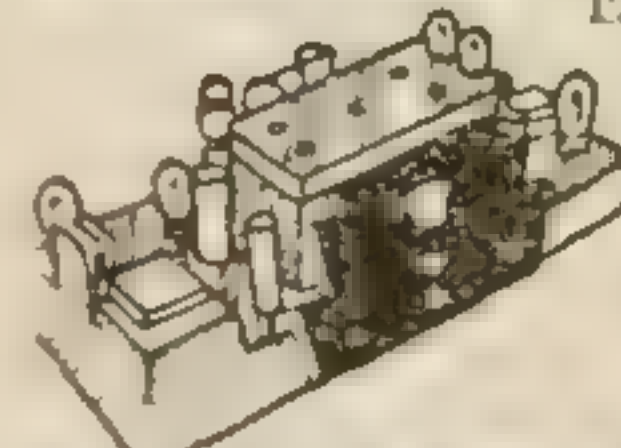
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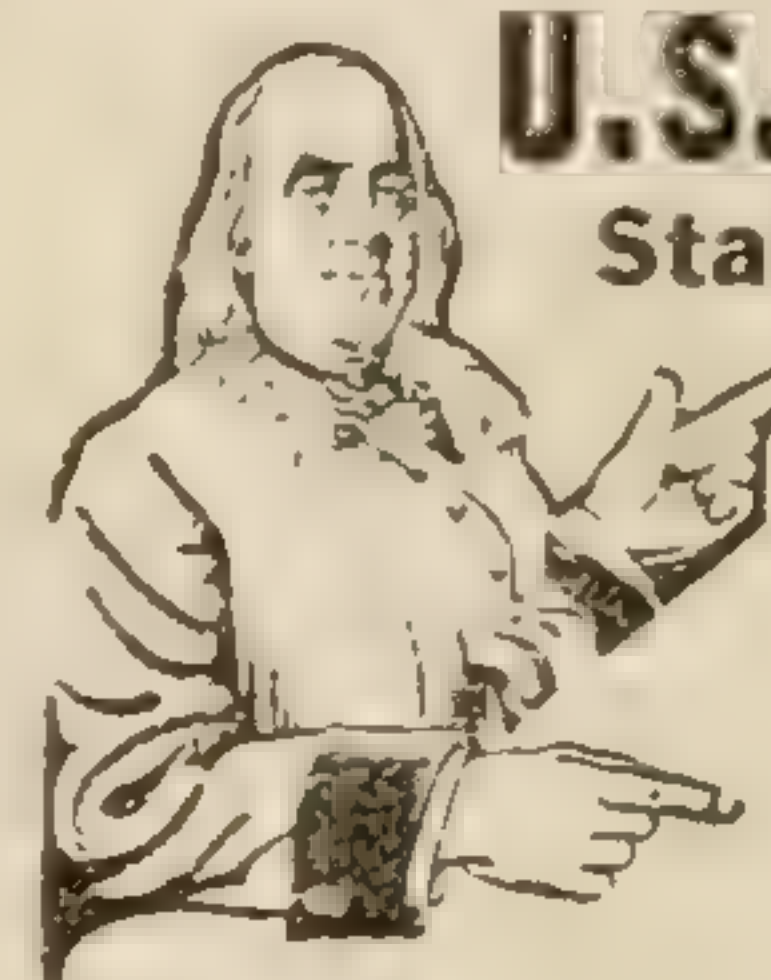
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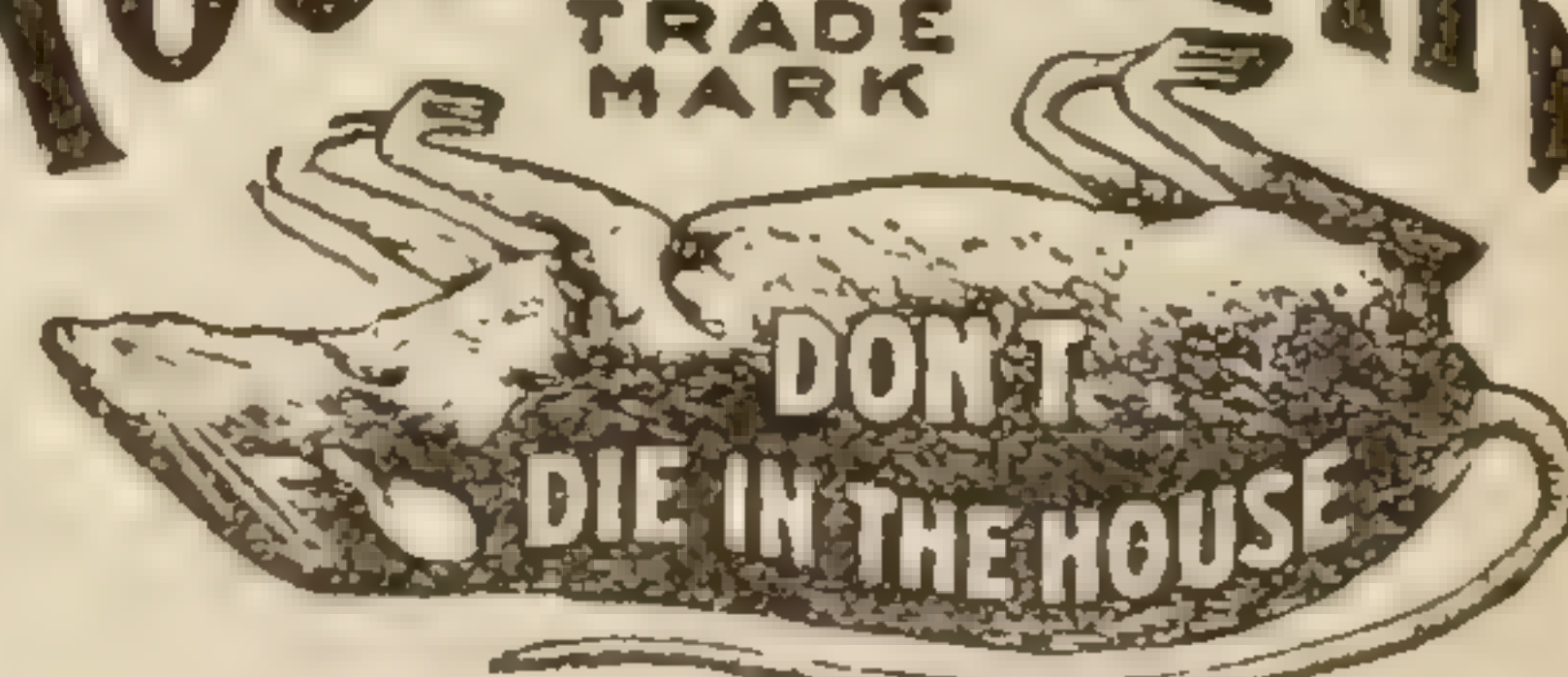
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**WHITE WOMAN**—Paramount.—Charles Laugh-ton, ruler of African jungle kingdom, discovers that Carole Lombard, cast-off, whom he is sheltering, has fallen in love with Kent Taylor. And what blood-curdling horror follows! (Jan.)

**WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD**—First National.—A well-done story of youngsters who turned hoboes during the depression. (Dec.)

**WINE, WOMEN AND SONG**—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marjorie Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lilyan Tashman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (Feb.)

**WOMAN'S MAN, A**—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marguerite De La Motte causes prize-fighter Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (March)

**WOMAN UNAFRAID**—Goldsmith Prod.—Sufficient suspense in this tale of female detective Lucille Gleason, who defies perils of gangdom. Lona Andre, "Skeets" Gallagher. (April)

**WOMAN WHO DARED, THE**—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owsley, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (Feb.)

**WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE**—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds himself in the odd position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Merkel, Roscoe Karns provide comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (Feb.)

★ **WONDER BAR**—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Café. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (April)

★ **WORLD CHANGES, THE**—First National.—Paul Muni splendid in the life story of a Dakota farm boy who amasses a fortune in the meat packing industry, but is ruined by greedy snobbish relatives. (Dec.)

**WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?, THE**—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, Harvey Stephens, in a mild tale about a misunderstood woman. (Dec.)

**YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING**—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has devoted her life to pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (April)

**YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU**—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Taming of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (Feb.)

## The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures  
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

### A MODERN HERO—Warners

THIS slow-moving tale takes Richard Barthelmess from the circus to high finance. With exception of Jean Muir, mother of his son, William Janney, the women in his life all serve merely as stepping stones to success. Acting is quite awkward and jerky in spots. But, as Dick's circus-performer mother, Marjorie Rambeau is perfect.

### ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.

ELIZABETH BERGNER, star of the current "Catherine the Great," is presented in an intriguing, romantic, though not very pretentious film. Foreign made, but with English dialogue. As the innocent Russian girl fascinated, while studying in Paris, by the worldly-wise Percy Marmont, Elizabeth does a superb acting job. Photography fair.

### VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia

TIM McCOY is just too heroic and the bad men are the worst old meanies, in this melodramatic telephone-construction story. The independent company battles to survive against the big-shot chisellers. Thrills, suspense, chases and a fight in a cable-car over a chasm. Then, for good measure, the company president's pretty daughter is kidnapped!

### CITY LIMITS—Monogram

THIS little picture is highly entertaining even if the story is about the newshound (Ray Walker) who gets the inevitable scoop through a scrap between two big tape and traction men for control of a railroad. Frank Craven, James Burke and James Conlin as a trio of tramps are amusing. Sally Blane.

### CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield

IT'S a sad story, mates. Johnny Mack Brown, jilted by Claire Windsor, goes down and down until the soul within him dies at the bottom of a bottle. He sacrifices his chance to become

a famous surgeon in a post-mortem blaze of drama, and then the final tragedy overtakes him. Anita Louise fine; everything else fine five years ago.

### NO RANSOM—Liberty

ROBERT McWADE is a discouraged millionaire whose family doesn't appreciate him. So he pays gangster Jack LaRue to bump him off. But Jack reforms the family instead by kidnapping the old gent and letting the family worry a while. Leila Hyams is the daughter, Hedda Hopper the mother. Carl Miller, Phillips Holmes, Vince Barnett, Eddie Nugent, Christian Rub.

### MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram

A GAILY amusing light comedy, hindered somewhat by the antiquated plot of a wealthy girl (Dixie Lee) losing all her money and falling in love with her chauffeur (Robert Armstrong). Lively dialogue. A good cast includes Franklin Pangborn, Nydia Westman, Helen Flint, and Cecile Cunningham.

### HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod.

THE story of a girl (Greta Nissen) who agrees to marry for one year and then step out of her husband's (Weldon Heyburn) life for another woman. Dialogue and direction are so faulty as to cause merriment where none is intended. The entire cast, which includes James Kirkwood and Molly O'Day, fight gamely to make up for the film's grave faults.

### THE QUITTER—Chesterfield

PRETTY dull entertainment in this story of the Tilford family, publishers of a small-town newspaper. The film wends its way placidly on to conclusion—nothing gained, nothing lost. Title applies to the father (Charley Grapewin) afflicted with wanderlust. Mother Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell carry bravely on through the years.

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES"**—FOX.—From the story by Richard Aldington. Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Lenore Coffee. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Tony*, Hugh Williams; *Katha*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Margaret*, Mona Barrie; *Noggins*, Herbert Mundin; *Clarendon*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Filomena*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Annie*, Una O'Connor; *Walter*, Walter Byron; *Scropes*, Henry Stephenson; *Sir Charles*, David Torrence; *Allerton*, Matt Moore; *Mama*, Mathilde Comont.

**"ARIANE"**—PATHE-CINEMA PROD.—From the novel by Claude Anet. Directed by Dr. Paul Czinner. The cast: *Ariane*, Elizabeth Bergner; *Anthony*, Percy Marmont; *Ariane's Aunt*, Edna Vaughan; *Olga*, Ilsa Matheson; *The Baroness*, Diana Ross; *The Doctor*, Warwick Ward.

**"BORN TO BE BAD"**—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Ralph Graves. Continuity by Harrison Jacobs. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Letty Strong*, Loretta Young; *Malcolm Trevor*, Cary Grant; *Mickey*, Jackie Kelk; *Fuzzy*, Henry Travers; *Max Leiber*, Andrew Tombes; *Doctor Dropsy*, Howard Lang; *Adolph*, Harry Green; *Alyce Trevor*, Marion Burns; *Lawyer*, Paul Harvey; *Buller*, Charles Coleman; *Truant Officer*, Matt Briggs; *Miss Crawford*, Geneva Mitchell; *Steve Karns*, Russell Hopton.

**"CITY LIMITS"**—MONOGRAM.—From the story by George Waggner. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *J. B. Matthews*, Frank Craven; *Helen Matthews*, Sally Blane; *Jimmy Dugan*, Ray Walker; *Oliver*, Claude Gillingwater; *King*, James Burke; *Nap*, James Conlin; *Aunt Martha*, Jane Keckley; *Macy*, Henry Roquemore; *Dr. Stafford*, Harry Bradley; *Carler*, George Hayes; *Graflex*, George Cleveland; *Jones*, George Nash; *Mrs. Benton*, Fern Emmett.

**"CROSS STREETS"**—CHESTERFIELD.—Screen play by Anthony Coldewey. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. The cast: *Anne Clement*, Claire Windsor; *Adam Blythe*, Johnny Mack Brown; *Clare Grattan*, Anita Louise; *Mort Talbot*, Kenneth Thomson; *Ken Barclay*, Matty Kemp; *Dean Todd*, Josef Swickard; *Jerry Grattan*, Niles Welch.

**"FINISHING SCHOOL"**—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by David Hempstead. Screen play by Wanda Tuchock and Laird Doyle. Directed by Wanda Tuchock and George Nicholls, Jr. The cast: *Virginia*, Frances Dee; *Mrs. Radcliff*, Billie Burke; *Pony*, Ginger Rogers; *MacFarland*, Bruce Cabot; *Mr. Radcliff*, John Halliday; *Miss Van Alstyn*, Beulah Bondi; *Miss Fisher*, Sarah Haden; *Ruth*, Marjorie Lytell; *Madeline*, Adalyn Doyle; *Billie*, Dawn O'Day.

**"GLAMOUR"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Edna Ferber. Screen play by Doris Anderson. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: *Victor Banki*, Paul Lukas; *Linda Fayne*, Constance Cummings; *Lorenzo Vaenti*, Phillip Reed; *Ibsen*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Nana*, Doris Lloyd; *Stevie*, David Dickinson; *Amy*, Peggy Campbell; *Dobbs*, Olaf Hytten; *Secretary*, Alice Lake; *Grassie*, Lita Chevre; *Forsyth*, Lyman Williams; *Jimmy*, Phil Teed; *Monsieur Paul*, Luis Alberni; *Renee*, Yola D'Avril; *Miss Lang*, Grace Hale; *Pritchard*, Wilson Bengie; *Millie*, Louise Beavers; *Landlady*, Jessie McAllister.

**"HIRED WIFE"**—PINNACLE PROD.—Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Vivian Mathews*, Greta Nissen; *Kent Johns*, Weldon Heyburn; *Philip Marlowe*, James Kirkwood; *Pat Sullivan*, Molly O'Day; *"Dovie" Jansen*, Jane Winton; *Mrs. Jansen*, Blanche Taylor; *Aunt Mancha*, Carolyn Gates; *Celesti*, Evelyn Bennett.

**"HOLD THAT GIRL"**—FOX.—From the screen play by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Barney Sullivan*, James Dunn; *Tony Bellamy*, Claire Trevor; *Tom Mallory*, Alan Edwards; *Dorothy Lamont*, Gertrude Michael; *Ackroyd*, John Davidson; *McCloy*, Robert McWade; *Grandmother*, Effie Ellsler; *Warren*, Jay Ward.

**"HOLLYWOOD PARTY"**—M-G-M.—From the story by Howard Dietz and Arthur Kober. Produced under personal supervision of Harry Rapf and Howard Dietz. The cast: *Laurel and Hardy*, Laurel and Hardy; *Jimmy*, Jimmy Durante; *Harvey Clemp*, Charles Butterworth; *Henrietta*, Polly Moran; *Lupe*, Lupe Velez; *Frances Williams*, Frances Williams; *Baron Munchausen*, Jack Pearl; *Bob*, Eddie Quillan; *Linda*, June Clyde; *Duke*, George Givot; *Knapp*, Richard Carle; *Charley*, Ben Bard; *Beavers*, Tom Kennedy; *Mickey Mouse*, Mickey Mouse; and *Ted Healy* and his Stooges.

**"I'LL TELL THE WORLD"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Lincoln Quarberg and Lt. Comm. Frank Wead. Screen play by Dale Van Every and Ralph Spence. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Brown*, Lee Tracy; *Jane*, Gloria Stuart; *Briggs*, Roger Pryor; *Prince Michael*, Onslow Stevens; *Ferdinand*, Alec B. Francis; *Sirunsky*, Lawrence

Grant; *Adolph*, Herman Bing; *Hardwick*, Willard Robertson; *Aviator*, Hugh Enfield; *Dancing Girl*, Dorothy Granger; *Marshall*, Leon Waycoff; *Joseph*, William Von Brincken; *Kurtz*, Edwin Mordant; *Otto*, Arthur Stone; *Trapper*, Edward McWade; *Le Gendre*, John Dilon; *News Editor*, Selmer Jackson.

**"MANHATTAN LOVE SONG"**—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Cornell Woolrich. Adapted by Leonard Fields and David Silverstein. Directed by Leonard Fields. The cast: *Williams*, Robert Armstrong; *Jerry*, Dixie Lee; *Wetherby*, Franklin Pangborn; *Annette*, Nydia Westman; *Carol*, Helen Flint; *Phineas*, Harold Waldridge; *Pancake Annie*, Cecile Cunningham; *Gustave*, Herman Bing; *Joe Thomas*, Harrison Green; *Sam*, Edward Dean.

**"MELODY IN SPRING"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Frank Leon Smith. Screen play by Benn W. Levy. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *John Craddock*, Lanny Ross; *Jane Blodgett*, Ann Sothorn; *Warren Blodgett*, Charlie Ruggles; *Mrs. Mary Blodgett*, Mary Boland; *Wesley Preble*, George Meeker; *Suzuki*, Wilfred Hari; *Anton*, Wade Boteler; *Konrad*, William J. Irving; *Wirt*, Herman Bing; *Mrs. Shorter*, Norma Mitchell; *Suzan*, Joan Gale; *Suzanna*, Jane Gale; *Suzette*, June Gale.

**"MODERN HERO, A"**—WARNERS.—From the story by Louis Bromfield. Screen play by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by G. W. Pabst. The cast: *Pierre*, Richard Barthelmess; *Joanna*, Jean Muir; *Hazel*, Dorothy Burgess; *Mme. Azais*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Leah*, Florence Eldridge; *Elmer*, Theodore Newton; *Young Pierre*, William Janney; *Claire*, Verree Teasdale; *Mueller*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Flint*, Arthur Hohl; *Aunt Clara*, Maidel Turner; *Ryan*, J. M. Kerrigan.

**"NO RANSOM"**—LIBERTY.—Suggested by the story "The Big Mitten" by Damon Runyon. Continuity by Albert DeMond. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Barbara Winfield*, Leila Hyams; *Tom Wilson*, Phillips Holmes; *Romero*, Jack LaRue; *John Winfield*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Winfield*, Hedda Hopper; *Bullett*, Vince Barnett; *Eddie Winfield*, Eddie Nugent; *Woolcott*, Carl Miller; *Heinie*, Irving Bacon; *Budge*, Christian Rub; *DeWitt*, Gary Owen; *Miss Price*, Fritzi Ridgeway; *Mrs. Smithers*, Mary Foy.

**"ONE IS GUILTY"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harold Shumate. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Trent*, Ralph Bellamy; *Sally*, Shirley Grey; *Walters*, Warren Hymer; *Lola Deveroux*, Rita LaRoy; *Jack Allan*, J. Carrol Naish; *Toledo Eddie*, Wheeler Oakman; *Miss Kane*, Ruth Abbott; *Wells Deveroux*, Willard Robertson; *Pop Dailey*, Ralph Remley; *William Malcolm*, Vincent Sherman; *Danny*, Harry Todd.

**"QUITTER, THE"**—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Robert Ellis. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Ed Tilford*, Charley Grapewin; *Cordelia Tilford*, Emma Dunn; *Russell Tilford*, William Bakewell; *Diana Winthrop*, Barbara Weeks; *Winthrop Hale*, Hamilton; *Eddie Winthrop*, Glen Boles; *Annabelle Hibbs*, Mary Kornman; *Zack*, Lafe McKee; *Hannah*, Aggie Herring; *Sister Hooten*, Jane Keckley.

**"SIDE STREETS"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the story "Fur Coats" by Ann Garrick and Ethel Hill. Screen play by Manuel Seff. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Bertha*, Aline MacMahon; *Tim Pederson*, Paul Kelly; *Mary*, Patricia Ellis; *Mazie*, Mayo Methot; *Tillie*, Helen Lowell; *Ray*, Paul Kaye; *Mrs. Thatcher*, Marjorie Gateson; *George*, Henry O'Neill; *Mrs. Richards*, Dorothy Peterson; *Marguerite*, Ann Dvorak; *Ilka*, Dorothy Tree; *Jack*, Clay Clement; *Mabel*, Renee Whitney; *Helen*, Lorena Layson; *Madeline*, Lynn Browning.

**"STAND UP AND CHEER"**—FOX.—Story idea by Will Rogers and Philip Klein. Screen play by Lew Brown and Ralph Spence. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Lawrence Cromwell*, Warner Baxter; *Mary Adams*, Madge Evans; *Shirley Dugan*, Shirley Temple; *Jimmy Dugan*, James Dunn; *Sylvia Froos*, Sylvia Froos; *John Boles*, John Boles; *John Hardy*, Arthur Byron; *Secretary to President*, Ralph Morgan; *Aunt Jemima*, Aunt Jemima; *Senators Danforth and Short*, Mitchell and Durant; *Nick Foran*, Nick Foran; *Dinwiddie*, Nigel Bruce; *Hill-Billy*, "Skins" Miller; *Stepin Fetchit*, Stepin Fetchit.

**"3 ON A HONEYMOON"**—FOX.—From the novel "Promenade Deck" by Ishbel Ross. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe and Raymond Van Sickle. Adapted by Douglas Doty. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Joan Foster*, Sally Eilers; *Alice Mudge*, ZaSu Pitts; *"Ma" Gillespie*, Henrietta Crosman; *Dick Charlton*, Charles Starrett; *Millicent Wells*, Irene Hervey; *Chuck Wells*, John Mack Brown; *Ezra MacDuff*, Russell Simpson; *Phil Lang*, Cornelius Keefe.

**"TRUMPET BLOWS, THE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Porter Emerson Browne and J.

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Parker Read, Jr. Directed by Stephen Roberts. The cast: *Manuel Montes*, George Raft; *Pancho Gomez*, Adolphe Menjou; *Senor Montes*, Adolphe Menjou; *Chulita*, Frances Drake; *Pepi Sancho*, Sidney Toler; *Chato*, Edward Ellis; *Carmela Ramirez*, Nydia Westman; *Senor Ramirez*, Douglas Wood; *Senora Ramirez*, Lillian Elliott; *Lupe*, Katherine DeMille; *Vega*, Francis McDonald.

"TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Paul Finder Moss and Jerry Wald. Screen play by Warren Duff and Harry Sauber. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Clayton*, Dick Powell; *Rush*, Pat O'Brien; *Peggy*, Ginger Rogers; *Pete*, Allen Jenkins; *Brockman*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Sharpe*, Grant Mitchell; *Marge*, Joan Wheeler; *Tappan*, Henry O'Neill; *Secretary*, Johnny Arthur; *Mrs. Brockman*, Grace Hale; also Four Mills Bros. and Ted Fio-Rita and Band.

"UPPERWORLD"—WARNERS.—From the story by Ben Hecht. Screen play by Ben Markson. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Alex Stream*, Warren William; *Mrs. Hattie Stream*, Mary Astor; *Lilly Linder*, Ginger Rogers; *Chauffeur*, Andy Devine; *Tommy*, Dickie Moore; *Marcus*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Commissioner Clark*, Robert Barrat; *Colima*, J. Carrol Naish; *Rocklin*, Theodore Newton; *Caldwell*, buller, Robert Greig; *Officer Moran*, Sidney Toler; *Capt. Reynolds*, Willard Robertson; *Jerry McDonald*, Mickey Rooney; *Chris*, T. M. Qualen; *Banker*, Henry O'Neill.

"VERY HONORABLE GUY, A"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Damon Runyon. Adapted by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Feet Samuels*, Joe E. Brown; *Hortense*, Alice White; *Dr. Snitzer*, Robert Barrat; *The Brain*, Alan Dinehart; *Mrs. Hathaway*, Irene Franklin; *Benny, the dip*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Joe*, Harold Huber; *Mindy*, Joe Cawthorn; *Moon O'Hara*, Arthur Vinton; *Mrs. Feibleaur*, Ann Brody; *Al*, Al Dubin; *Harry*, Harry Warren; *Red Hendrickson*, Geo. Pat Collins; *O'Toole*, James Donlan; *Colored man*, Snowflake; *Ten Pass Charlie*, Harry Seymour.

"VOICE IN THE NIGHT"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harold Shumate. Directed by Charles C. Coleman. The cast: *Tim Dale*, Tim McCoy; *Barbara*, Billie Seward; *Robinson*, Joseph Crehan; *Bob*, Ward Bond; *Jack*, Kane Richmond; *Matthews*, Frank Layton; *Benton*, Guy Usher; *Jackson*, Francis McDonald; *W. T. Dale*, Alphonz Ethier.

"WILD CARGO"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the book by Frank Buck and Edward Anthony. Directed by Armand Denis. Photography by Nicholas Cavaliere and LeRoy Phelps.

"YOU'RE TELLING ME"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Julian Street. Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Paul M. Jones. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: *Sam Bisbee*, W. C. Fields; *Pauline Bisbee*, Joan Marsh; *Bob Murchison*, Larry "Buster" Crabbe; *Princess Lescaboura*, Adrienne Ames; *Mrs. Bessie Bisbee*, Louise Carter; *Mrs. Murchison*, Kathleen Howard; *Doc Beebe*, James B. "Pop" Kenton; *Charlie Bogle*, Robert McKenzie; *President of Tire Co.*, George Irving; *Frobisher*, Jerry Stewart; *Mayor*, Del Henderson; *Mrs. Price*, Nora Cecil; *Crabbe*, George MacQuarrie; *Gray*, John M. Sullivan; *Phil Cummings*, Alfred Delcambre; *Caddy*, Tammany Young; *Mr. Murchison*, Frederic Sullivan; *Postman*, William Robyns.



The cameraman cuts in. Cary Grant and his wife, Virginia Cherrill, stop dancing just long enough to smile for a picture

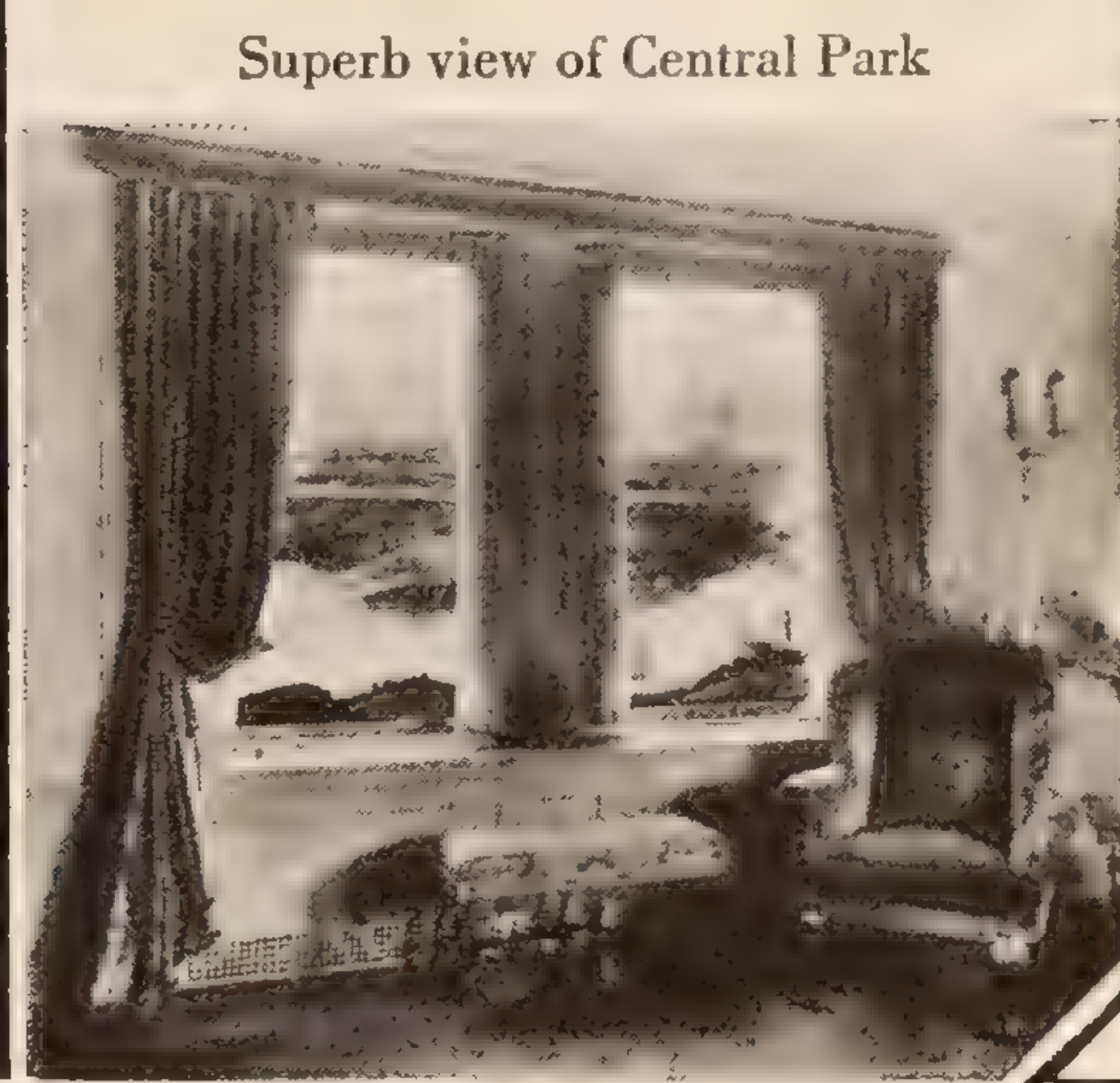
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[PII-6-34]

**SPECIAL  
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# "I WANT A BABY"

By MARILYN HERD

The second stage of a remarkable adventure

DECORATIONS BY  
FRANK DOBIAS

## Synopsis of First Installment

JOAN RANDOLPH, young artist, the only daughter of Cyril Randolph, wealthy New York banker, is everlastingly opposed to staid and fixed society conventions. Her escapades bring about frequent quarrels with her father. After one of these, she goes to the crowded East Side tenement section to sketch.

There, sheltering in his shop doorway from a sudden storm, Joan meets Michael Storm, now a children's photographer, once a carnival concessionaire. Joan desires to see more of him. As an excuse, she borrows a baby from one of Michael's neighbors and passes it off as her own. She has a picture taken with the child in her arms. Michael hangs it in his outside showcase. Joan dares not protest.

She and Michael become great friends. As a result, Joan spends her afternoons in Michael's studio, sketching.

One day the photograph is stolen. Joan's father confronts her with it and accuses her of an indiscretion, and adds that he has secured some damning evidence about Michael. Joan denies any indiscretion but admits a love for Michael. Her father says she must choose. She defies him.

Then she realizes she knows little of Michael. Suppose he is married?

Suppose, as he has indicated, he might return to carnival life, loving it more than he does her?

A flood of doubts struck down on Joan.

Against this force, she set her love.



## PART II

"FATHER, I intend to marry Michael Storm," Joan's tone was positive rather than defiant.

Cyril Randolph leaned forward, his chin squared belligerently. "If you do, I'll disown you."

Joan's lovely body tensed. Anger swept her, anger so strong she could have cried with the hurt of it. No matter what she might say, her father would not understand. He had never understood her, and never would. With a helpless gesture she turned and walked to the door.

"Where are you going?" Her father's tone did not betray his struggle to fight down sentiment.

"I'm going to Michael Storm, where I belong!"

"I'll make you regret it as long as you live. I'll smash that mountebank, and you'll come back. I'll do even more. I'll—"

Her quiet but definite closing of the library door cut off the rest of her father's threat and broke the tension of her anger. Where anger had stood, doubts came trooping in a crazy dance to torment her. Only Michael could dispel them. One little word from him would bring the peace for which she yearned.

As she hurried to Michael's studio, the dance of doubts persisted with tantalizing gyrations. She had told Michael that "Marjorie" was her baby and that she was a widow. Would he understand her deception? He had accepted her for what she pretended to be, when they agreed that the visits to his studio would be very businesslike. They would work together, he with his camera, she with her sketch-pad.



But it had been quite different. She recalled with a rush of warmth those afternoons with Michael in the quiet, shadowy little studio. When they were alone, and the gallery of baby photographs smiled down on them from the walls, and the stern-eyed camera that had watched them, chaperon-like, during their working hours, receded into the shadows, they had responded to a temperamental sympathy half intuitive, half inspired. They had kissed often. The sweetness of that first kiss clung in her memory. They had thrilled with the intimate nearness of each other until many times desire threatened to engulf them. Twice, the tinkle of the bell, heralding a customer, had made them spring apart. Other times, Michael had put her from him with, "Easy, Joan."

OVER and over again they had affirmed their love. They had not bargained. Marriage had never been mentioned. But as Joan had sipped the sweet, heady juice of courtship, she had visualized plucking whole from the tree, the ripe, red fruit of marriage.

She had contrasted the richness of marriage with Michael with the flat, dull marriages of the snobbery-governed, living artificially in the hothouse of wealth. Theirs could be a free, full-bloomed union, thriving on love alone. Her child—their child—another Michael.

Across the certainty of her love the dancing doubts threw gigantic, grotesque shadows. Michael might be married, or the carnival might be his real love. And what had her father meant when he had said—"If you knew what else I've found out about Michael Storm, you'd be ashamed you ever spoke to him?"

When Joan stood in Michael's doorway, just the sight of him, tall and clean in his bright blue smock, and the alarm in his voice as he looked at her tragic expression and cried, "What's up, Joan?" made her ashamed of any doubts.

"We've got to get married, Michael."

Michael pursed his lips to a whistle.

"As bad as that?" teasingly. Then, his face went extraordinarily grave. "But, Joan, I can't marry you."

She felt suddenly both scorched and cold, terribly cold. Her gaze dropped to the floor. She stared at the bare

boards without perceiving them. Michael could not marry her. She must never see him again.

Her pride sought to pretend it didn't matter. But she loved him too much. The words broke out in spite of herself:

"Why not?"

"Good Lord, Joan, don't you *know*?"

She nodded. Of course, she knew.

Somewhere along the gay trail of the carnival, there was another woman to whom Michael belonged.

"Why, Joan, you're the McCoy and I—"

"McCoy?" Joan cut in anxiously. Michael often amused her with flashes of carnival slang, expressions salty with the tang of the midway. He was not playful now, but intensely serious: "What do you mean, Michael?"

"McCoy—the real thing, genuine, not a phony."

"So what?"

"You're too fine to be teamed up with a sideshow barker," Michael fiercely inhaled cigarette smoke.

"I knew what you

were the first time I saw you. I should have sent you packing then. But—"

"Why didn't you?" breathlessly.

"Because I was crazy about you. Every time you came, I told myself, 'Just this once.' " He dropped his hands in a helpless gesture. He stared at her for a long minute and then said in a tone of quiet resolve: "Well, *this* must be the last time!"

"How did you know about me?" Joan asked fearfully.

"DON'T I make my living being able to size people up?" He looked at Joan's old tweed suit and smiled. "You wore your plainest duds trying to hide what you really were. But the expensive materials, the cut—and the tone of your voice, your walk, the way you carried your head, the touch of your hand, a hundred little mannerisms told me every day, every moment, what you were." Admiration burned through his words.

"Why did you pretend that you didn't know?"

"For the same reason I didn't let on when you tried to pass that baby off as yours. I wanted you to come back."

"The baby is—" Joan could not go on. She had resolved to tell him all. But now she was sure that Michael understood all that she had tried to hide.



Michael could add glamour even to breakfast. She pictured him beneath the stars on a summer night



"Joan, I've been photographing babies for years. I knew right away that 'Marjorie,' as you called the baby, was a boy!"

Joan's face reddened.

"And the way you handled the baby," Michael smiled in spite of himself. "Well, that was enough to convince me that you weren't a mother. I should have said ixnay then, but I was mad about you from the very start."

"I was that way about you, too," Joan's eyes dropped.

"I didn't know what your game was. I figured I was a novelty for a girl like you, that after a while you'd get tired."

"But I haven't."

"I LOVED you, Joan, the day you held that baby in your arms," seriously. "I've loved you more each day I've seen you. And now, I love you too much to let you in for a lot of grief."

Joan nodded for him to continue.

"I'm poor. All I own in the world is my camera and equipment, a little money in the bank, and a few pieces of furniture in my flat upstairs."

He waved away her protest.

"I know what you're going to say. Sure, when you have everything, poverty sounds romantic. It isn't romantic, believe me."

He led her to the sofa and drew her down beside him. He took her hands in his. She felt his grip tighten. His hands were strong and warm. His dark eyes burned.

"I love you as no other woman ever was loved! I'm not tied to anybody else. Never was. But I can't marry you. Some day, you'll thank me."

Her eyes pleaded. He leaned forward. His mouth pressed hard against her own. For long minutes they clung to each other. Then, he released her.

"No, Joan! No! It's impossible. You'd better go." The words jumped out excitedly. He turned away his head to hide the misery in his eyes.

Joan stood up. She felt the pulse in her throat throb wildly. She managed a small smile that hurt her mouth, and proffered her hand.

Maybe, if he really believed she was going—

"Good luck, Joan!" Michael was still avoiding her eyes and there was anguish in his voice.

She hoped he would stop her. But he didn't.

She shut the door of the studio and walked slowly down the dark corridor. The talons of a hundred swirling regrets dug into her heart. Before the street door, she stood a moment to get hold of herself. Outside, she saw the familiar street teeming with meaningless movement.

Her love was so real, so everlasting. She could never convince herself it had been just an incident. Into those afternoons with Michael had been concentrated a lifetime of joy. She should be thankful. But there was no comfort in that thought. "I dreamed a dream," she said. "The dream is over." She closed her eyes tightly to stem the flood of tears, and fumbled for the door-knob.

"Joan! Joan!"

She opened her eyes upon a strangely tragic Michael. She flew back along the corridor. She was in his arms. He was kissing her eyes, her mouth, her throat.

"I can't let you go. I can't!" he was saying over and over again. His words were even stronger than the arms about her.

"Maybe, if I work and save—in a few months—in a year or so——"

Her eyes were frank and fearless: "I don't want money."

"But you've always had plenty."

"We'll manage somehow. We're both young. It'll be fun, going up together. When we get to the top, we'll know we did it ourselves."

"But won't you miss——?" And he stopped as if there were not words enough to tell it all.

"Miss what?"

"Oh, everything."

"Having you, I'll have everything."

"What will your folks say?"

Her father would disown her. She would begin life with Michael without a penny. To the social set in which the Randolphs moved, she would be an outcast. She had faced all the consequences.

"My life is my own, Michael."

"Hadn't we better wait—perhaps a year?"

"And if I said I wouldn't wait another day?"

"What do you take me for?" Michael protested.

"I take you for better or for worse. And if I said I wouldn't wait another day?" she repeated.

"I'd rush you right down to City Hall for a license, and we'd be married today."

And that was exactly what he did.

AT eight o'clock next morning, Joan awoke and stretched luxuriously. She was in a new world. The wonder of Michael was spread in brilliant tapestries, brightening the tight little bedroom of Michael's flat. She was married to the most glamorous, the most tender, the bravest man in the world. Lovingly, she rubbed the plain gold band on her finger, and, Aladdin-like, it brought her treasured memories of her wedding day.

The wrinkled scrub woman outside the Marriage Chapel in the Municipal Building had cried because she said they looked so beautiful together, and had waved good luck to them with her mop.

Michael's reverent kiss after the ceremony and his whispered, "Mrs. Michael Storm," she'd never forget.

Their honeymoon had started with a trip to the observation tower of the Empire State Building, a whim of Michael's, whose purpose he had hidden with mysterious silence until they stood looking down on the city glistening golden in the sunset, like a table spread with royal gifts. Michael's gesture had included all the splendor before them as he said, "My wedding present."

"The whole world is ours. We must do something grand with it," she whispered.

"We can, you and I." His hand tightened on her arm, and they watched the sunset.

On their gay taxi ride up Fifth Avenue, Michael had pointed out the line of cars which followed them. "Look at that! Your wedding parade. What a popular bride!" And Fifth Avenue had taken on a festive air with the triumphant procession of Mr. and Mrs. Michael



Storm. When they passed the Randolph mansion, the warmth of Michael's arms contrasted sharply with the cold, marble-faced house as it frowned out at them on their way to their wedding dinner.

They dined in a gaudy Russian inn on Second Avenue. The tables were covered with bright, checkered cloths, and the walls were painted with round-faced, laughing peasants in riotously colorful costumes. Joan's happiness was a sauce that made the dishes more savory than any banquet at the Randolph mansion. They danced on a tiny polished square to the heady rhythm of balalaika.

They clinked glasses, filled to the brim with the sacramental wine of lovers, as Michael explained the age-old ritual of gypsy marriage. While the balalaika strummed, and the gay peasants smiled down from the walls, Joan repeated after him the ancient gypsy oath of love.

Time ceased to be. The world stood still. There was only Michael and she. Solemnly, they clinked their glasses, and drained the red wine.

When they reached the threshold of his flat, Michael said, as he opened the door, "Wait, dear, don't move." Then, he swung her up in his arms and carried her in. "To our eternal love," he whispered tenderly.

Joan wanted to stay held tightly in his arms forever. She tossed her handbag gaily across the room, and begged him never to let her down.

"What can I do to keep your love?" he asked, seriously.

"Love me, Michael. Just love me, always!"

The world had been reduced until it lay within the circle of their arms, as they murmured tender confessions and mutual avowals.

JOAN awoke first and gazed down at Michael as he lay there. He was exquisite, handsome, strong. She thrilled at the elastic warmth of his body that she so utterly possessed. He stirred at her touch, and smiled up at her through half-closed lids, and tightened his arms about her with a drowsy tenderness. She bent her face down toward his, and entered sleep that brought her to this sweet awakening with memories of Michael all about her.

Michael's voice from the kitchen cut into her memories. He was singing, "This Is My Lucky Day."

She heard the absurd, dear intimacy of clattering dishes as he prepared breakfast. His song joined with his footsteps approaching the bedroom door. He rapped gently, "Awake, dear?"

She sprang from bed, thrilled with the anticipation of their first breakfast together.

Standing on the oilcloth-covered floor of the little bathroom, Joan threw back her head and laughed. She thought of the big marble bath of her own at home, of the tall built-in shower with its glistening gadgets, its shelves of imported toiletries. This room could be dropped into that sunken bath and still leave room for her.

There was no shower. Only a spray on the end of an uncertain rubber tube. Cold water! The glow that followed as wonderful, as exhilarating as this great love.

She loved their little flat. Only three rooms, but it was home. Last night Michael had shown her about,

proudly and tenderly. She had found excitement in each discovery. The decorative touches were colorful and glamorous, like Michael. A batik scarf flamed on the wall, a present to Michael for teaching a Hindu the mystery of three-card Monte. A Chinese vase, delft blue with soft, white plum blossoms, mute testimony to a Chinaman's first principle—gratitude. Two shiny barkers' canes stood in a corner. An autographed cowboy hat, scribbled with the names of "The Ranch X Gang." There were a number of paintings on the walls, and though they were copies, each was in good taste. Joan recognized Franz Hals' "Laughing Cavalier," and Gérard's "Madame Récamier." Michael had pointed out the highlights and shadows, as if the artistry of the cameraman was classic. The shelf of books surprised her most of all with the quality of Michael's interests.

MICHAEL rapped a gay tattoo on the bedroom door. "The Secretary of the Interior bids Her Royal Majesty to shake a leg."

He greeted her with a low bow, ushered her ceremoniously to the bright oilcloth-covered table, seated her gallantly, and tilted her head for his kiss. The kitchen sang with the words he whispered in her ear.

Michael could add glamour even to breakfast. Over the grapefruit, he talked of the citrus groves of Florida, as she pictured him beneath the stars on a summer's night after the carnival had closed, wandering off alone from the drowsy town, beside the fragrant citrus groves.

The tan and golden omelette was the masterpiece of the gray-haired cook in the carnival mess tent where Michael had served as a mess boy. Its recipe, he pretended seriously in answering her wide-eyed approval, was a gypsy secret handed down from generation to generation. Yes, some day, the secret would be hers.

Joan's appetite was whetted by the morning breeze that Michael recaptured for her, as he had breathed it, cool and fragrant from the Piedmont hills of Carolina, where the carnival had pitched its tents. The aroma of his coffee made her forget it had been brewed on the huddling range.

"Please teach me to cook, Michael. I feel so useless."

"I'll teach you more than cooking—happiness you haven't dared dream of." His eyes were bright with promise. He kept that promise.

They worked together, long hours in the studio, she with her sketch-pad, Michael with his camera, each hour a golden stone polished with love, fitted into a dream pattern, and cemented with understanding. Joan told herself often that what they were building together could never be destroyed.

The studio doorbell announcing customers tinkled merrily, often enough to satisfy their small needs and leave something over to bank. She laughed when she recalled her father's threat, "I'll smash that mountebank." He couldn't smash Michael. Michael and she had something his power or wealth could never reach. That threat belonged to a life which she had only dreamed, but never lived.

At night, she and Michael closed the studio and played together.



New York was their Wonderland and every walk together was a new adventure.

They wandered through Central Park and playful fantasy roamed with them as they discovered new mystic patterns in the shadows on the reservoir, the rowboats on the moonlit lake, swirling figures roller-skating on the Mall, thick crouching groves, automobiles whose lights were eyes of giant insects scurrying along bands of moonlight.

They rode atop swaying buses, along curving Riverside Drive, and pretended they were nabobs on their camels.

On the span of great bridges, they pretended to rock, as in a hammock, above black waters that were bottomless, as they listened to the muffled hum of the city breathing in sleep.

Five cents to board a ferry-boat admitted them to the royal barge that drifted down the Nile, while Michael spun fables of gypsy adventure and Oriental lore as Joan sat, wide-eyed, at his side.

The New York she came to know was a Wonderland compared to the staid propriety of Fifth Avenue, artificial night clubs, upholstered theaters and starchily-stiff social functions. Adventurous discoveries waited for them in queer, out-of-the-way places—the foreign markets, the Bowery, the river front, the Night Court, the Ghetto and Chinatown.

They stood before shop windows and pointed out gifts they would give each other when they were rich.

Arm in arm, they were so radiantly happy that passers-by looked after them, wonderingly.

Joan grew so unspeakably happy that at times it seemed almost more than she could bear.

**A**ND the coming of their baby would open a door to even more wonderful vistas of happiness.

When she told Michael, he took her in his arms and she read joy in his eyes. She read, too, his concern for her.

"Don't worry, Michael," she assured him, and playfully rubbed out the frown between his brows.

"We'll have to save now, more than ever."

"It'll be fun. And do you know—I've a hunch the baby will bring us luck."

"Sure it will," Michael said, soberly. Fear for her gripped his heart.

"I want a baby, Michael."

Eagerly, Joan shopped for flannel, for lawn, for wool, for lace. She sewed her purchases into little absurd bonnets, tiny dresses, bands and creepers. It was a thrilling task, despite pricked fingers, at first so clumsy with a needle.

It was a thrill, also, to budget pennies carefully, experiencing fresh delight at every extra penny saved. She laughed often as she compared the reckless spending of Joan Randolph with the saving of Mrs. Michael Storm, rescuing pennies with extravagant care.

No cloud shadowed the sky of their happiness until one morning Joan called excitedly from the doorway

"Michael, come quickly!"

Across the street, above the vacant store where extensive alterations had been in progress for weeks,

workmen were stretching a great banner. Glaring red letters on a white background announced:

**"THE MODERN STUDIO WILL OPEN HERE  
AUGUST 15TH. EXCEPTIONAL WORK AT  
MODERATE PRICES. FREE PHOTOGRAPHS  
AND SOUVENIRS TO FIRST FIFTY CUS-  
TOMERS."**

"Looks like we're in for a battle," Michael admitted.

"It won't last long." Joan saw the set of Michael's jaw and the flash of his eyes. "You were here first. Everyone likes you." She tried desperately to be calm.

"Friendship can't stand against cut prices," said Michael, tersely.

Suddenly, Joan turned and clung to him. "I'm afraid," she said in a small voice. "What will you do?" She could not catch the fear that reached into her words and made them tremble.

"We'll see. Don't worry, darling." He patted her shoulder reassuringly, but turned away his head to hide the uncertainty in his eyes.

The blazing banner was a challenge that echoed through the days which brought imposing shipments of equipment, show-cases, painted background scenes, huge developing tanks, an intricate electric display and a curling red neon sign—like so much ammunition to the fort across the street. Ammunition for the struggle that threatened their happiness, Joan gave Michael in expressions of love that left her lips tingling.

The neon sign with its red glare flooded their flat, and grinned at Joan in her dreams with ugly menace. By day, the great banner waved threateningly.

Boastful handbills flooded the neighborhood heralding the opening of the Modern Studio. Curious crowds gathered to inspect the displays.

The morning of the opening, a brightly-uniformed band paraded the neighborhood behind a gaily-postered ballyhoo truck, mustering the crowd to milling hundreds. By noon, the street was packed, and policemen opened a lane for traffic. The band played until the stroke of one, when the doors were thrown open, and the first fifty customers fought their way through the portals. One of the plate glass windows was smashed, but still the crowd milled about.

**"L**OOK at this, Joan," Michael handed her the bright and boastful handbill listing prices of their competitor.

"If their prices were much cheaper, they'd be giving photos away."

"They can't last long with those prices."

But it lasted long enough to make Michael's studio doorbell tinkle less and less. Two weeks went by without a customer.

"It has me puzzled, Joan," Michael said one evening after dinner, as he leaned across the table and patted Joan's hand. "Expert work at give-away prices. What's the gimmick?"

"The gimmick?"

"The trick, the catch," answered Michael with a smile for Joan's imitation of his carnival lingo.

Joan knew.



She had read her father's threat, "I'll smash that mountebank," on the banner of the Modern Studio. The tactics of their competitor were those of Cyril Randolph. She saw him behind every move as clearly as if he stood across the street threatening her and Michael. Cyril Randolph was ruthless.

Joan had seen strong men come from his conferences with dull eyes and white lips that spoke defeat. Magazine stories, with many deferential references to Randolph strategy, tactics and maneuvers, extolled him as conqueror of a business empire. Interviews quoted his terse, metallic sentences, which clicked off predictions on the fate of less powerful competitors. Cyril Randolph smashed those who dared oppose his will.

"Michael, my father is behind all this. When I left home, he said he would smash you. That studio is a club in his hand."

Michael's jaw tightened. "I suspected as much."

"Darling, he has money enough to——"

"He'll get a run for his money," Michael cut in quickly. "Let's plan our campaign."

Their council of war ended with Joan's suggestion, "Buy some new equipment, Michael. A new display case and a new sign, and go after them."

He looked searchingly at her. "That means spending what we've been putting away for the baby!"

"It's the only way. We'll manage, somehow."

Michael Storm's handbills carried the news of his campaign through the neighborhood, while he personally solicited old customers. Soon, the tinkling bell of his studio was in a happier key.

The Modern Studio retaliated with another drastic cut in prices.

Joan brought the suggestion for Michael's return shot. With flashing eyes she announced, "There's a way to beat that cut-throat competition. Offer to every customer a pencil sketch, free. I'll do them. My sketches will be a novelty that will bring trade."

"But, darling, the strain of that would be too much for you now."

"Don't worry about me. I'd love to do it. This is my battle as much as yours."

**J**OAN'S pencil sketches, given free, revived trade until a new blast of handbills from across the street announced that the Modern Studio was offering a gilt frame—free—to every customer.

Michael's appeal to the parish priests in the neighborhood for first communion pictures brought business that tided them over for a few more weeks.

Cyril Randolph was only prolonging their agony. He could have crushed Michael at the outset, but the crushing would be all the more effective when Michael's energies had been sapped with hopeless struggle. Now, he gave the signal for the final blow which would dry up business in the neighborhood for months to come.

Grocers and butchers and market proprietors were given Modern Studio coupons, entitling their customers to a dozen free photographs.

"That cleans up the neighborhood, Joan," Michael admitted reluctantly.

"We're not beaten yet!" Joan answered with feigned confidence.

"What do you suggest?"

Joan had been considering the possibility of appealing to her former friends. A note to Una Townsend, explaining everything, would bring enough business to tide them over for months. Una had been her friend at finishing school, and her trusted confidante whenever she needed help. Una would be glad to help now. Eagerly, she proposed the suggestion to Michael.

"That's out! If we can't win without help from the other camp, we won't win!"

It was just what Joan hoped he would say.

**T**HE installments on their new equipment had exhausted the little sum saved against the time of Joan's confinement. And now, when another payment came due, they could not meet it. The collector and the studio landlord arrived together, one with a dispossess notice, the other with a writ that took away the new equipment.

They watched the landlord lock the studio and snap the padlock on the door. When the door closed grimly, locking away the golden hours they had spent there together, Joan's hand reached for Michael's. Slowly, they climbed the stairs to the flat. That, at least, was theirs for another month.

"I can just see Cyril Randolph, waiting for you to come running home, waving a flag of truce," Michael said grimly.

"Well, he'll wait until there's a thick coating of ice over a place called hell," answered Joan bitterly. "We may be licked, but——"

"But we're not licked!" Michael interrupted.

"Why, don't you realize no matter where you open a studio, he'll do just what he did here, and do it more quickly?"

"I'll go where he can't do that."

Joan's face blanched at the thought that Michael meant the carnival. He had discussed the possibility of returning there as a last resort.

"You bet we're not licked. I still have that old camera Pop Brady left me."

"But where will you go?" Joan dreaded the answer.

"Why, to Central Park. I don't need a studio there. The park is crowded with kids these days. If I can dodge the cops, I'll get enough business, just as I used to go after it when things were dull on the midway."

"And you won't need a studio?" happily.

"I'll develop the plates at night here in the flat."

"I'll help you."

He kissed her tenderly. "No, dear. You take it easy. Save your strength, you're going to need it."

Cradled in Michael's arms, Joan's fears receded. He would not have to return to the carnival. And as long as those strong arms were there to hold her, she was confident.

The acres of the park bloomed with children. The tall, witty photographer, who posed them cutely against cages in the zoo, or as they fed popcorn to the ducks in the lake, or rode in the pony carriage, or on the carousel,



found many excited customers. Admiring parents readily signed orders, and Michael sang at night in the little flat while he developed the plates.

With his camera on his shoulder, Michael trudged the paths of Central Park. A song was in his heart. The shrill voices of children at play was music to his ears.

From morning until the sun dropped behind towering apartments, Michael was busy. Here in the open, beneath the blue sky-tent, the former carnival photographer felt no fear of Cyril Randolph. Here, there was no landlord to harass him. No ruthless competitor to stifle him.

He escaped the only menace until one afternoon when he was posing a starry-eyed little girl astride a fat pony, telling her that she looked like a fairy princess racing along a silver path with the wind singing in her ears the gypsy song that Michael hummed for her.

He coaxed the little girl's smile and adjusted his camera. "Ready now. Just imagine that you're racing along through the forest and——" Michael felt a hand on his shoulder, and a gruff voice said, "Let's see your license. You can't take pictures here without a license."

Michael turned to face the park policeman who tried not to notice that the little circle of children huddled about Michael, as if to protect him.

Agile retort to minions of the law is a carnival man's stock-in-trade. Knowing your man is more useful on a carnival lot than knowing your law. Quickly, Michael sized up Policeman Callahan. He fumbled in his pockets, but his mind did not fumble as he gave the Irish cop his best smile.

Callahan noticed Michael's incredibly worn shoes, the baggy trousers, the frayed shirt cuffs and, particularly, Michael's brave smile and the resentment in the staring eyes of the children. Almost before he realized it, he was enjoying Michael's collection of pictures, and a hundred happy faces begged him to be lenient. Yes, indeed! He had kids of his own, six, and another on the way. Michael and he discussed new babies, Policeman Callahan's and his prospective baby. They talked, too, of much that was going on against the law that needed the attention of efficient policemen like Callahan. Interfering with the happiness of children was too small a job for such as he. Indeed, it was!

SOON, the red-cheeked, grinning, blue-coated figure was posing in the circle of children. The camera clicked, and Michael promised enough copies of the photograph for each of Policeman Callahan's children.

There was no more trouble about a license, and Callahan kept discreetly in the background while Michael plied his trade.

When the cold, autumn winds began to sweep children from the park and the days were shorter, Michael spent sleepless nights in worry. Where was the money coming from for the doctor? The time was getting short.

There were moments when Joan had to fight tormenting doubts. Moments alone in the little flat when the sharp edges of hardship cut so deeply she winced with pain. The first full glow of romantic excitement had passed, leaving the flat drab, and the fire-escape-tangled areaway

ugly and prison-like. She had not told Michael of the letter which came last week from her father. It was typed on the formal stationery of his office and its tone was coldly businesslike. She had read:

"By this time you are no doubt convinced of your mistake, and realize it was just another of your escapades. You don't belong where you are. When you are ready to get out of the mess you are in, let my office know, and my lawyer will arrange. I am going to London on business, and when I return, I hope you will have come to your senses."

Perhaps it would be better to plead just once with her father, if not for her sake and Michael's, then for the baby's. She had torn the letter into pieces and watched it snow down on the areaway. It was not as easy to get rid of her doubts. But Michael's arrival always brought her strength.

"This cold weather keeps the kids out of the park," he told her as he rubbed warmth into his numbed fingers over the kitchen stove. "I miss them. I still see plenty of pet dogs around. If every dog was a kid, I'd still be busy."

"Michael, don't be so hard on the dogs," she said playfully.

"You know how I feel about them."

"Did it ever occur to you that they might bring business? Many a woman would pay generously for the kind of picture you could take of her pet dog."

Michael made a wry face. Then, he pondered the suggestion. "That's a good idea. I'll start the Dog Days tomorrow."

WEALTHY women were delighted to have their dogs photographed by the gallant, dark-eyed young man who deftly mixed subtle flattery for them with praise for their pets. And some were more concerned about their pose than about their dog's as they faced the camera and the romantic figure of Michael.

It was while he photographed her silky russet-haired Pekinese, Trixi, that Michael won the interest of Mrs. Clarendon Stykes. Any one who read the society pages would recognize Mrs. Clarendon Stykes, the beautiful young wife of an elderly banker, and those who read the gossip columns could add suspicion to recognition. Michael needed neither to understand Mrs. Stykes.

After that first meeting, Mrs. Stykes more and more regularly stopped to talk with Michael, always, however, on the pretext that she wanted another picture of Trixi. Michael begrudged her precious moments taken for idle chatter. With the days shortening, he had to hurry feverishly to get in his quota of pictures before dark.

"But Trixi's had more poses than a screen star," he told her with a wide grin that took the sting from his words. He wanted to tell her that he was not the least bit interested in what she had to tell him about her trips abroad, her winters in Palm Beach, and her summers in Maine. "But I want another picture of Trixi." Her tone implied, as her black eyes looked Michael over from head to foot, that she always got what she wanted.

Trixi's paws, and Michael's hands and Mrs. Stykes' gloved fingers became very tangled.



"I like your work. It shows feeling and understanding. I want you to photograph some interiors of my home."

"My prices are high for that kind of work."

"You'll get what you want." Her pouting smile was very frank. She had made up her mind about what she could make Michael want.

At the entrance of her apartment on Park Avenue, she told him carelessly, "Don't mind about the interiors today. Just come in and talk to me. I've been thinking a lot about you. I'd like to see you in your own studio."

"So would I," said Michael with a grin.

"My interest in you—your studio—is rather selfish." "Selfish?"

"I THOUGHT we might open a studio together. And perhaps share the profits. There will be profits. Besides, I want a hobby. My days are rather empty. My husband is away most of the time." Beneath her cool comment about her husband ran an echo of bitterness. Michael could guess that she tolerated him only for the closets of fine clothes and rare jewels nestling in velvet homes. Mrs. Clarendon Stykes had paraded right out of the tinsel of the "Follies" into the goldleaf of the Stykes' fortune.

"Why pick photography as a hobby?"

"It's one of the new arts. Don't you think so?" Without waiting for Michael's answer, she explained that it was her idea to be the invisible partner in the studio. She would send customers. There were things he could teach her about his art.

"And it would be all very exciting."

Michael went beneath her words. He read correctly the petulant droop of her full mouth, the passionate light in her dark eyes and the nervous movements of her delicate hands. He knew her offer for what it was.

"Now, you think it over carefully. I'll be away for a few weeks. When I come back, we'll conclude arrangements."

"Shall I come here?"

"Yes, call me about the fifteenth."

The days grew shorter, and cold winds swept across the park. Business dwindled to almost nothing. Workmen boarded up the carousel, piled the rowboats in sad, gray tiers around the lake. Winter was approaching swiftly. It was almost time for Joan's baby.

Joan's slim young figure had rounded to maturity which carried a sweet promise. She would lie at night with Michael's arms about her and lovingly visualize their baby lying in its crib, tucked in with snowy blankets, or its tiny hand curled about one of Michael's long, vital fingers. Because she believed in prenatal influence, she thought of Michael's face constantly, hoping to impress his beloved features on her baby, and pour into it the love and courage of their days together.

She worried about Michael. He had grown so thin. The topcoat he wore was threadbare. He pretended he had never worn an overcoat. But she knew he had sold his winter coat to buy food. Her heart ached for him.

"Don't worry, Michael dear. I'm sure the baby will bring us luck."

"Maybe I'll have to go looking for luck," Michael said grimly, as he thumbed the pages of "Billboard." He had just told Joan that the boarding up of the park carousel reminded him of the carnival packing up to move to a warmer clime.

Whenever he spoke of the carnival, or turned to the carnival section of "Billboard," Joan shuddered. To her, the carnival was a bedecked courtesan, a slim, dark girl with a wide, luscious mouth, recklessly alive, who had once enthralled Michael with provoking tricks.

Michael looked up from "Billboard." "Some pretty good opportunities with carnivals are listed here," he told her. "Listen to this: 'King Brothers' Greater Shows—Will book a few more legitimate concessions—Tintype concession still open.' I've been with that outfit up North."

"Where is it now?"

"San Antonio, Texas. Carnivals move like the birds—go South at the first threat of winter—come North with the spring. I could make enough down there to tide us over."

"How could you get to San Antonio?"

"Ride the rods."

That meant riding beneath freight cars. Danger stretched its hand at every turn. A tired arm might slip, a misplaced step in the dark, a slippery grip on rain-soaked iron. Joan went weak as she heard the careless thunder of the freight train. She pictured Michael lying white and dead. The room became swirling blackness.

"I'm sorry, kid," Michael held a glass of water to her lips. "Don't worry. That's out. Come dear, we won't talk any more tonight. You're tired. Let me help you to bed."

BEFORE dawn he awoke to find that Joan was not beside him. There was a light in the living-room. He jumped from bed.

"What is it, Joan? Joan, what is it?"

She was sitting on the edge of the couch, her face was ghastly white. Her lips were bloodless. She was tense in a spasm of pain.

"I—I think it's begun."

"I'll run for the doctor."

"Don't be frightened," she said. "I'm not." She pressed his hand to her lips.

Michael hurried into his clothes, and raced away for the doctor.

Joan lay there, her face flushed. She was no longer Joan Randolph of Fifth Avenue, escapading débutante, a thrill-chaser, arguing with a referee in Madison Square Garden, galloping like mad along the bridle paths.

A greater, breathless adventure was rushing toward her with the minutes.

Look for the next installment of  
"I Want A Baby"  
in the July PHOTOPLAY



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